THE GENTILE SINNER, OR *England's Brave* GENTLEMAN

Character'd

In a Letter to a Friend:

Both

As he is, and as he should be.

By *CLEM: ELLIS*, M. A. Fellow of Qu. Coll. *Oxon.*

The Fifth Edition.

1 Cor. 1. 26. *Not many Noble are called.*

———Sanctus haberi
Justitiæque tenax, factis dictisque mereris?
Agnosco procerem. *Juv.* Sat. 8.

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BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

TO THE
RIGHT WORSHIPFUL,
My Honoured Friends,
Sr *PHILIP MUSGRAVE*,
Knight and Baronet;
AND
Sr *GEORGE BENNION*, Kt;
The Author wishes all Grace, Health, and Honour here, and Happiness hereafter.

Right Worshipful,

YOu who have been so long a time sharers both in the same great *Virtues*, and for them, in the same great *Sufferings*: be pleased too, to share in this small tribute, for

which I have been long indebted to your Goodnesse. Your *Names*, I confess, are either of them too great to stand in the front of so inconsiderable a paper as this, wherewith I here present you; and might make a suitable *Frontispiece* to some far more excellent Tract. Whatever this be, which begs your Candid acceptance, it may perhaps *need*, but I fear it *deserves* not, I am sure it does not now come abroad to *seek* a *Patron*. The reason why I address it to you, is an ambition I have, to bring the world better acquainted with so great a part of its own *Treasure*: and to make

it

it know, there be yet (after all these *dreining times*) some such Worthy persons as *your selves*; whom even they, who are (to a *Christian stoicism*) enemies to the present *world*, dare both *love* & *honour*. Were it my business to seek out an *instance* of the *genuine*, or a *pattern* whereby to correct the *spurious* & degenerate Gentleman, I should despair to fit my self better, then I may in *you*: in whom, after so many *killing* afflictions, the World may yet behold a true *Religion*, and *Loyalty* surviving your *fortunes*. I might well fear, should the *Reader* know you as well as *I*, his *expectation* by the view of

your prefixed *Names*, would be raised too much above the *contents* of the following *Letter*: & therefore I shall, no less out of *Charity* to mine own *Infirmities*, then from a due *Reverence* to that known *Modesty* which crowns your many other noted *Vertues*, forbear any further to display your *merits*: onely this I would have the World to know, and do beg you to believe, that I shall ever be industrious to manifest my selfe

Right Worshipful,

Yours
In all Christian Services,
C. E.

To the READER.

IT is a Formality very much in fashion of late amongst writers, to complement the Reader, give him a view of his following Entertainment, in a large Preface to every little Pamphlet. I intend not to usher abroad this rude Letter in so great State; neither will I play the Gentleman so much, as to tire out my Reader with feigned Apologies for that Course fare he is like to have anon. I am not without some of those Common Sanctuaries, wherein many writers can phancie themselves so secure from all Censure; but I dare not pretend to those I have not, and those I have I sleight. Reader, the plain truth is, this Letter is not now sent out, to prevent or decry any surreptitious Copy, neither meerly to satisfie the importunity of my friends: Nor yet am I willing so much to humour either thy curiosity, or the common Vanity, as to tell thee what inducements I had to this Publication:

If

if what thou shalt here read, either concern *thee or not, I am sure* these *cannot.*

Perhaps thou art one of those, who may read their names *and* characters *in the former part of the following* Letter; *if so, it would be time and pains ill lost to talk with thee* now. *If thou canst be so much the* Master *of thy Passion, as to read thy self over herein with* Patience, *and without either* Oath *or* Curse, *for the* Paper *or its* Author, *I shall begin to hope there may yet be a* possibility *of a return to thy* self *& to my* God. *Till then, what ever cause thou hast to* carp *at the* Book, *or* revile *the* Author, *I am bold to tell thee, I have much more to* slight *thy* Speeches, *and* pitty *thy* Folly. *I* value *as little thy* Censure, *as I have reason to* envy *thy* conversation: *I* dread *as much thine* Applause, *as I* scorn *thy* Derision; *and this I do no less then I* abhor *thy* life, *or* pray *for thy* Conversion.

When thou art willing to understand *what may do thee* good, *it will be* seasonable *for me to say more, and tell thee, that if thou would'st be a* Gentleman, *there is a* Book *extant, which for that End, well deserves thy* Study, *and thy* Practice. *At present it is too noble a* Jewill *to be thrown to such a* Swine.

If

If the Courſer *and more* homely *Diet I here offer thee, may beget in thee (though by loathing* it) *a liking to that far* richer Diſh: *It will be* then *enough for my* Ambition, *as it is* now *too much for my* Hopes.

That moſt Singular piece of Impartiall Truth, *and unparallel'd* Ingenuity; *of moſt Cogent* Reaſon, *and Inſinuating* Rhetorick; *of moſt ſage* Advice, *and Religious* Inſtruction, *which abundantly commends it* ſelfe *to the ſerious* peruſall, *and its* Author (*were not his ſtrange* Modeſty *as much our* Enemy, *in Concealing his* Name, *as his* Piety *and* Ingenuity *our* Friends, *in diſcovering his* worth) *to thy intimate* acquaintance: *It bears for its* Title, *what thou by thy Practiſe laboureſt to prove a* Contradictiõ, THE GENTLEMANS CALLING. *This* Booke *would Certainly teach thee to be, didſt thou not thinke thy ſelfe too wiſe to learn, all that becomes a* Chriſtian Gentleman: *as another* Practical piece *which for its* Excellency *is rationally ſuppoſed the worke of the ſame* Pious *and* Ingenious *hand, would make thee, if uſed aright, a* Chriſtian Man: *I meane that* Booke, *the* Title *whereof ſpeaks much, yet no more then the* Contents *do verifie,* THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN.

MAN. *Read these two soberly, and practise them constantly, and, though thou burn'st this paper thou shalt never perswade me, not to thinke thee a* Man, *a* Gentleman, *and a* Christian. *But if in some or other of thy* Mad Moods, *thou shalt* rage & foam *against what here I send thee, play the* Critick *upon it amidst thy* Pots, *or make it thy sport and merriment amongst those who cannot think themselves men except they be* Frolick *and* Jolly: *the* Paper *may suffer, and thou may'st spit in my face, but know, I have a* Christian name, *thou can'st not* stain: *and a* Charitable Intention, *thou canst as little vitiate, as thou hast hitherto deserved it.*

But if (Sir) *you be one of those brave* Souls, *whose* Merits *are above their* Names, *whose* Honours *are not dumb* Idols, *neither their* Vertues shadows; *and yet vouchsafe to cast an eye upon this* flat *and* unstudy'd *piece of meer* Obedience: *Your* Candor *will save me the customary* Ceremony *of a long* Apology; *seeing I am assured you can sooner* pardon *an* Hundred *faults, then the other* find one: *your* Goodness *by a constant practise of all vertues being as much* augmented, *as his* Judgment *by an Endlesse succession of most sottish debaucheries is daily* Impared.

Who

Whosoever you be, who chance to hit upon this paper, let it suffice you to know, that it is but a Letter, *& that, an Imperfect birth after a* Fortnight's *labour. It had never ventured so far abroad, had not better eyes then the* Author's *directed it forth. The best on't is,* Censures *I regard not,* Frowns *I fear not,* Criticisms *I smile at, and* Derisions *I laugh at. The* Stile *('tis true) is rough, I had rather be* told of it, *then lose so much time as to smooth it: Many things are* Blunt *and* Flat. *It is my Humour, often to prefer a plain* truth, *before a Witty* Phancy: *The* Phraise *in many places is* tart *and* provoking; *I hope it will appear in all my Actions, that I study not to* please, *but* profit. Reader, *Call me what thou wilt,* Stoick, *or* Fool, *or* Clown, *or* Madman, *I am willing, with all my heart, to seem any, or all of these to reform a* Sinner. *If in any place thou think'st I deale uncivilly with thee, give mee leave to aske thee—*where? *If in the* former *part, What businesse hadst thou* there? *Either thou art indeed a* man *there described; and then why art thou angry that I say the* truth? *Or else thou art one of the* Better *stamp, keep thee then in thine own place, & I am confident I shall do thee* right. *Art thou the true* Gentleman?

leman? *thou canst not so far mistake thy self, as to think the* Characters *of the* False *will fit thee: art thou the* False? Thine own *Confession* quits me of the *Scandall: And I hope thou wilt here find thy selfe so much in thine own* colours, *that thou wilt be so farre out of love with thy selfe, as to know the least* commendation *of thee could be no less then a* flattery. *If this little labour of mine may do thee* good, *it is* therefore *worthy of thine acceptance, and I bid thee heartily* welcome: *If thou seest nothing in it worth the reading, use thy freedome, I may lose my* labour, *neither thou nor I shall ever lose my* Charity.

Instead of a longer Preface, *I commend to thy reading the words of a* Reverend Doctor, *whose exemplary* Piety, Larning, Judgment, Moderation, *are sufficiently known to the greatest part of our* English *Nation.*

Dr SANDERSON *in his* Sermon *on the* 1 Cor. 7. 24.

As for our (*meer* or *parcel*) *Gallants*, who live in no setled course of life, but spend halfe *the day* in *Sleeping*, half *the night* in *gaming*, and the rest of their time in other *pleasures* & *vanities*, to as little purpose as they can devise; as if they were born for nothing else but to eat, and drink, and snort, and sport; who

are

are ſpruce and trim as *the Lillies* (*Solomon in all his Royalty was not cloath'd like one of theſe,*) yet they neither *ſow*, nor *reap*, nor carry into *Barn*; they neither *labour*, nor *ſpin*, nor do any thing elſe for the good of humane ſociety: Let them know, there is not the *pooreſt Contemptible* Creature, that cryeth *Oyſters* and *Kitchinſtuff* in the ſtreets, but deſerveth his bread better than they; and his courſe of life is of better eſteem with God, and every ſober wiſe man, than theirs. A *Horſe*, that is neither good for *the way*, nor *the cart*, nor *the race*, nor *the wars*, nor any other *ſervice*, let him be of never ſo good a breed, never ſo well marked and ſhaped, yet he is but a *Jade*: his Maſter ſetteth no ſtore by him, thinketh his meat ill beſtowed on him; every man will ſay, better knock him on the head than keep him; his *skin*, though not much worth, is yet better worth then the whole *beaſt* beſides.

Conſider this, you that are of *Noble* and *Generous* birth. Look upon *the Rock*, whence you are digged. Search your *Pedigrees*; Collect the Scatterd *Monuments* and *Hiſtories* of your *Anceſtors*: and obſerve by what ſteps your worthy *Progenitors* raiſed their houſes to the height of *Gentry* and *Nobility*. Scarce ſhall you find a man of them, that gave any acceſſion, or brought any eminency to his houſe; but either ſerving in the *Camp*, or ſwearing at the *Bar*, or waiting at the *Court*, or adventuring on the *Seas* or trucking in *his ſhop*, or ſome other way induſtriouſly beſtirring himſelf in ſome ſetled *Calling*, and Courſe of life. You *uſurp* their *Arms*, if you *inherit* not their *Virtues*, and thoſe *Enſignes* of *Honour* and *Gentry* which they by induſtry atchieved,

ſit

ſit no otherwiſe upon your ſhoulders, than as rich *trappings* upon *Aſſes backs*, which ſerve but to render the poor beaſt more ridiculous. If you by brutiſh ſenſuality, and ſpending your time in ſwiniſh luxury, *ſtain* the *colours*, and *embaſe* the *mettals* of thoſe badges of your *Gentry* and *Nobility*, which you claim by deſcent: think, when we *wroſhip* or *honour* you, we do but flout you; and know, the *titles* we in Courteſie give you, we beſtow upon their memories, whoſe degenerate off-ſpring you are, & whoſe *Arms* you unworthily bear; and they do no more belong to you, then the reverence the good man did *to Iſis*, belong'd to the *Aſſe* that carry'd *her Image*.

The

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THE

THE GENTILE SINNER, OR, England's *Brave Gentleman.*

Honoured Sir,

Am very much indebted to Your moſt obliged *Goodneſs*, for that great and undeſerved *Freedom*, you were pleaſed to allow me in our laſt *Diſcourſe*: And I am ſo *Confident* to meet with the ſame *Goodneſſe* ſtill, that I ſhall not *fear* to expreſſe as great a *Boldneſſe* in the following lines.

With *Gentlemen*, I very much love to be talking of *Gentlemen*; with him that is a *Gentleman indeed*, that in *his* language (for in *better*, I am ſure, I cannot) I may learne how to ſhame his *Counterfeit*, and with *him* too, who has no more then the

bare *Name*, that I may thereby get an opportunity of propoſing to him ſomething better then *himſelfe*, as a fit object of his *Love* and *Imitation*. I confeſſe I am often apt, more then well becomes me, in the preſence of *Perſons* of your *Quality*, to inveigh ſomewhat *Satyrically* againſt ſuch as this *wanton Age* of the World loves to *miſcall* by ſo good a name; which might give any man of leſſe *Candor* and *Courteſie* then *Your ſelfe* (Sir) a juſt occaſion of judging me more *Bold* then *Wiſe*. What your *reſentments* were of my laſt *unponder'd* expreſſions, I know not; But if in any of them I gave *offence*, I dare hope you will make your late *Commands* paſſe for my *Sentence*, and let this *proſecuſion* of that too *Inconſiderate* diſcourſe (I beſeech you) ſerve for my *penance*.

You were pleaſed to require a Summary of my thoughts, concerning our *preſent Engliſh Gentleman*, both to what he *is*, and what he *ſhould be*. I muſt not tax you of *Indiſcretion*, by telling you how *ill* you have placed your *Commands*; and therefore I ſhall rather chooſe to ſhew you your *Charitable miſtake*, by my *ready Obedience*, then by

by an *unſeaſonable modeſty*, *from* to queſtion your *judgement*: The *task* enjoyn'd me is in it ſelfe ſo *odious*, that nothing *leſſe* then that *higheſt* reſpect I have for the worthy *impoſer*, could make it *welcome*; and it carries ſo great a *diſproportion* to my *weaker Faculties*, that nothing but *too* great an *affection* in you (Sir) could make it appear *poſſible*. To tell you, what the *Gentleman is*, requires an *experience*; and to ſay what he *ſhould be*, muſt ſuppoſe a *Breeding* far above mine.

If by the *Gentleman*, you mean *him* whoſe *real virtues* are ſuch as have indeed *merited* him the name: I could go a very compendious way to work, and ſhew you him in as fair a piece as *virtue* can *draw*, or the *World imitate*, by directing your eye to that object, which *beſt* deſerves it: You muſt needs know *your ſelfe* too well, (Sir) to be *ignorant* whom I mean. But for the *other*, whom we then took the *boldneſſe* to talke of, you cannot, I hope, imagine, that one ſo little acquainted with the preſent *Garbs* and *Modes* of the world, as without *bluſhing* I dare confeſſe my ſelfe to be, ſhould be able to preſent you

with his perfect *portraiture*.

To be short, Sir, *You* are too *well* acquainted with the *true Gentleman*, to thinke you shall ever read him any where better discribed then you find him *at home*; and *I* am too *little* acquainted with his *counterfeit*, to presume I may be able to give you an exact *Character* of him, till *I* use to go more, then I hope in haſt I shall do, *abroad*. However, I had rather betray my *Ignorance* of what I could never yet esteem well *worth* my knowledge, then the least *disrespect* to a *Person*, whose long-experienced *Goodness* hath abundantly merited the best of my *services*. Such a *prospect* therefore as I could have of him, whilest *immured* up within the *narrow* compasse of a *Darke* Study, I shall make bold to lay open before your eye; and, in as *plain English* as I can, tell you what I think both of the *Man* and his *shadow*.

But before I begin to describe him, I find it necessary for me to premise unto you this *cautious request*--That you would be pleased to believe I do not *make*, nor take *pleasure* to *see* those *wounds*, which *you* have perswaded me to *uncover*; for

I cannot but foresee too many of them, through *Improvidence* and *Negligence*, so altogether *feaster'd* and *Nauseous*, that as they will try your *patience* to behold them, so will they even *dare* your *faith* to *believe* them: and this I shall further beg of you, that seeing to serve you I am *forced* to take the *Libertie* of a more *open*, and sometimes *biteing* expression; you would not debar me of the *Priviledge* of an *Impartial*, yet *friendly*, *Censurer*; one who had much rather *lose* a *friend*, then *tolerate* a *fault*: Or the *beneficial Severitie* of a *Faithfull Chirurgion*, who is allow'd often to make the *smart* the fore-runner of the *Cure*, and is excusable, though sometimes he seem so hard-hearted as to *disregard* the *lamentable* out-cries, and most moving groans of his *afflicted* Patient, not sparing his *Probe*, till he have throughly search'd the *wound*.

I must in Good Earnest tell the *Gentleman*, how much my *Pitty* and *Commiseration* outgo my *Reprehensions* and *reproofs*: And that my *hearty prayers* both now *are*, and ever *shall be*, much more *for* him, then my *unpleasing Invectives* can be *against* him.

him The *latter* are onely sent out to *invite* him to take some *knowledge* and *compassion* of himselfe. but the *former* ascend as high as Heaven to implore Gods *Mercy* and *Pitty* towards him. For I know it, let him entertain as *flattering* thoughts as he will of himselfe; the *world* has not had since the fall of *Adam*, a more *miserable* Spectacle, than this poor wretched *Leaper*, the *debauched* Gentleman: who doubtlesse, were he not so *complacently* accessary to his own *Misery*, so *obstinately* bent upon, and *solicitously* studious of his own *overthrow*, would be no other *beheld* than *pitied*.

But seeing his dayly *practice* perswades me, that his main *industry* is a *design* to *ruine* himselfe, his constant *Profession* an open *defiance* to his *Happinesse*; seeing his chiefe *delight* seems to be placed in *looking* upon his own *sores*, and his continual *study* is how to *increase* them: Seeing he esteems nothing so *dangerous* as *real goodness*, and every day proclaims open *Hostilitie* against whatever shall bring along with it that *unwelcome charitie* of preserving him from *Hell*: seeing he labours

bours to expresse a deadly *feud* betwixt *himselfe* and his owne *soule*, and dreads no *torments* so much as the *joyes* of *Heaven*, seeing the *businesse* of his whole life is to *spoyle* a *Gentleman*: Without all doubt, the *safest* way now to *be* his *friend* is to *seeme* his *enemie*, the readiest meanes of *making* the *Christian*, is to *vex* the *Gentleman*, and the hopefullest method of *healing* his *sores*, is first to *search* them till they *smart*. There's no way to deale with a man in a *Swoone*, but to pinch him by the nose, and to *dash* cold water in his face; when he is thus brought to *himselfe*, he may be capable of a *Cordiall*: Thus indeed must we be constrained to deale with the *Gentleman*, who is not onely voyd of all *spirituall life*, but even of all *common sense*: We must handle him a little more *roughly*, then what he will thinke *civilitie*, that so we may at length *force* him to open his eyes, to see how much he is *mistaken* in what *he calls* so. If after all this he will persist to call mee his *enemie*, I shall onely professe my *sorrow for this*, that he has *lost* the benefit *intended* him by my *paines*: Not at all that I have missed the *reward* of his *commendation* and

thankes; these I shall then *first* be ambitious of enjoying, when I shall be assured that he is so much become a *New man*, that I need not feare his *Commendations* may prove *Scandalls*, or his *thankes reproaches*. Till then here he has my *Confession*, I am his utter *Enemie*: and let him take my *Resolution* too along with it, so I am resolved to *continue* till I can see him, more then yet he is, his owne *friend*. *Then*, I am sure, he will without a prompter acknowledge, that thus to *appeare* his *Enemy* was the *onely* way he had left me to *befriend* him.

With this *resolution* (Sir) and *Confidence* I shall venture, *first* to give you a short *Character* of him, as it stands legible in his common *practise* and *Conversation*; where that he may not have so much as a *pretence* to be *angry*, I shall onely write after that *Copy* himselfe has set mee, and lets *lye* every where *wide open* to the *view* of the *world*. And haveing done this, I shall, in a very few words characterize the *man* I would see, and tell you, what I *suppose* you *know*, God *Expects*, and his owne Name and profession do *witnesse* he ought to be.

SECT.

SECT. I.

The Gallant.

TO give you my ſenſe of the *Gentleman* in a word, He is, *I know not what.* I no ſooner caſt my eye upon him, but (alas) I ſee too little to *love*, enough to *Pitty*, more to *abhor*, and in all too much to be *expreſſed.* 'Tis uſuall with us to call *man* a *little world*, and truly the *Gentleman* may well be compared to that which is more ancient, the *Old Chaos*, when the *numerous* parts of this larger *world*, lay confuſedly therein, intermixed and jumbled together, without *Forme* or *Order*: before the Omnipotent *Wiſdome* of the Great God had created any ſuch thing here below as *Method* or *Beauty*: Such an undigeſted *Maſſe* and *Heap* of *every thing*, have wee here met withall, and nothing *perfect*: Onely herein the *Similitude* failes, for *ſuppoſing* ſuch an unformed heap, yet had there been nothing therein but what were to be confeſſed the

worke

works of God's hands, and therefore *very good*: But *here* (alas) is almost nothing left that God created, but every thing so altogether *evill*, that hardly so much of that we call *goodnesse* appeares, as a bare *possibilitie* of becoming so.

Sect. 1. *His Name.*

If there be such a *Sin* in the *abuse* of words as some do think there is; and if it be true that a great part of this *abuse* lies in giving *Names* unto things, *contrary* to their *Natures*, never was there a greater errour of this kind committed then here, for never Honest *name* was more abused, then this of *Gentleman*: indeed it is to be feared, that having been so long *misapplied*, it will at last finde the like hard measure, with those other once more *Honest* Names of *Tyrant* and *Sophister*; and from a *Title* of *Honour* degenerate into a *terme* of the greatest disgrace and infamy. It is indeed already made to be of no better a signification then this, to denote a Person of a *Licentious* and an *unbridled* life: for though it be as 'tis used, a word of a very

uncertaine

uncertain and *equivocal* sound, and given at Random to persons of far *different*, nay *contrarie* both *humours*, *descents*, and *merits*: yet if we look upon *him* that in this sad age comes first in play, and carries both the *Feather* and the *Bell*, as the *first Horse* in the *Team*, away from all the rest: a *Gentleman* must be thought onely such a man, as may, without *controle*, do what he *lists*, and sin with *applause*: One that esteems it *base*, and *ungentle*, to *fear* a God, to *own* a Law, or *Practise* a Religion: One who has studied to bring *Sin* so much into *fashion*, and with so much unhappy *Successe*, that he is now accounted a *Clown* that is not *proud* to be thought a *Sinner*; and he is as ridiculous as an *Antick*, who will not, without all *scruple*, proclaim himself an *Atheist*.

Some of the *wisest* in the present world, have of a long time, (ashamed, I suppose, to be known by the *same* name with such a *Monster*) thought it more fit to call him *Spark*, *Raunter*: and indeed the *former* Name carries so much of the *Fire* of Hell in the *signification*, the *other* so much of the *noise* of Hell in the *sound*, as may *almost*

suite

ſuit with the *Gentlemans* Actions. But the *proudeſt* vice is aſhamed to wear its *own* face long; Nor dare I believe the *Devil* to be much in love with his *own* Name; I am ſure *neither* is willing to be thought ſuch as in truth they are; but *wickedneſs* has worn *virtues mask* quite thread-bare; and *Satan* hath ſo often appeared like an *Angel of Light*, that 'tis now evident, he is not enamoured of his *own Form*. And thus had the *Gentleman* too, rather *deſerve* then *wear* the Devils *Liverie*, though he be willing enough to be the *man*, yet he abhors the *Name*. Thus he thinks *virtue* and *vice*, like his *Honour* and *Reputation*, no more, but the *creatures* of *Popular breath*, and that his eternal *Happineſs* (as his Temporal *eſtate*) is entailed upon the *bare Name* alone, and by a little alteration of *that*, he may (when he pleaſes) tranſlate his *Title* from *Hell* to *Heaven*: So fondly Solicitous he is (that I may uſe his own Language) to *Trapan* his own *Soul*, and by the Lamentable *Impoſture* of a *Borrowed* Name *cheat* her out of a moſt Glorious Inheritance.

Hence he endeavours a little more to

Civilize

Civilize the Title, and call himſelfe in a more *pleaſing* language *Gallant*. In this he is apt to Phancy *charme* enough to bring even *Heaven* it ſelfe *in love* with him, and make it, as the *trees* did *Orpheus*, to *follow* him whitherſoever he goeth: and certainly ſo it muſt, and with ſome ſpeed too, or he ſhall never ſee it, ſeeing he is alway *running*, as faſt as he can, the quite *contrary* way. But, alas, this is all he is like to *gain* by the pittiful *exchange*: that whereas the ungrateful *ſound* of the *former* names did ſo ſtartle the *Devil*, that he was ready to quit his habitation, either as jealous of a *Rival* in the very words, or elſe afraid of a *Diſcoverie*, hearing his own *names* become ſo *common*, he is now bribed to ſtay by the *Flatterie* of this *latter*, and ſecurely *Lodges* in the *Gallant's* breaſt, without the leaſt fear of diſturbance.

But ſeeing the *Gallant* is ſo great a lover of *New Names*, I hope he will not be troubled, if I make bold to adde *one* more, and call him with no leſſe *reaſon*, but in more *words*, *The Devils Ghoſt*. For whileſt *Sathan* is put to a large *expence* of *time* and *Pains* to Haunt and Seduce *others* here

Here he meets with *one* not halfe so *coy*, but such an one as by his *unseasonable* kindnesse, seems to be a *trouble* rather, to the very *Fiend*, by *haunting* the *Devil*. And doubtlesse, if he go but one halfe so fast a while longer, as he has done of late years, he will *tire* and *puzzle* the whole numerous *Host of Hell*, to invent a *varietie* of *objects* answerable to *that* of his *Humour*.

To speak him out a little more plainly, our *English Gentleman*, as now a dayes we commonly meet him, is such a *strange* kind of *thing*, that no *one* name will fit him. Such an *Heterogeneous* soule he is, that no lesse then a *Combination* of all the *vices* in the World, must be summoned in to make up a *Partial Description* of him: Of an *Essential Definition* I dare hardly think him capable, least thereby granting him a *complext Essence*, I should be forced, at least in a *Metaphisical* Notion, to call him *Good*. *Good-man* is a title he hath ever much scorned, and it is that which (if yet his *pride* will afford him any) he very truly thinks the fittest *compellation* for the poor honest *Labourer*. The same he will sometimes

times vouchsafe to bestow upon those few *Tenants* his *prodigality* has *spared* him. Such a *complicacie* of *evils* goes to his *constitution*, that ere we shall be able to fit him with a *name*, we must borrow it from *Sathan* himselfe, and call him *Legion*. As *sin* and *vanitie* make up his very *Essence*; so can nothing but *wonder* and *shame* compose *his Character*.

Sect. 2. *His Nature in generall.*

You have heard his *name*, and now take a farther *Generall* discription of him thus. The *Gallant* is a pretty, neat, Phantasticall *out side* of a *Man*, and if you dare alway believe your eye, 'tis not unlikely you may (now and then) be so much *deceived*, as to thinke him *somethinge*. But a true *man* you can never imagine him, he hath too long agoe shaked hands with his *Reason*, and now counts it the greatest degree of *baseness* in the world, to live what *Nature* made him, or to seeme beholding for any thing unto ought, but his owne *Humour*.

He is a well-digested *bundle* of most

costly

costly vanities, and he is evermore tumbling up and downe the streets to gather more of that same *Chargeable dirt*: as if he should have enough to excuse his sinne, when he can at once say, it is both *glorious* and *costly*. You may call him a *Volume* of *Methodical Erratas* bound up in a *gilt cover*, and his onely commendation is this, that his *disorders* seeme to be *orderly*, and his *Errours* not *Casuall* but *Studied* and he can tell how to *sinne* most *ingeniously*. He is a *curiously* wrought *Cabinet* full of *Shells*, and other *Trumperie*, which were much better quite *emptie*, than so emptily *full*. He is a piece of ordinary *clay* stuck round with *Bristoll Diamonds*, pretty sparkling things; which for a time might perhaps make a *gay show* in a *fool's cap*, or on a *Dunghill*, but in a *Lapidarie's shop*, amongst *true* stones, have onely so much *lustre* left, as will prove themselves to be but *counterfeit*. Such a silly *Glow worme* may looke like a little *Star* in the *Darke*, but its *Splendour* is alwayes sure to be *benighted* with the *Rising Sun*. 'Tis no small advantage for this fine *Sir* to live in this *Night* of the world, where that very *darknesse* of *ignorance*

tance which *obſcures* the great virtues of ſo many good men, is the onely thing that makes his *wild-fires* ſo *viſible* as to be taken notice of. He is the *Rich Scabbard* of a *Leaden Spirit*, and that very *dulneſſe* of mettal, makes him endure ſo long in the world, whileſt the *keener* zeal of *nobler* Souls, ſoon makes their way for them through the *Scabbard* into *Heaven*. I do heartily wiſh he would give us no reaſon to call him, The *painted Sepulchre* of a *Soule Dead and rotten in Treſpaſſes and Sins*: If this Compariſon will ever fit any man that is no *Hypocrite*, certainly 'tis the *Swaggering Gentleman*.

He is a *mans skin* full of *prophaneneſſe*, a *Paradiſe* full of *weeds*, an *Heaven* full of *Devils*, or *Sathans Bedchamber* too richly hung with *Arras* of God's own making: ſuch an *Excellencie* would he faine hold in the *baſeſt Iniquitie*. He can be thought no better then a *Promethean* Man, at beſt but a lump of *animated dirt* kneaded into *Humane ſhape*, and if he have any ſuch thing as a *Soule* (which he ſhall hardly be able to perſwade any man to believe that ſees how little *care* he takes to *ſave* it)

it seems to be *patch'd* up of *vice* and *Bravery*.

If you would come acquainted with his *pedigree*, let *Sin* be your *Herald*, and it will be sufficient to tell you, he was the *Son* of an *Offender*. His very *name's* enough to *blast* the *Nobility* of all that went before him, and to breath a perpetuall *disgrace* upon the sleeping ashes of his worthy *Progenitors*. There may be some *question* made, whether he needs *fear* going into *Hell* or no at his *death*, because he has been so well *acquainted* with it in his *life time*; whether if he have not leave every day to take his full *Cariere*, he thinks his *Soul* bereav'd of her *Christian Libertie*, as if he had no other way left him of imitating the blessed *Saviour* of mankind, but by often *descending into Hell*. O what a piece of *Gallantrie* it is now a dayes for a man to *give* his *Soul* to the *Devil* in a *Frolick*! It is the part of a *Gentleman* to out-brave *Damnation*, and not to be daunted with the thoughts of a future *Judgement*: A retreat into *Sobrietie* would betray such an *Effeminacie* of spirit, as might argue him in love with a *Religion*, and make the world believe

believe he were such a *Coward* as might be *Frighted* into *Piety*. Every *pettie* sinner can *out-face* an *Earthly*, he'l do his best to *out-vapour* an *Heavenly* Tribunal; and make it appear unto all, that a *Gentleman* has a *Spirit*, dares go to *Hell*, before he will be said to *fear* it. Indeed *he* alone seems to have the art of turning *Nature* upside down, and will onely be a perfect *man* as the *Pap*, when he is *wean'd* he gives both his *humanitie* and *Innocencie* to his *Nurse* for her *wages*, I am sure he is *rarely*, if *ever*, after that time, seen to have *either* about him. In short, the *Gentleman* is nothing that he *should* be: His whole *life* is a flat *Contradiction* to his *dutie*: His constant *studie* is to teach his *Bodie* how to put *affronts* upon his *Soul*, and to give him the *lie* who dare tell him there are any *hopes* it may be *saved*: He laughs at him that tells him there is any other *Heaven* then that of his own *creating*; any other *happinesse* besides his *pleasures*, or an *Hell* diverse from that which *Christianitie* has objected to the *Cowards Phancy*. He has the *Courage* to be *any* thing but *what he should* be, an *honest man*, or a *good Christian*.

§. 3. *His Calling or Imployment.*

The *Gallants* Generall *Calling* and *Employment* is, to ſcorn all *buſineſſe*, but the Study of the *Modes* and *Vices* of the times: and herein he ſpares not to rack his *braines* and rob his *ſoule* as much of her *Naturall* and her *ſpirituall* reſt, to ſupply the *wanton* world with *varietie* of Inventions. He takes an eſpeciall care that nothing may ever appear *old* about him, but the *old Man of ſin*, and him he every day expoſes to Publick view in a *ſeverall Dreſſe*, that (if it be poſſible) he may perſwade the world to believe that all *there* is *New* too. Indeed ſo *miſerably* happy is he in *Inventions* of this ſinful Nature, that any man, who had not a *ſpirituall* eye, to diſcerne the ſame *Proud* and *Luxurious Devil* in all his Actions, would almoſt think he had a *new Nature* as well as a *new Suite* for every day throughout the Year.

Thus he that thinkes it ſo much *below* him, to be reckon'd amongſt the *Labourers* in Gods *Houſe* or *Vineyard*; and diſdaines to receive his *Penny*, with thoſe he

ſhould

ſhould call his brethren, either as a *Reward* or a *Gratuitie*; but ſeems rather to expect it as a *Debt*, or *Portion* due by *Inheritance*: Yet is he content to ſit all day long in *Sathan's Shop*, one of his Slaviſh *Prentices* or *Journy-men*, who feeds him with courſe and *Emptie Huske* here, and will reward him with an *Hell-full* of torments for *his labour* hereafter.

He is all but a *Proud* and *Gliſtering Maſſe* of *ſwaggering idleneſſe*: and he makes it his chiefe Study to Demonſtrate to the world, how many ſeveral wayes *Idleneſſe* has found out to be *buſie*. He takes this for granted (as well he may) that he is not *Idle* but *Dead* that does juſt *nothing*. It is his task ever to be doing, *nothing* to a *Good*, but much to a *Bad* or no Purpoſe. Though he may often ſeem to ſit *ſtill*, and not to *move* ſo much as a little finger, yet even *then* is his *ſoule* cloſe at *worke*, plotting and Contriving how he may for the time to come be moſt *Pauſibly Idle*. He acts ſo little for the *Publick Good*, as if he were afraid he ſhould be thought a *Member* of *Mankind*, or as if the onely *buſineſſe* God intended him

were but to take care, that he continue *breathing*. He lives indeed as if he meant to prove, that God Almighty had *made* him to no other *end* but this, to ſhow the world that he could make *ſomething* whereof he had no *need* when *made*; as if whileſt he created *other* men for *uſe* and *ſervice*, he intended *him* onely, as *Artiſts* do ſome of their *neateſt* but *ſlighteſt* pieces of work to ſtand upon a *ſtall*, hang out upon a *ſign* at the Shop-windows, to ſhow *paſſengers* with what the *Shop* is furniſh'd within. Or if you will, you may look upon him as upon the *painted ſigne* of a *Man hung* up in the *Aire*, onely to be *toſs'd* to and fro, with every wind of *Temptation* and *Vanitie*. Such a vain *ſhadow* or *Picture* is he, that were there no more but himſelfe I ſhould take the boldneſſe to Affirm there were no ſuch *Creature* as a *Man* in the world.

To me he ſeems of no more worth then a Piece of *Out-caſt Iron*, lying *uſeleſſe* upon the face of the Earth, till his *Soul* be even *eaten* away with *Ruſt* and *Sloath*. God made him a *Man*, but to prove *himſelfe* his own God by a *ſecond Creation*, he endea-

vours

vours to *make* himſelfe a *Bruit*, nay a ſenſeleſſe *Carkeſſe* that only *Cumbers* the *Earth*, & is fit for nothing but to *dung* the ground it lyes upon, and *ſtinke* in the Noſtrils of the moſt High. If ever he *ſweat*, it is in purſuit of a *feather*, at his *play* and *ſport*, in *running* away from his *Worke*, and in the *chaſe* after his *Eaſe*: And yet even in *that* he can never *reſt*, this indeed being the Natural fruit of *Idleneſſe*, that it makes the *ſluggard* weary, not onely of whatſoever he *doth*, but even of *Idleneſſe* it ſelf.

§. 4 *His Education and Breeding.*

So ſoon as his *Age* is capable of *Inſtruction* and *Diſcipline* he is ſent to *School*, or rather by reaſon of too great an Indulgence in his fond Parents, the *School* is brought *home* to him; where if the fooliſh *Mother* do not more awe the *School maſter* then *he* his *Scholar*, the *Rod* and an *emptie purſe* together do for a while preſerve him *himſelfe*: But it ſhall not be long, ere he find room enough *abroad* in the world, wherein he may *loſe* himſelfe again. Yet

truly it is a great rarity in this Age, to see the earliest *Morning* of *Youth*, unclouded by the *fumes* and vapours of *lust*. It being too usual a thing with the *debauch'd father*, to make his *child*, as we use to say, over early his *Fathers own Son*.

Most *Gentlemen* seem to make it a special piece of their *fatherly* care to stave off their *Children* as long as they can from *Virtue* and *Religion*; lest therein resembling *better men* then their *Fathers*, some might take occasion to thinke them *spurious*. To infuse so early into the *Young child* the *graver* Notions of God and Goodnesse, were to make him *Old* before his time, and these would looke no better then so many *wrinkles* and *furrowes* in the *fresh* cheeks of an *Infant*: alas, what were this but an *unspiriting* of the *child*, and laying an unseasonable *Dampe* upon the comely *sprightfulnesse* of *Youth*? 'Tis fit he should be man'd up by *bold* and daring exercises, and as men use their *Hounds*, be *blooded* now when he is young. *Divinitie* and *Moralitie* are supposed too much to *mollifie* & *emasculate* the brave Soule of a *Young Gentleman*, and make it of too *soft* and *facile* a temper

temper for *Noble* and *Generous* actions. To inſtruct him how *hereafter* he ſhould manfully reſiſt his *enemies*, he ſhall *firſt* be taught to fight againſt *God* and *Goodneſſe*. It is indeed moſt lamentable to conſider how very few of thoſe we call *Gentlemen* endeavour to make their *Children* either *honeſt-men* or *good Chriſtians*: as if it were their only *buſineſſe* to *beget* them, and when they are come into the world, to *teach* them by their own *example*, how they may moſt *unprofitably* ſpend the ſhort *leavings* of their own *Luxurie*. Thus at their *death* they leave them *doubly* Miſerable in bequeathing them, *firſt*, little to live upon, and *ſecondly*, many ways to ſpend it. Indeed the greateſt *Charitie* and *Providence* in ſuch *Prodigal Parents*, were either *not* to beget Children *at all*, or to beget them *meer beggars*, that ſo they might not *give* them, with their *eſtates*, ſo many unhappy *opportunities* of becoming altogether as *bad* as themſelves.

But the *Hopeful Youth* muſt be a *Gentleman*, and in all haſt he muſt be ſent to ſee the *Univerſity* or *Inns* of *Court*; and that before he well knowes what it is to go to *ſchool*. Whither he comes, not to get

Learning

Learning or *Religion*, but for *breeding*, that is to enable himselfe hereafter to *talke* of the *Customes* and *Fashions* of the Place. Here he gets him a *Tutor*, and keeps him (as he doth all things else) for *Fashions* sake. Such an one who may serve at least, as *poor Boyes* do in some *Princes* Courts, to *sustaine* the blame of the *Young Gentlemens* miscarriages, and whom the *Father* may *chide* and beate when the *son* is found in a *fault*: Indeed this care is taken for the good *Tutor* that if his *Scholar* chance to returne *home* (as too seldome he does) with either *Scholarship* or *Pietie*, he shall then have the *credit* or *discredit* (call it which you will) of *making* the *Scholar*, or *spoiling* the *Gentleman*: seeing his *Parents* had taken order he should bring *neither* of the two along with him. Here perhaps he is permitted to continue a *year* or *two*, if he have no *Mother* upon whom he must bestow at least *three* parts of that time in *visits*, else his *Father* knows not well where he may with more *credit* loose so much good *time*, or if it may be, afraid it will be a greater *trouble* to keep him at *home*. In this time he will, in all probability have

learn'd

learn'd how to make a choice of his *boon Companions*, how to *raile* at the *Statutes* and break all good *Orders*; How to wear a *Gaudie Suite*, and a *Torn Gown*, To *curse* his *Tutor* by the name of *Baal's Priest*, and to sell more books in halfe an *hour*, then he had bought him in a *year*; To *forget* the *second* year what perhaps for *want* of *acquaintance* with the *Vices* of the *place* he was forced for a *Passe-time* to *learn* in the *first*; and then he thinks he has *learning* enough for *him* and his *heirs* for ever.

And now that he may be able to *maintaine* his *title* to so wretched an *estate*, it is time he should be hastened away to some *Inne of Court* there to study the *Law* as he did the *Liberal Arts* and *Sciences* in the *Colledge*. Here his *pretence* is to *study* and *follow* the Law, but it's his *Resolution* never to *know* or *obey* it: If in any measure he do apply himselfe to it, it is to this one *end*, that he may know how to *plead* for himselfe when he *breakes* it: or to attain at last to so much more *Law* then *Honestie*, as to *cozen* him that has more *Honestie* than *Law*. Here indeed he learns to be (in his

his Notion of the Man (somewhat more a *Gentleman* then before, having now the *Mock-happinesse* of a *Licentious* life, and a *Manumission* from the *Tyrannie* (as he terms it) of a *School-master* and *Tutor*. This he reckons the happy *Year* of his *Enfranchisement*, and in *Commemoration* whereof his whole *life time* is to be one continued *day* of *rejoycing*. From this time forward he resolves to be a *Gentleman* indeed; and now begins to clear himselfe from all *suspicion* of *Goodnesse*, which *constraint* and *feare* make some believe there was a *Possibilitie* of before.

§. 5. *His Habit and Garb.*

As his *condition of life* seems now to be *New*, so does he endeavour that *all* should appear *New* about him, except his *vices* and his *Religion*; He is too much in *love* with *those*, to *change* them, and the *latter* he cannot *change*, because he never *had* any. *Pride* and *Wantonnesse* have a very *rare* and *readie* invention: here's a *New Garb*, New *Cloathes*, and a New *Bodie* too, O could he but once get him a *New Soul*, or no *Soul*, he

he might be thought *happy*. When you look upon his *Apparell*, you will be apt to ſay, he wears his *Heaven* upon his *back*; and truly (*'tis too much to be fear'd*) there you ſee as much of it, as he ever ſhall. He is trick'd up in *Ganderies*, as if he had reſolved to make his *Bodie* a *Lure* for the *Devil*, and with this *Braverie* would make a *baite*, ſhould *tempt* the *Tempter* to fall in *love* with him. He lookes as if he had *prevented* our firſt *Mother* in ſinning, and wanting *patience* to *ſtay* for the *fruit*, had pluck'd the very *bloſſomes*, and now wore them about him for *Ornaments*. His *Suite* ſeems to be *made* of *Lace* or *Ribbon*, *trim'd* with *Cloath*. By his *varietie* of *Faſhions* he goes nigh to cheat his *Creditors*, who for this reaſon dare never ſwear him to be the *ſame* man they formerly had to deale withall. his *Mercer* may very well be afraid to loſe him in a *Labyrinth* of his *own* Cloth, which yet *ſits* or *hangs* (ſhall I ſay) for the moſt part ſo *looſely* about him, as if it were ever ready to *fly* away for fear of the *Searjeant*. Alas, how often is he proud of a *Feather* in his *Hat*, which a ſilly *Bird* was but a while ago *wearie* of carrying

carrying in her *tayle?* Do but take him in that condition wherein youmay commonly be ſure to find him, he will make a compleat *walking Tavern.* His *head* and *Feather* will ſerve both for *ſign* and *Buſh.*

If you obſerve but a little his ſtrange *Garbe* and *Behaviour*, either *that* wherein he walkes the *ſtreets*, or that other more *ſet* and *affected* one reſerved for his *forme* of *Complement*, you would conclude he were going to ſhow *Tricks*; I am ſure he wants nothing but a *ſtage* erected for the purpoſe. He takes as much care and pains to *new-mould* his *Bodie* at the *Dancing-ſchool*, as if the onely *ſhame* he fear'd were the retaining of that *Forme* which *God* and *Nature* gave him. Sometimes he walks as if he went in a *Frame*, againe, as if both head and every member of him *turned* upon *Hinges.* Every ſtep he takes preſents you with a perfect *Puppit-play.* And *Rome* it ſelfe could not in an *Age* have ſhowne you more *Antiques* then one of our *Gentlemen* is able to imitate in *halfe* an hour; whoſe whole *life* is indeed no other then one *ſtudied* imitation of all the *vanities* imaginable; and by his daily practice, a man would

gueſſe

gueſſe there could be no ſuch ready way invented of becoming a *Gentleman*, as to *degenerate* firſt into that *Beaſt*, which now, if ever, is moſt like a man, an *Ape*. Such an *Honourable* creature has he made *himſelfe*, who accounts it below him to be number'd among the *ordinarie* ſort of *men*.

§. 6. *His Language and Diſcourſe.*

His *Language* and *Diſcourſe* are altogether ſuitable to his *Habit* and *Garbe*; all *affected* and *Apiſh*, but indeed for the moſt part much more *vile*, *ſinfull*, and *Abominable*. When it is moſt *Innocent*, then is it *Idle* and *Light*, and then moſt *quaint* and *Rhetorical*, when *Drolling* or *Prophane*. Although he make it his whole buſineſſe whenſoever he *dares* to be *Bookiſh* (which indeed he dreads as much as any thing but to be Good) to furniſh himſelfe with an *Eligant* and *Courtlike expreſſion*; yet will all but amount to this at moſt, that ſometimes he may be *able* to talke well, and ſhow us how much he is a better *Speaker* than a *man*: That he ſhall be able to *carve* out his *Language* into ſome of the moſt

most *Modish* and *Dissembling Complements*, and to *Interlard* and affected discourse, with many an *Impertinent Parenthesis*. And then amidst all this his *Time-observing* hand and foot do so *point*, *accent* and *adorn* all with Curious & Phantastick *flourishes*, that his *words* are often as much *lost* in his *Actions*, as his *sense* in his *words*.

A piece of *nioste Bombast* denominates him one of the great *Wits*, where the *substance* of his discourse (if it have any) is dress'd up in so *rude* and *Antique* a forme, that *staring* (as it were) the bearer in his face, it goes nigh to *scare* him out of his *Wits*.

If *Don Quixot* or some *Romance* more in Fashion, can but furnish him with a few *New-coyn'd* words, and an *Idle tale* or two to make up his talk at the next *Ordinarie*, in his own fond *Conceit* and by the *votes* of his simple Companions, he is carried up to *Heaven*; a wanton piece of *Drollerie* will send him *beyond* it.

To be truly *Ingenuous* is not the way to *Humour* his *Frolick Companions*, and therefore he is put to study out something else which must serve for a while instead of

wit,

Wit and 'tis ſtrange, he can thinke of nothing will do this ſo well as *flat fooleric*; for moſt perfectly ſuch is that *drolling* vein wherein he is ſo frequently induſtrious to ſhew himſelfe a *witty fool*: What a *learned* Age is this we live in, when he is the beſt *Companion* for a *Gentleman*, who can beſt act the *Ruſtick*, and moſt facilely imitate the *Rudeneſſe* and *Flatneſſe* of his *Language*? and when he alone muſt be eſteem'd the *Wit*, who can *neatlieſt* play the *fool* to Humour *Mad Men*? To be *ſober* or *ſerious* in the *Gentlemans* Dictionary, ſignifies juſt as much as to be *Dull* and *Blockiſh*. A *Phancy* which dares not *roave* about, beyond the limits of *Sobrietie* and *diſcretion*, nor proclaime herſelfe to be moſt *affectedly prophane*, or as induſtriouſly *Vain* and *Idle*, is a *Bird* that has no *note* ſweet enough for his *Cage*. 'Tis a wonderfull thing to ſee, how the *Apiſh Ingenuity* of this Age, has cut the very throat of all *ſober Invention*, and *Genuine Wit*. A *Mimical* tone, A *Phataſtick* action, a *couchant* ſenſe, and a Phraſe *Rampant*, quarter the *Coat* of our Modern *Gentile Wit*. Such are the *ſpungy Ears*

of moſt Companions, that they will *ſuck* in nothing but *froth*: And the *Gentleman* lookes upon him as a poor *ſolitarie fool*, who will not thus make himſelfe an *Aſſe* for *companie*.

But (alas) all theſe are but the *Innocent recreations* of his *Tongue*: wherein it *ſporti* it ſelfe in its *Infancie*, ere it attain to that *nimbleneſs* & *volubility* of expreſſion which becomes a *Gentleman*. He is not alwaies delighted in theſe *ſoft* walks; but as he grows more a *man*, he choſes him *rougher* paths, and more *manly* exerciſes. By degrees he ſteps up from *Idleneſs*, and *Emptineſſe*, *foolerie* and *drollerie*, to *ſcurrility* & *obloquie*; when at every ſtep he *tramples* ſome *good* Mans *Honour* in the *Duſt*; at each word he *ſpits* in the *face* of his *Betters*, and labours to *beſpatter*, with the *Dirt* of *Infamy* and *Diſgrace*, every *name* and *reputation* that ſtands above his *own*: And you may be ſure he will ever throw the *blackeſt dirt* upon the *faireſt face*, where it may certainly do the greateſt *miſchiefe*, and be moſt *conſpicuous*. Like an experienced *Archer*, he never miſſes the *white*: but (as good luck is) ſuch is the *Impenetrabilitie* of *Innocence*, when

darted

darted at by the poyſon'd *Arrows* of Envy, he never *holes* it. If this black *breath* of his could *blow out*, or *eclipſe* thoſe *Lights* that ſhine *brighteſt*, we ſhould not have one *ſtar* left in Virtues *heaven*: And thoſe *Lights* which were ſent into the World to guide him timely and truly out of it into a *better*, he *firſt* endeavous to *extinguiſh*, that ſo he may without *check* or *ſhame* wander through all the *works of darkneſſe* into *Hell*. What ſo often in his mouth, as, that which he never names, but with the *deepeſt* accent of *ſcorn* and *diſdain*, a *paltrie Parſon*? and he does not ſtick often to tell him to his face, that when he comes to have as much *wit* as *zeal* he will begin to tell him another *tale* then that of *Heaven*; that he may do welll to keep him to his *Tub*, and tell a *preciſe ſtorie*, once or twice a week to his *Ignorant Auditors* in his *Countrie Church*, and forbear to read *Lectures* of *Godlineſſe* to perſons whom he ſhould be afraid to look upon but at a *diſtance*. That he brought more learning from *ſchool* with him, then all the *Canonicall Caſſocks* and *Girdles* in the Nation, with all their tough *Logical Notions*, and *knottie Metaphyſicks* ſhall be ever able to contain.

With a thousand more such like *ravings* of a *wild* and *Atheistical* brain. I shall willingly forbear to *personate* him any farther in them lest he might think me *able* (as I hope I shall never be) to reach the *Frantick* strain of his loose and prophane *Raileries*.

Neither are his *discourses* lesse *beastly* then *divellish*, lesse *filthie* then *malicious*. So foul, *obscene*, and nauseous, for the most part are his *words*, that some one or other as little *acquainted* with a God as *himself* will be apt to conclude, that Nature *spoil'd* him in the making, and set his *Mouth* at the *wrong end* of his *Bodie*. Certainly there must be a *corrupted* and *putrified Soul* within, whence there daily steams out so much odious and *stinking breath*. Indeed so strangely is the *Gentlemans Palate* distemper'd by this same loathsome *Disease*, that he can now relish just nothing but the very *Excrements* of *Discourse*. He is not only taken with the *wanton Language* and *Lascivious* Dialect of Love, wherein to accomplish himself, he makes it too much his businesse to collect what he can out of all the loose *Pastorals*, Beastly *Poems*, and *Baudie* pieces of *Drollery*, which by their *number* seem to

turn

turn our *Book-sellars* shops into so many *Jakes*: but he takes a great deal of pleasure to lick with his *tongue* the nauseous *Botches*, and putrified *sores*, and the infectious *Leprosies* of *Wit*. O how does he delight to *dwell* upon the *sore* place of an obscene Poem! and he never *commends* the *Poet* for any thing but his *Infirmities*. He is no *companie* for the *Gallants* of late, who will not once at least before the close of every Period commit *Lip-Adultery*. As there is not any more filthy vice of the tongue then this; so neither do I ever find the Gentleman more in love with any other. Except it be that one which I am now to name.

And that is it, which indeed I tremble to *mention*, though he esteems it the greatest *grace* and *Ornament* of his Discourse. I mean *Swearing*. For as the *Gentleman* seems continually to *measure* out his *time* by *sins* in stead of *minutes*; so his *louder Oaths*, were they not so very frequent, might well be compared to the *great Clock*, which gives us notice how his *Hours* passe. This is that pleasing part of his Language, wherein he so ordinarily bids *defiance* to his *God*, and so powerfully *courts* the *Devil*; with whom

by this means he has a *frequent Converſe* as if he were his *Familiar.* And he has ſo great a variety of theſe Helliſh *complements*, that the *Maſter* of that Language, *Sathan* himſelf may in a little time ſtand in need of an *Interpreter* to underſtand him.

This is a *ſin* to which there are ſo few colourable *Inducements* or *Provocations*, that *herein*, or not all, the *Gallant* ſhews his *Proficiencie* under that *good Maſter* He ſerves, and proves how *ſtraight* he can goe to *Hell*, and how *faſt*, without a *guide* or *baite*. Here indeed he ſeems to cry out upon *Eve* for a *lazie* and *dull* ſinner, whilſt in every *Oath* he loudly *ſwears* that *Soul* not to be worth a damning, which cannot *ſin* without a *temptation*. 'Tis here he expreſſes his great *Charitie* to the *Devil*, for as if he were afraid the *Tempter* ſhould have too great a Load of *Other* mens *ſins* at the *Laſt* and *great* day of accounts, he freely *exempts* him from putting his *helping hand* to ſome of his ſins, and openly profeſſes he is able to go far enough *out* of the way to *Heaven* without a *Seducer*.

How many *horrible* and *hideous Oaths* doth

doth he dayly *invent*, onely to *swell* up his *cheeks*, and makes his *words* ſound *high* and *big* in the ears of thoſe that *tremble* not to hear him? with what *boldneſs* and *pride* does he abuſe Gods moſt *Holy* and *tremendous Name*, by making it a *cloak* & *varniſh* to ſet off his moſt *falſe*, *looſe*, and *prophane* ſpeeches. As if indeed he had this deſparate *deſign* upon Almighty God, to render his ſacred *Name odious* to the world, by taking it ſo often into his *prophane lips*.

Unto *this* we may here adde that *other* as common extravagancy of his *Tongue*, which is the *abuſing* and making a *Mock* of Gods *Word*, as well as his *Name*. His *Rhetorick* ſeems all *Low* and *Flat* ſo long as his *Metaphors* lye on *this* ſide *Prophaneneſs*; but when he has once got a *trick* to *heave* up his *cheeks*, and *ſet his face againſt the Heavens*, and to *emboſs* his diſcourſe with a *Rumbling Oath*, then he begins to think himſelf an *Orator* with a *Witneſs*.

§. 7. *His Religion and Converſation.*

I am afraid it is now too late to tell you what is the *Gentlemans Religion*, ſeeing he

has so very little either of *honesty* or *humanity*. The *sad* truth is, he is so far from being indeed *religious*, that he is *ashamed* of nothing so much as that any man should have the *charitie* to *thinke* him so. Against this *Ignominious brand* of a *Godly man*, he takes the readiest course he can to *vindicate* himselfe, that is openly to *deride* all those that own it, *laughing* aloud at *all such* as have more *Religion* then *himselfe*. The chief *Ceremony* of his *Religion* next to that of *blaspheming* his *God*, is lustily to *curse* the *Devil*: and to *declaime* both against *Heaven* and *Hell* in a breath. It is below a *Gentleman* to be a *Beggar*, though at the *Gates* of *Heaven*, & the *Throne of Grace*, and he does as much *scorn* to say his *Prayers*, as to *beg* his *bread*. Nothing but *Necessity* can perswade him to do *either*. *Devotion* and *Humilitie* are names wholly inconsistent with *Nobilitie* and *Gallantrie*: These become not that *brave Heroick Spirit*, which had *rather* chuse to *starve* even his *soul* to all *eternitie*, then to receive *salvation* it selfe at the *expence* of a *petition*. 'Tis for such *faint hearted* creatures as have not the *courage* to undergo with *Alacritie* the *torments* of *Hell fire*,

to

to *ſtoop* ſo low, as to beg an *Heaven* on their *knees*: Alas he ſees no ſuch *lovelineſſe* in the *things above*, as may oblige him to ſo *ſubmiſſive a Courtſhip*: And yet he is ſo confident to *enjoy* them *all* at laſt, as if he thought God would be *beholding* to him for *accepting* his bleſſings: or as ſome fooliſh *lovers* take occaſion to *double* their *addreſſes* from the *unkindneſſe* of a *Coy Miſtreſſe*, God would the more *earneſtly* importune him to be *ſaved*, the more *diſdainfully* he looks upon *ſalvation*.

If ever the *Gentleman* appears at *Church*, it is but to give you a teſtimony of his *courage*, whereby he ſhows how he *dares* ſometimes *venture* upon what he moſt *fears*. But then he behaves himſelf ſo *proudly* there, as if he would *command* the *great* God of *Heaven* and *Earth* to *keep his diſtance*: and he may be ſure, *ſo* he will, for he will *draw nigh* unto *none* but ſuch as will firſt *draw nigh* unto *him*. But ſometimes his appearance in the *holy Aſſembly* argues more *Cowardice* than *Courage*, and ſhews that he *fears* the *Conſtable* more then *God*: and to be *religious* more then appear ſo. Here if he ſtay long, he is no leſſe *pain'd* in *hearing* the

the *Sermon*, then if both his *Ears* were faſt *nailed* to the *Pillorie*. To prevent *tediouſneſs* and to give himſelf as much *eaſe* as may be; he *picks* up *here* and *there* ſomething from the *Preacher* to make *merry* with, at the next *meeting*: Or elſe he *meditates* upon the *Ladies* as they ſit in their *Sundaies beauties*: and then he *returns* from the *Church*, as moſt do who come thither with no better *intentions*, ten-times more an *Atheiſt* then he came.

But as faſt as the *Gentlemans Atheiſm* has taught him to *jeer* and *laugh* at all *thoſe* who are ſo *ſoft-hearted*, as to profeſſe a *Religion*, ſo well has their *Religion* taught them to *pitty* and *pray* for him that has none.

If the *Gallant* have no *eſtate* (as many who think themſelves *Gentlemen* have *none*) he makes his *vices* his *trade*, and ſo *trafficks* firſt for a *living*, and then for *damnation*. The *Tavern*, for the moſt part, is his *Exchange*, where having prepared the way for *one wickedneſs* by *another*, ſome *drunken cheat* is uſually the *Enriching Bargaine*. and this, when diſcoverd'd, muſt paſs by the name of an *Ingenious Frolick*. Here he lies *drinking* out the *day*, except he be forced to *ſleep* out the

the laſt *nights* Intemperance. This is the ſtage of his *wit* and *wantonneſſe*: where he thinks himſelf a *Champion*, when he can kick *two* down ſtairs at *once*, the *drawer* and his *Bottle*, and ſound the *Alarm* to the *skirmiſh* in a loud *peal* of new faſhion'd *curſes*. After all is done there, he walks the *ſtreets* as light in his *head* as his *purſe*, and much oftner ſalutes the *Pavement* then the *Paſſengers*.

He drinks as *ſtoutly*, as if he meant to carry *liquor* enough with him in his Belly to quench the *flames* of Hell; or rather as if he meant to *drink* himſelf ſo far into a *Beaſt* as he might thereby become *uncapable* of *Damnation*. When he has drunk his fill, he ſtudies how to make the next young *Heir* he meets with *pay* the Reckoning. If he chance to meet with ſome poor Innocent *Lady*, whom a *ſweet word* or two may make his miſerable *prey*, he makes a ſhift to ſcrue a *ring* or two off her *finger*, and this will both pay the *ſhot*, and his *common ſhe* for his next night *Lodging*.

In a word, this *Ranting Gentleman* is a *Golden*, or at leaſt a *guilded Sinner*, a *Royal ſlave*, a *Prodigal Spark*, one who hates no *name* ſo much as that of *Chriſtian*; becauſe he

he is afraid it would make him *melancholliè*. He travels over the wide *world* of ſin, till he have as little *Money* as *Religion*, and no more *credit* then *money*. So that he is uſually at laſt conſtrain'd either to lie *hid*, and ſo become his *own Priſoner*, or to *pawn* his *Body* to his *Goaler* for his *chamber*, or elſe to become a *Citizen of the World*, and ſo at laſt is *every where at home*, becauſe he is indeed at *home no where*.

§. 8. *An Apologie for this part of the Character.*

Perhaps you may here expect my *Apologie* for making ſo *bold* with the *Gallant*, as in the foregoing lines I have done, which I am ſo far from *acknowledging* my ſelf *obliged* to do, that I ſhall hardly obtain mine own *pardon* for being no *bolder*. 'Tis out of no other *reſpect* than a tender *compaſſion* to his *Perſon*, and a moſt perfect *hatred* of his *waies*, that I *here* take leave of him. In good earneſt (Sir) I have not the *patience* to *follow* him any farther, no not in thoſe *paths* wherein he *walks* with ſo much *Pride* and *Complacencie*. If he think I have uſed him too

unkind-

unkindly, I ſhall onely anſwer, that its not half ſo *ill* as he uſes himſelf: who by being ſo much his own *Enemie*, has found out a very eaſie way for his *beſt friends* to be *ſo* too, and yet ſolve the *Contradiction* by an obvious *diſtinction* betwixt his *Spiritual* & his *Carnal ſelf*.

I thank God, I have learn'd to *hate a vice* in my *beſt friend*, and the more I hate it, the *better I love* my friend, whom I ſhall ever wiſh *ſo* well, as that he may continue *for ever virtuous*, that ſo I may *for ever* have his *Friendſhip*. And I have as well learn'd to *love* the *ſoul* of my moſt *vicious enemie*, and the rather becauſe I know my *Saviour* did as much for me.

I dare not think a *ſinner* needs my *prayers* one jot the leſs; but much more my *pitty*, becauſe he pretends to be a *Gentleman*. I am ſure he would ſay as much himſelf, if he could but ſeriouſly conſider what *diſtinction* of *blood* or *degrees* there is to be expected in *hell*, or what *reſpect* will there be ſhewn to the *Son* of a *Prince* more than to a *Beggar*. Which was beſt rewarded, the *Noble Dives*, or the *poor* and ſo long *deſpiſed Lazarus*; A *Captive* is ſtill to be look'd upon

upon as a *Captive*, though it be his lot to lie bound in *Fetters* of *Gold*, and to have a ſtately *Palace* for his *Priſon*: Nor ſhall I think that *Malefactors* torment much the leſſe, who has the *honour* at his *execution* to have his *Fatal Pile* made up of all the richeſt Spices of *Arabia*. How great an *Happineſſe* found he in his *death*, whoſe ſentence it was to be *ſmother'd* to death in a *Bed* of *Roſes*? That *Priſoner* may be in a *merry*, but in no very *good* condition, who, when he ſhould be ſinging *Pſalms* unto his *God*, and ſo with the *Captive Apoſtles* ſet his *Soul* at *Liberty*; when he ſhould on the *wings* of *Devotion* ſend her out with *Noahs* Dove, to fetch in the *Olive-branch* of *Peace* and *Libertie* from *Heaven*; when he ſhould do all this, can yet in a *rough* Note, and ſome *wild disjointed Catch*, Crown his Cups, and *Invoke* the curs'd inhabitants of Hell in an *Health* to the *Devil*: whatever *others* better *bred* and of a more *gentile* Education may think of him, I ſhall never be able to *commend* ſuch a mans *courage* and *Alacrity*: But this I ſhall (I hope) be able to do, with all the due affections of a *Charitable Chriſtian*, *bewale* his *Madneſſe*, *Lament* his *Follie*,

Folly, and earneſtly *pray* that God would at length in great *mercy*, *reſtore* him to his *loſt ſelf* and *ſenſes*. Thus would I hold my ſelf bound to pray for a *Mad-man*, and truly no otherwiſe for our *Engliſh* Gallant: For were it my purpoſe to ſhew how *eaſily* a man might *be*, rather then how *heard* it is for him *not* to be *Satirical* upon ſo *foul* a Subject; or did I not more deſire with *oyl* to *heal*, then with *ſalt* and *vinegar* to *vex* his *wounds*, I could, without the leaſt wreſting, fully apply unto the *Perſon* we ſpeak of, all the *Symptoms* and *degrees* of the moſt *extream madneſſe* or *brutiſh folly* imaginable. But I leave him here, and for thoſe others which are behind I ſhall ſtudy more *Brevitie* if not leſſe *Bitterneſſe*.

SECT.

SECT. II.

§. 1. *The ſecond ſort of Gentlemen not to be reckon'd amongſt thoſe which are truly ſuch.*

I Would not have you think (*Sir*) that I have done with the *ſpurious Gentleman* when I have done with the *Gallant*. I ſhould do ſome *violence* to the *true* Gentlemans *virtues*, ſhould I ſay all that are not included in the foregoing *Character* are *juſt* ſuch as *he*, and deal ſomewhat too *ſeverely* with him of whom I am now to ſpeak, if I ſhould conclude all that are *none* of the *beſt*, to be the *very worſt*. I find my ſelfe therefore neceſſitated to ſay a little of *another*, who, though he may be thought by many degrees above the *former*, yet have I no reaſon to call him a *Saint*. If we eye the *common courſe* of his life, and his *ordinarie converſation*; we may perhaps diſcover in *him* ſomething more of *modeſty*, & the *man*, then

then in the *former*, yet ſhall we not finde *much more* then what is to be read in thoſe *two names*, of *Religion* or the *Chriſtian*: At beſt, he has in him only *ſo* much of *Chriſtianitie* as may *ſave* his *credit* in *this* world, *not* his *ſoule* in the *other*. And of this *ſort* is, (alas I may too truly ſay) the far *greateſt* part of our *Engliſh Gentrie*: I muſt include very many of our *Nominal Nobilitie*, & not a *few* of the *Real* too, I mean as far as *blood alone* will make them *ſo*, under this Head.

This indeed is that *Gentleman*, whether of *Citie* or *Countrie*, whom his *neighbours*, as well as himſelf, do too often, for want of a *better*, *flatter* into *Some-bodie*. *One*, who though he has more *diſcretion* then to be *ſtark-mad*, and more *ſobrietie* than to *dwell* in a *Tavern*, or to *transform* his *own houſe* (as to too many chuſe to do) into a perfect *Bedlam*: I am ſure there *wants* very *little* of it in many, but the *correction* and *diſcipline*: Though he be not fully *arrived* at the very *height* of *vanitie*, nor can yet take a *pride*, be at the idle *expence* both of *eſtate* & *honour*, to *purchaſe* an irremediable *poverty* to his *heirs* and to *himſelf* the empty *title* of *Spark* & *Gallant*: Yet he can hardly perſwade me

to believe the *principles* whereby he is kept within theſe *bounds* of *modeſty* and *ſobriety*, ſuch as may merit him the *name* of *Gentleman* or *Chriſtian*. Indeed the greateſt *difference* betwixt *him* and the *Gallant*, ſeemes to be *this*, that whereas the *Gallant* is the very *ſpume* and *froth* of *Nobilitie*, which ever works *upwards*, impatient of a *confinement* within any *limits* whatſoever, but alwayes *flies out* by reaſon of it's extraordinary *levitie* into *emptineſſe* and *aire*; this *other* *Gentleman* like the *lees* and *dregs*, by reaſon of too great a mixture and participation of more *groſs* and *Terrene* parts, *ſettles* wholly *downwards* till he come to the very *bottome* of all *baſeneſs*: Such *lees*, though at preſent, of ſome more *uſe* than the *other*, yet will they at *length* prove *good* for *nothing* but to be thrown away.

§. 2. *Severall ſorts of ſuch* Gentlemen.

Such a *Gentleman* as he who hath a good *eſtate*, and a full *Cheſt*, and *theſe*, excepting a *Coat* of *Armes*, & a few old *Pictures*, hung up in his *Parlor* or *Gallery* to let ſtrangers ſee who were his *Father* and *Mother*, are

are *all* he has to *ſhow* for his *Nobilitie*: and yet his *too* great *care* in preſerving *theſe*, is for the moſt part, that whereby he forfeits his *Honour*. For as the *Former* freely *ſpent* his *eſtate* to make him a *Gallant*, ſo this *latter* as freely *parts* with all *Gallantry* to *ſave* his *eſtate*. If *nature* have bleſſed him with ſome *good parts* & *faculties*, and if the *care* of his *Parents* have added many more excellent *ornaments* & *accompliſhments* of a *Gentleman*, yet there alwaies appears ſome *abatement* or other in his *bearing*, which *diſgraces* all: And there is that baſe *alloy* of (I know not what) *droſs*, in his beſt *gold*, which renders it *uncurrent*, and altogether *uſeleſs* both to *himſelfe* and all the *world* beſides. In *ſome* this is *covetouſneſſe*, and *love* of the *world*; in *others* 'tis *cowardice*, and a *poore ſpirit*; in a *third* ſort, *Lazineſſe*, and a *love* of *eaſe*; and in *many* others *pride* and a *vain glorious humour*. Though in *favour* to the *Gentleman*, or rather to the *world*, leſt it might ſeem to be *quite void* of *all ſuch* things as true *Gentry* and *Nobility*; men are willing very often to *beſtow* upon them too *good names*; calling the *firſt providence* and a *naturall care*: the *ſecond pru-*

dence, and a *commendable policie*: The *third* a *good-nature*, and a *peaceable minde*: And the *laſt*, *Noble* and *brave Spirit*, and a *piece* of *neceſſarie ſtate*. I confeſſe I am as ready as any man to caſt into him all the *allowances* he can in any *reaſon* demand, or I with *ſafety* grant him, & *all* will be little enough to make him full *weight* for a *Gentleman*. But he muſt pardon me, if I love not to hear *good names* thus groſly *abuſed*: nor to ſee the moſt *beloved* and *plauſible vices* paſſe ſo currantly & unqueſtioned for *virtues*. *Call* them what we *will*, and make them as *good* as we *can*, as they are enough to *ſink* the *Gentleman* as far *below* his *name* as *hell* is below *Heaven*; ſo have they been, too effectual and prevalent of late, to the *choaking* up all *breathings* of true *Religion* & *Pietie*, and to the bringing a glorious *Church* and flouriſhing *Kingdom*, to ſay no worſe, into a very *low* and *ruinous* condition. And this I dare be bold to affirm, though I take not my ſelf for a *Politician*, that let us all *pretend* and *endeavour* to what we can, till we can make theſe *gilded vices* to be *known* & *owned* by their *own names*, we ſhall have ſmal reaſon to hope for a *ſetled Church*, or

peaceable

peaceable ſtate. I wiſh I had a *ſalve*, which applyed to the *Gentlemans blind eye*, might take of the *Pearl*, and make him *ſee* this truth.

§. 3, *The Provident Gentleman.*

The *Provident Gentleman*(as he loves to heare himſelfe miſcall'd) is *one* who is ever putting the queſtion with him in *Job, What profit is there in the ſervice of the Almighty?* If you could once perſwade him to believe that every *good gift comes from above*, and that *whoſoever askes ſhall indeed recieve*, you would ſoon ſee him grow *religious*, & hear him ſaying his *prayers* in good *earneſt*: But alas, ſo long as he can make a ſhift to fill up his *Coffers* by *delving* in the *dirt*, you muſt give him leave to continue *Infidel* in theſe *particulars*. He is content to heare of *glorifying* God, till you come to tell him he muſt do it with *his ſubſtance*, but then it becomes an *hard ſaying*, and he'll hear, you of that at a *more convenient time*; perhaps he means it upon his *death bed*. So little is he in *love* with, or *ſenſible* of what you call *Honnour*, that allow him the *gain* and *profit*, let God

or *any one* elſe it's all one to him) take the other. This *Gentleman* has juſt as much *God* and *Religion* as a *full cheſt* will *hold*, his *God* and his gold like *Hippocrates* his *Twins*, *live* and *thrive*, and are *ſick* & *die* together: & yet it were much to be wiſhed he were but *half* ſo induſtrious to preſerve the *one*, as he is to keep the *other*. Inſteed of *laying up his treaſure in Heaven*, he lays up his *Heaven* in his *Treaſurie*, and, if God will be content with it ſo, he ſhall be ſure to have his *heart there too*. *Covetouſneſſe*, I dare ſay, in *ſuch* as *he*, is the greateſt *Idolatry*: I am confident he would *fall down* & *worſhip* the *Image* of a *Nero*, nay of a *Devil*, rather then *want* the *ſingle penny* that beares it. You will have much adoe to convince him of the truth of the *Apoſtles* propoſition, *That godlineſſe is great gaine*, except you will grant him that this is a Logicall Converſion, and not to be queſtioned *that great gain is godlineſſe*. If with the *Silver-ſmith* he can by his *craft* get his *wealth*, then ſhall *Religion* become his *trade*, and the *Church* his *forge*: But till then you muſt give him leave to be a *worſhiper* of his great Goddeſſe *Diana* So far is he from putting in practice that good

and

nd wholſome advice, to *be careful in nothing, but in every thing to give thankes*: that he dares never read the text but backwards *Give thankes for nothing, but in every thing be carefull*: He cannot eſteem it a true piece of providence to make the *day content with its own labour*, but on the contrary he gives *every day* the *trouble* of *caring* for *many years*, & therefore is ready to phancy himſelf far from the *Rich Fools* condition in the *Goſpel*, becauſe he never yet could allow his *Soul* her *Requiem*, or thinke that he had *enough* for *many yeares*.

He takes much more *paines* to leave his *Children rich* than *good*, & had rather give them a *portion* then a *bleſſing*. The main *advice* he gives them is to be *thrifty* and *good husbands*, let them make themſelves *godly* and *good Chriſtians*. All the learning he intends to beſtow upon them, is ſo much *Latine* as will fit them for underſtanding a *Bond*, & ſo much *Arithmetick* as may *ſecure* them from the *diſhoneſtie* of an *unjuſt Steward*: If he ſuppoſe the *book* may be made a *thrifty diverſion* to keep the from the greater *expence* of the *Tavern* or their *game*, he may perhaps allow *ſomething* toward a *ſtudy*

And be ſure) he will be careſull enough, to give them ſo much *Law* as may be ſufficient to *maintain* their own *rights*, and *race* their *Tenants*.

If he go conſtantly to *Church*, 'tis more to *ſerve himſelf* then his *God*. Often becauſe he hopes by being his frequent *Auditor*, he may *oblige* the *Perſon* to let him his *Tithes* at a *low rate*, or to *believe* him a man of *conſcience*, that ſo he may *defraud* him of his *dues* without *ſuſpicion*. For the moſt part this *Gentleman* is the *Patron*, or has the *Impropriation*, and yet, whileſt he and his family grow *fat* by feaſting upon the *bread* of the *Alter*, he grudges *him* who diſpenſes *freely* of the *bread of life* the very *crums* that *fall* from his *table*. The *Church* of God thus often *ſtarves* for want of *food*, whileſt ſuch *dogs* eat up the *childrens bread*: Such mens whole *lives* are but ſo many *continued Sacriledges*, and all they can allege for themſelves comes but to this, that they *hold* their *ſin* as their *land*, by right of *inheritance* from their *Anceſtors*: Their *coffers* grow full by robbing the Sanctuary, & at every meal with their *ſacrilegious* teeth, like ſo many ravenous *Wolves* or *Vultures*, they *teare* in

pieces

pieces the *Bodie* of Christ's languishing *spouse*: but let her *die*, the *provident Gentleman* had rather see her *Carkess* then his *chests* grow *emptie*; and if by her *death* he may peaceably enjoy her *revenues*, he will hardly *mourn*, but as such enriched *heirs* use to do, at her *funeral*.

It is long since this good man turned *charitie* out of doors, as an *unthrifty Housewife*, and one that made it her businesse to *throw* all away. The *poor* come and go about his *gates*, as hungry *birds* about a *painted Vine*, at best they meet with an *hard crust* and *harder language*. He loves not thus to *lend* his *money*, though it be to the *Lord*, except he would give him *bond* to return him *eight* in the *hundred* here in this *world*. When our *Saviour* tells him of an *hundred* for *one* here below, & *eternal life* hereafter in heaven, he hath as little *faith* to believe, as *patience* to wait for such a reward: yet he could almost wish, upon condition the *former* part of the promise might be made good to him, *without persecution*; that the *latter* might be reserved for such who can fancy a *God* in *Heaven*, better than a *thousand pound* in *hand*.

If

If this Gentleman can but ſo far *denie himſelf* as to do no open *violence* or *injury* to any man, if he can arrive at that degree of *Chriſtianity* which will enable him to reach the *negative* part of *Juſtice* and *charity*, he is apt to think he has made a fair progreſs in the way to Heaven. And yet (God knows) he ordinarily miſtakes this part too. For to win *anothers* eſtate by ſome *quillet* in the Law, or by *bribing* a Judg, to overreach his *poor* neighbour in a hard *bargain*; to take *advantage* of a needy perſons preſent *neceſſity*, and accordingly raiſe the *price* of his Commodity; to *exact* firſt *more* then he is able to pay, and then make him pay *uſe* for his *diſability*; to ſend a *poor* naked ſoul to *Bridewell* inſteed of an *hoſpital*, to the *Stocks* inſteed of a *Bed*, to call him *knave* & *vagabond*, that he may have a *pretence* not to *relieve* him: to ſuffer a languiſhing creature to *dye* in the *ſtreet*, whileſt he had enough to *ſpare* wherewith to *feed* and cloath him; Or to permit a *breach* in the walls of *Jeruſalem*, when a ſmall *ſum* out of his *purſe* would *repair* it; Theſe he can by no means reckon amongſt the *ſpecies* of *injuſtice*, or as *defects* in *charity*, but therefore

fore counts all good duties as things *unneceſſary* & no way obliging, indeed becauſe *chargable* and ſeemingly *burthenſome*, and ſuch as contradict that thrifty *forecaſt*, and neceſſary *providence* he holds himſelf tyed to maintain. He thinks it a greater degree of *wiſdom* to truſt Gods *providence* now for ſome *miraculous* relief of the *preſent* poor, then to rely upon it for the *after-enrichment* of his poſterity.

Certainly this is the thing that paſſes ſo currently for *providence*, even among thoſe who are counted the *wiſer* & more *religious* ſort of our *Engliſh Gentlemen*: but if this can belong to *Chriſtianity*, then muſt *covetouſneſs* and a *worldly* mind be reckoned amongſt our *Chriſtian virtues*. It is (alas) too evident what good friends ſuch *virtues* & ſuch *Gentlemen* have been of late to our *Jeruſalem*, whileſt our *richeſt gallantrie* has all along, in theſe calamitous times, choſen rather, by a kind of *conſtrained bounty* to *reward* the *Demoliſhers*; then *voluntarily* to part with a *farthing* to pay the *builders* of our ruinated *Sion*. Beſides this, it is not a little to be feared that thoſe many contrary *Oathes* and *Engagements*, *Vows* and *Proteſtations*

teſtations, which with the help of this *ſauce* of *providence* have been ſo readily *ſwallowed* (I fear I may ſay) by the greateſt part of our Gentry, will at laſt expoſe their *Souls* within no leſſe to *corruption*, then the contrary *qualities* do their *bodies* without. O how happy might this poor *Nation* have been even to this day, had not the *rich Gentleman*, under pretence of a *Natural affection*, & a *neceſſary providence*, ſet an higher eſtimate upon his own *cheſt*, than the *Ark* of God; upon his own *Barn*, then the Lords *Temple*; had he not loved his *intereſt* more than his *religion*, the ſafety of his *body* more then the *ſalvation* of his *ſoul*, his *natural children* more then his *Heavenlie Father*, and his *money* above them *all*.

§. 4. *The Prudent Gentleman.*

By this ſhort view I have given you of the *provident* Gentleman, I ſuppoſe you will grant him to be none of thoſe we may call the *beſt*, or ſuch as it might be wiſhed, we had *many* of in our *Nation*: And truly the *Prudent* Gentleman, I mean him who is *now* adayes known by that name, is not of a much *nobler dye*: very often you ſhall find him

him to be the very *ſame* alwaies very *neer* of *kind* to the former. *Cowardiſe* is as much afraid to be *known*, & therefore as loath to walk without her mask as *covetouſneſs*, and would as gladly arrogate to her ſelf the *never* more abuſed *names*, then *now*, of a *wiſe caution*, and a *Chriſtian prudence*; as that *other* of a *virtuous thrift* and *neceſſarie providence*.

Inſteed of being (as *wiſdom* commanded his *Diſciples*) *wiſe as ſerpents*, Gentlemen are be become meer *Serpents in wiſdom*, and have rendred themſelves very capable of that commendable *character*, which was long ago given to the Serpent, *They are more ſubtle then all the beaſts of the field*; and the *prudence* they boaſt of, & under which they vail a *carnal* mind, and a *carking cowardlie ſoul*, is nothing elſe but a *worldly policie*, or rather a *Devilliſh ſubtletie*. They have made one half of the text quarrel with and juſtle the other quite out of their Bibles, advancing the *wiſdom* of the *ſerpent* to ſo high and *intenſe* a degree, that it cannot *admit* the *leaſt* proportion of the *holy Doves* more neceſſary *innocence*. Such a *foraminous* piece of *Net-work* has *Chriſtian prudence* been

been made of late, that these *glib serpentin Politicians* can so *wind* themselves *in* & *out* at pleasure, as if they meant neither God nor *man* should ever know certainly where to have them.

It is a very famous piece of the *Gentlemans prudence* to endeavour to *out-wit* an *All-wise* God, and to go about to put *fallacies* upon him out of his own *word*, often making even Gods most *righteous precepts* the *topicks* of his *disobedience*. How frequently endeavours he to cloak the violation of *one* law, by a *pretended obedience* to *another*, and by setting Gods *commands* at variance *one* with *another*, thinks to *steal* away his beloved sin, & not to be taken *notice* of? He dares not take up *his cross & follow Christ*, least he should become *felo de se*, accessary to his own death: nor knows he how to *forsake Father & Mother for Christs sake*, without a breach of the *fifth commandement*, which binding him to *honour both*, he cannot see how he may in any sense *forsake either*. He dares not part with *houses* and *lands*, for fear he might seem to *despise* Gods good *blessings*; nor *hazard* his *estate* in the *vindication* of his *Religion* & his *Loyalty*, least he should

ſhould be ſaid to have thereby *thrown away* the *opportunities* of expreſſing his *bounty* & his *charitie*: He knows how much he is obliged not to *denie Chriſt before men*, and to *give an account* of his *faith* to ſuch as *demand* it of him; but when he produces a *text* wch tels him of dayes *wherein the prudent ſhall keep ſilence*, and theſe dayes he ſuppoſes ſtill *preſent*, whenſoever his *perſon* or *eſtate* may be *endanger'd* by an *open heart*, or an *ingenious tongue*. He will be ready to ſuffer *perſecutian* for the *goſpel* of *Chriſt*, and, with St. *Paul*, to be *bound* and to *dye*: but this muſt only be when his *prudence* is at a *loſs*, and he can find out no way *juſt* or *unjuſt* to avoid all this. As long as there are *ſhifts* enow left him, ſuch as *diſſembling* language, *covert* engagements, *cunning* flatteries, *treacherous* compoſitions, *pettie* contributions, *underhand* compliances, in things both *Civil* and *Religious*, he thinks he wants no *honeſt evaſions*, to ſecure both *life* & *livelyhood*. Thus he is content to ſet him down in *quietneſs*, whileſt the *enemies* of Gods *Church* advance in *troops* & *armies* againſt her; and thinks it enough, when he can ſay he *wiſhes* all well, & *praies for the peace of Jeruſalem*.

It

It were no *prudence openlie* to declare his *opinion*, or to *act* on any ſide; alas he is but *one ſingle* man, and *one's* as good as *none* againſt the ſtream of the *multitude*, not conſidering that where *one* does not *joyn* with *one*, there can be no *multitude*. There are *other* champions enow in the world to vindicate her quarrell, ſuch as have no *eſtate* to look after, no *families* to provide for, when if all were of *his mind*, there would not be ſo much as *one*; and beſides, who has greater reaſon to *labour* than he that has already received ſo great a *ſhare* of his *wages*? What though he freely *gives* away a large portion of his *goods* to the enemies of God? it is but the way to *ſecure* the reſt for *better* purpoſes What though he be canſtrained with fair *ſpeeches* to *flatter* up the *tranſgreſſors* in their iniquities? his *heart*, for all this ſhall be for *God*, his *prayers* for the *Church*, and he is as good a *Chriſtian*, and as *loyal* a *ſubject within* as the beſt. Alas, tis no great matter to *comply* a little in outward things, to lay an hand upon a *Bible*, to *invock* the *ſacred Name* of God, and *ſeemingly* to renounce *Religion* and *Loyaltie*; God knows he *intends* no ſuch matter, but only takes

this

this course to keep his *Family* from ruine and to preserve himselfe *safe* and *whole* to do *God* and his *Church* more service hereafter.

It is all one with him to go to *Church* or *Conventicle*, so he may by frequenting *either* be thought to *favour* the *Religion* in *Fashion*, and so not be suspected an *Enemie* to the *God* that *rules* the *man* in *power* with a *sword* in his *hand*. He can take a great deale of *paines*, rise *early*, and go *far*, to encourage a *seditious* Lecture, and when Sermon's done, with an *Hypocriticall* face *smile* upon the Preacher, and *inviting* him home with him witnesse his *thanks* & *approbation* in a *good dinner*: but he holds it *imprudence* to frequent the *true worship* and *service* of God, which the *excellencie* thereof and the *command* of his superiours commends to his *conscience*, lest he should be thereby thought *ill-affected* to that *Religion*, which he would have *good men* believe his soule *abhors*. He dares countenance *Rebellion* and *sacriledge* both with his *tongue* and *purse*, but esteems it *dangerous*, and therefore (without all doubt) *Imprudence*, to contribute so much as a *good looke* to the Encouragement

of the truly *Religious* and *Vertuous*, leſt he ſhould be ſuſpected by the *proſperous* ſinner, an Enemy to *Treaſon* and *Wickedneſs*.

Till we can find a way how to *caſt out* this *Prudent Devil*, which (as the *Prophets* tells us) is *wiſe to do evill, but to do good has no underſtanding*; we ſhall ever hear this *poſſeſſed Gentleman* crying out with the *Demoniack* in the *Goſpel*, *What have we to do with thee, Jeſus thou Son of God? Why art thou come to torment us before our time?* Such a perfect *Gout* is this *prudent Cowardiſe*, that the lame *Gentleman* ever *cries out* at the very *ſight* of any thing that looks like *Religion*, as if it would come too *near* him, & *touch* him upon the *ſore place*. So ſad a thing is it to ſtand in *fear* of *health*, leſt it ſhould make us *ſick*; to *tremble* at the *ſight* of what would bring us to *Heaven*, leſt we ſhould *loſe* our *Earth*: & to take ſo much anxious *care* to preſerve the *body* whole, for fear a *courteous wound* ſhould ſet upon the door, and give the *ſoule* leave to *fly out* into *Heaven* and be at *reſt*.

If ſuch men be truly *prudent*, then are all true *Chriſtians* undoubtedly *fools*: Or if this *over-warineſſe* be no more but a *prudent* and *Religious caution*, then are moſt of our *Engliſh*

glish Gentlemen (which I have not yet *charity* enough to believe) *Prudent Christians*. But (alas!) *Neutrality* hangs too much betwixt *two*, ever to come so *high* as *Heaven*: and a *cold indifferency* comes so far short of that necessary *zeal*, which is the unfailing *consequent* of true *Piety*, that it is *impossible* it should ever be Crown'd with eternall *happinesse*. He that is not deeply *in love* with his *God*, cannot place his absolute *felicity* in the *fruition* of God; and he that is *afraid* to *do any* thing, or thinks it *prudence* to *suffer nothing* for him, is not *in love* with him. God has long agoe told the *Gentleman*, and all others, how much of another *temper* he must be who will *live for ever*, instructing him with an *immediate contrariety* there is betwixt being *for* God and *against him*; so that there can be no *mean* left for such a *prudent indifferency*, betwixt *fighting under Christs Banner*, and being the *Devils Souldiers*. *Moderation*, 'tis true, in things of *Indifferencie* is a *commendation*; but the *Gentleman* needs fear as little that he can be *over-zealous* in a *good matter* here upon earth, as that he may be *over-happy* in Heaven. As there be no *Angels* but such as

are either *very good*, or *very bad*, so every *Gentleman* is either a *Saint indeed*, or else *starke naught*. He that *sits still* shall come as *soon* to *Hell* as he that *sweats* in *pursuit* of it: But whosoever hopes to come to *Heaven*, he must *ever run*, and with his face *that way*, if he will be sure to *obtain*. I would wish that *Gentleman*, who has not the *heart* to *confesse Christ before men*, to consider, how he can have the *courage* to heare *Christ denying him before his Father which is in Heaven*, or to endure those *torments* in *Hell* which he shall be sure to undergoe for not *confessing* him here upon Earth. Such a *Luke warme* soule is so *Nauseous* unto God, that he must at last *spue him out* into the Bottomlesse pit.

If this be *Christian prudence*, to secure an *Estate*, or preserve a *Family*, or save a *life* by being *frigid*, and so *Spiritlesse* in our *Profession*, as may make us *nauseated* by God, and set us at such a distance from Heaven; a *true Christian* shall have as little reason to *envy* the *Gentleman* his *Prudence*, as the poor *Church of England* has cause to be *proud* of his *Courage*.

§. 5. *The Peaceable Gentleman.*

The *Peaceable* and *Honest-natur'd Gentleman* (as many call him) is one to whom the poor *Church* of *England* is not much more indebted for his kindnesse then to either of the former: this is *he* that is so far from being Cordially sensible of the *afflictions of Joseph*, or the *dissolations of Jerusalem*, that he seems to have hardly so much of an *humane spirit* in him as to understand the *meaning* of those two *words*, *Happinesse* and *Misery*. *Three parts* of his time, at least he spends in *sleep*, as if he were resolved to *die* all his *life* long, or by this course to keep himselfe *ignorant* of the *Concerning* affairs of the *world*; being *loath* to come *acquainted* with the truth of those evils which he is resolved not to take any pains to *remove*. The other *quarter* of his time he carefully *divides* betwixe his *meals* and his *sports*, and this he calls, living a *good*, *honest*, *quiet*, and *harmlesse* life, such as *hurts* no body.

Sometimes he seemes even to *envie* the very *stones* that constant rest which *Nature* has indulged them, whereby they are made

incapable of any *motion* but what is occasi-on'd, and that but rarely, by some *violence* from without them. If he had so much of that *Philosophie*, which tells us the *celestial bodies* are in a *perpetual motion*, as to believe it for a truth, he would for that very cause be unwilling to go to *Heaven*. When he hears of an *Eternal Sabbath of rest* for all those that go thither, he is *almost perswaded to become a Christian*, yet is he in a great *straight betwixt two*; for though he *love* his *rest* too *well*, yet he *hates* the very *name* of *Sabbath* much *more*, especially when he hears St. *John* telling him, that, the *Angels* and *glorified Saints never cease day nor night from praising God*.

Sometimes again he seems to grudge the poor *brute Animals* their *Irrationality*, and to *share* with them, endeavours by a *sordid Sensualitie* to degrade himself into a *Beast*, or, at least, to become as *like* one as *humanitie* will permit him. That he may be better *acquainted* with their *natures* and *dispositions*, his Dog and his *Horse*, or his *Hawk*, henceforward become his principal *companions*; with these he *plaies*, and with these he *discourses*, and towards these

(if you seriously consider all his *terms of Art*, you will be ready to say) he has his *set-forms* of *Complements:* and indeed his whole *studie* is to learn readily to speak that *language* wherein he may be *understood* by the silly *animals*. When the *weather*, or his *health*, or the like, will not befriend him in these exercises *abroad*, then he sits at *home*, *numbring* his *minutes* by the *turns* of his *Die*, or the *playing* of his *Cards*; or perhaps gets so much liberty abroad, as to measure out his *hours* by the motions of his *bowl*. Such a mercilesse *Tyrant* is he to *that* (which he fears he shall never loose or destroy fast enough) his *precious time*; that he alwaies studies to invent variety of *executions* for it. Now he delights to *drown* it in his *Cups*, anon he *burns* it in his *Pipe*, by and by he *tramples* it under his *horses hoofs*: again he *knocks* it in the head with his *Bowl*, *tears* and *devours* it with his *Hawks* and his *Hounds*, there is nothing he will leave unexperimented, till he have certainly found out a way to prevent its *natural*, *honest*, and *commendable departure*.

These Courses he willingly allows himself in, and desires to have *all* thought no

more or *worse* then his *contempt* of the *world*, and his *ſtudie* of *retiredneſſe* from thoſe *diſtracting comberances* thereof, which are unworthey of a *Chriſtian* or a *Gentleman*.

Sometimes he delights to conſume a great part of his time in unneceſſary *viſits*, but ſtudies withall to make them ſo *unprofitable* as if he were deſirous to have it thought men were *made* onely now and then to *look* one upon another: his *Diſcourſe* (what there is of it) being ſo *idle* and *impertinent*, that it ſerves to no other end, then to *exerciſe* his *tongue*, and keep it by much *motion voluble*, leſt for want of *uſe* he ſhould in a ſhort time (as he does by moſt good things) forget to *ſpeake*. Sometimes you ſhall have a *Complement* from him, but buff'd up with ſo many *hyperbolicall* expreſſions of your *worth*, and of the *incredible* reſpects he has for your *perſon*, that you cannot chuſe but ſuſpect he only *labours* how to be *diſbelieved* or has learned of his *Dogs* how to *fawne* and *flatter*. And thus when he has made a ſhift to *loſe* and *bour* or two, and to *trouble* his *friends* with much *impertinent* talke, he returnes home again to *eat* and *play*, and *ſleep*, and ſpend the remainder of his time as *idly* as he can.

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In a word, this sort of *Gentleman* borders so closely upon him we first described, the *Gallant*; that I shall not need to say more of him, then only this, that he has some *degrees* lesse of *madnesse* then the other: he seems as yet but to *hang* about the *doors*, and has not gain'd an *admission* into the *Societies* of *Raunters*: Nor is this because he wants a *Genius* or *inclination* to evill in the generall, but rather he is beholding to *one vice* to keep him from *another*, and being wedded so much to *this*, is forced to abstaine from its *contrary*. Either he is *tyed* to his *Chest* with a *Golden Chain*, which will not allow him the liberty of *ranging* into so many *costly riots*: or else a *leaden dulnesse* so much oppresses his soul, that she cannot *Soare* so *high* in the vast *Region* of *Debauchery*: So that if you find him free from any *one* vice, he is to thanke the *contrary vice* and not the *vertue* for it: or at best, he owes it to an *Infirmity* of *Nature* that he is free from *both*.

Indeed for the most part this *Gentleman* is (as the *Philosophers* use to say of their *first matter*) though not perfectly *formed* into all those *noble* qualifications (as they are usually

uſually miſcall'd) of the *Compleat Gallant*, yet is he, at leaſt, in a *remote diſpoſition* to all or any of them: As the *Polypus* is ſaid to be alwaies of the ſame colour with the neighbouring *object*; or as the *Looking-glaſs* reflects as many different *faces* as are obviated to its own *ſuperficies*: So is this *Gentleman* not properly *one*, but *any* body, of the *Religion*, and the *humour*, and the *faſhion* of his *Companions*, as near as his own *weakneſs* will permit him to *imitate* them. And this is it which commonly purchaſes him the repute of a *Civil*, a *Courteous*, an *Affable*, a *good-natured* and *ſweet-diſpoſition'd* perſon: Only becauſe he knows as little how to be *angrie* with a *vice*, as how to be *guiltie* of a *vertue*. Such a *Ductile*, *ſoft* and *Compliant* ſoul he has, that as the *Wax* to the *Seal*, he would fain *ſmile* upon every man in his *own* face, and *ſpeak* with every one in his *own* language: He *Complements*, and *Praiſes*, and *Flatters*, and performs *all* the offices of a *Gentleman*, as his *ſhadow* in the *glaſſe*, only by *reflection*. For a *fair word* he will part with his own *ſoul*, and *with* a *fair word* he does often occaſion the *ruine* of many more: whileſt he loves as much to flatter *others* up

in

in *their* wickedneſſe, as to be flattered up by *others* in his *own*. *Say* and *do* what you will (ſo you injure not his *perſon* or *eſtate*, nor rob him of his beloved *eaſe*) you are ſure to have his *approbation*, and if for this *he* may have *yours*, he thinks it a reward and encouragement great enough. But I leave him.

§. 6. *The Stately Gentleman.*

There is yet *another* that challenges a *room* in this paper, and truly deſerves his *place* as much as any: If he will not be *angrie*, and in a rage *ſwear* to burn the paper, when he finds himſelf ſet in the *laſt* and *loweſt* place, all's well enough. And this is that *Stately* and *Majeſtick he*, whom I dare hardly *name*, leſt he ſhould take it as an *affront*: for though he *hunts* after a *name* and *reputation* amongſt all men, yet he looks upon it as a kind of *diſparagement* of his *vertues*, and an *undervaluing* of his *Honour*, to hear his *name* from *any* mouth but his *own*. But moſt of all he eſteems it *prophaned*, when mention'd by perſons ſo *inconſiderable*, as all thoſe of our *Colour*, unto ſuch as

himſelf

himself have ever appear'd.

This is he who thinks himself as much *too good* to be a *Christian*, as he thinks all *Christians too mean* to be accounted *Gentlemen*. His onely *God* is his *Honour*, and to give it something of a *Deitie*, he phancies it to be *singular*, and that there is *none other besides it*; when (alas!) this *Idol* too is just *nothing*. But such is the strange *Omnipotence* of *Pride* and *Ambition*, this Gentleman can first *create* to himself a *God* out of *nothing*, and then fall down and *worship* the idolized *vanitie* which his own ridiculous *phancie* has thus set *up*. That he does indeed more esteem this *shadow* then the true *God*, he too loudly affirms in all his *Oathes*, for when he intends what he saith shall *unquestionably* passe for *serious* and *creditable*, he swears by his *Honour* and *Reputation*: Other Oaths he hath enough, by the *Glorious Majestie* of *Heaven* and *Earth*, which are but too litterally the *burthen* of his *discourse*; these (as we said of the *Gallant*) he uses not for *confirmation* of the *truth*, but as the *sportive recreation* of his *tongue*, and the *graces* and *ornaments* of good *Language*.

He it is, that (whereſoever he be) will see that

that *all* men do their *duties*, but *himselfe*. And he doth *something* well herein, except, when by a *proud mistake* he call an *unmerited respect* to his own *supposititious vertues*, the *indispensable duties*. He lookes that *all men* should observe as great a *distance* from his *person*, as *he* is resolved to do from their *vertues*; or as if *already* he were (where I wish by the much despised grace of *humilitie* he may *at last* be found) in *heaven*. He expects no lesse *observance* and *reverence* from his *Tenants*, then as if he were not only *Lord* but *Creator* of the *Manner*: as though he would be thought as much *master* of the *Universe*, as he is the *slave* of his owne *Ambition*. He *walkes* up and downe so *wantonly* and *affectedly*, as if he intended thereby principally to *demonstrate* to the *world* his great *perfections* and *excellencie*, that he must take much *paines* to do *amisse*. This *Lordly Sir*, so long as he can but get a *cap* and a *knee* from his *Inferiors*, and the *chair* at every meeting with his *betters*; he thinkes that all the *blessings* of Heaven (though a *Crowne* of *Glorie* be one of them) can *adde* nothing to his *Honour*: Were it but for *this one* reason, he would never make it his businesse to come

thither,

thither, because he may justly *despaire* of ever being the *best* man *there*. If it may be conferred upon him as an *honorarie reward*, and upon the *meritorious* claim of his *vertues*, he will perhaps be *content* to weare the *Crowne*; but as a *gift* he *scornes* it, lest he should *draw* upon himselfe an *obligation* to the *Donor* by accepting it: And as his *wages* he scornes no lesse to acknowledge it, for as he has not by any labour *earn'd* it, so is he afraid to be look'd upon to his *God* in the relation of a *servant*.

In short, this *Gentleman* phancies himselfe endow'd with such a *transfigurative* excellencie, that (as the *Philosophers stone*, once *found*, should turne all things it touch'd into Gold) he supposes it able to turne all things into *Gentile* and *excellent* which he is in love with: All his *vices*, whatever *deformitie* the *dull* eye of the world apprehends to be in them, his *over-weaning humour* looks upon as no lesse then the most *absolute* of all *vertues*: and he conceits himself so *immoveably* fixed and setled upon the highest *Pinacle* of *Honour*, that *baseneſſe* it self shall never have any power to *degrade* him. Thus ever conceiting himself placed at so great a

height

height, it is no great wonder if he become so *giddy* at length in all his actions, and beholding *others* at so great a *distance*. I marvel not, that he begins to see *men* like *Moles* upon the earth, and to think them all so *blind*, that they cannot *discerne* his *vanities*. *This* indeed it is that makes him thinke neither *Church* nor *State* worth his regarding, he can with *dry eyes* behold both *vessels split* at once, and in the mean time *flatter* himselfe up with the *Divelish* hopes of *Enriching* his *Ambition* by the miserable *Wrack*.

This is he, that thinks it no *injustice* to *rob* the whole *world*, and *rifle* the *store-house* of *Nature* to *adorne* his Body and *humours* his Palate; to wear the *portions* and *livelihoods* of (I know not how many) *Orphans* and *Widdows* in a *Band-string*, and carry the *lives* and *fortunes* of many languishing *souls* upon his *little finger*. I wish that whilest hee casts so scornfull an eye upon these poor *naked Beggars*, he would but seriously consider how many of their *contemptible rags* he hath *picked* up together, to *patch* up all that *braverie* upon his *own* back; whilst either his *oppression* occasion'd, or his *unchari-*

charitableneſſe prolong'd their *lamentable* condition. He makes indeed almoſt the whole *creation club* to maintaine his *Ambition*, and returnes a *deriſion* in requital.

This Gentlemans chief *paſtime* and *ſport*, whereby he makes himſelfe *merrie*, is to *laugh* at *two* ſorts of men, the *Godly* and the *Poore*, the *one* as a *Preciſion*, and he that has *unmann'd* himſelfe by too much *Religion*, the *other* as the *out-caſt* of *fortune*, or a man intended by *Nature* for nothing elſe, but by his *labour* to make him *rich*, and by his *ignorance* to make him *merrie*. The *Black-coat* or *Parſon* (for by theſe *names* he thinkes he does ſufficiently *pay* the *Divine* and *Scholar*) he ever looks upon with as much *Supercilionſneſſe* and *diſdaine*, as if the very *colour* of his *Coat* were odious, and an *Eye-ſore* to him, or as if becauſe *ſhame* and *fear* keep him from *immediate* and *direct Blaſphemie*, he were reſolved to expreſſe his *ſpleen* againſt God *himſelfe*, by deſpighting his *ſervants*. He is ſeldome or never his *Auditor* but when he has a mind to *ſleep*, or is diſpoſed to be *merrie*, and then he comes to *Church* and *there worſhips* God juſt as he *honours* his *Miniſters out* of it: Nay he is unwilling

unwilling to allow his God that *ordinarie civilitie*, which and much *more* he expects from his owne *Chaplain*, that of a *Cap* and a *Knee*: Or if his *breeding* have taught him more *manners*, then his *piety* has *reverence*, then shall all his *Religion* be put up into this *one* poore *ceremony*, and so he makes his *worship* all one with his *complement*.

This is he, whose intolerable *pride* makes every thing that is not the very *baseſt* kind of *flatterie*, passe for an *Affront*, and an high piece of *Diſreſpect* unto his *Perſon*. For this immediately he studies a *revenge*, which he has learn'd to call a necessary *vindication* of his *Honour*. What excellent *Chymiſtrie* is there in such deluded *Nobility*, which can *extract* a *Spirit of Honour* out of the very *dunghill* of *unworthineſſe*, and find so admirable a *ſweetneſſe*, in that which cannot be thought better than the very *Ordure* and *Excrement* of *Ambition*, *Malice* and *Envie*, I mean *Revenge*. Let but the least *circumſtance* of that *reſpect*, he supposes due, be omitted, and presently there flies out a *Challenge*, and for the most part so *vauntingly* worded, as if he meant his *breath* or his *Ink* should do more *execution* than his *ſword*.

by this means he makes his first *thrust* at his adversaries very *heart*, that so he may *wound* his *courage* before they *meet*, and cause his *heart* to *faile* him before the *Encounter*; for *this* indeed is often the onely way his *late mentioned temeritie* uses to leave him for the securing of his *Reputation*. But if so be his *courage* stand upon the same *level* with his *Ambition*, 'tis nothing but the *death* or *disgrace* of his *Antagonist*, will asswage his *fury*; in the *field* therefore he often sends his *body* to the *Grave*, and his owne *Soule* to *Hell* at a blow. This is his *Gallantrie*, and this the necessary *vindication* of his *Honour*, which is so tender, that every thing, except it have in it the unworthy *softnesse* of the most *servile compliances* with his owne unconstant *humour*, *rends*, *sports*, or *grieves* it: and which nothing can *wash clean*, or make *whole* again, but the *heart-blood* of him who durst give the *Affront*.

I hope he will not take it as such, if I make bold here to take my leave of him; I have neither *leisure* nor *patience* to trace him through the wild *Labirinth* of his *Pride*, wherein he has long ago with no small complacency lost himselfe, and all things which looke

looke like *vertue*. I wish all men, whom he studies to *provoke* into a *madness equall* with his *own*, may ever have that high *charity* for this *Gentleman*, which I have now; then should they *answer* all his *challenges* with this *prayer*, that God would give him more *courage*, then to suffer himselfe to be thus basely *affronted*, and *domineer'd* by so *dangerously* insulting a *Passion*, without the least *Essay* towards the *just vindication* of that *Name* and *Honour* which alone are valuable.

§. 7. *The conclusion of this part.*

I should as much *tyre* you (Sir) as my selfe, should I *run* (though with never so much *haste*) over all the particulars of the *Gentleman's vanity* and *madness*; which are so *inseparably*, for the most part, *interwoven* one within another, that I feare I may already seem too *absurd*, by dividing them into so many *Sects* and *Species*. The plaine truth is, *Vice* seemes to be that very *blood* which *Gentility* so much *boast* of; that which conveyes it selfe through all the *Gentlemans veins* and is dispersed into all the severall

members of the body, in a measure suitable to the *capacitie* of each. Or rather you may call it the *common-soul* which *informs* & *actuates* the whole *body* of *Galantrie*; and which is *communicated* to the particular *members* thereof, not by an *execution*, or *distribution* of *parts* and *degrees*, but (to borrow once more the *Philosophers* phrase, it is *wholly* in the *whole*, and *wholly* in every *part* of the *whole*. If the great *variety* and *diversitie* of *operations* will yet needs plead for a further *distinction*, we must say, what we use to say of the *various actings* of the *same* soule. This *diversitie* ariseth not from a *multiplicity* of *Souls* and *Principles*, but from the many *powers* and *faculties* of that *one* soule, and the various *dispositions* and *qualities* of the *Materiall Organs*.

Really, Sir, the *Gentleman* we have hitherto spoken of, is but the more *curious* and *costly instrument* of *sin*, and would appeare such a *breathless* thing *without it*, that a man might wel question whether or no he would be found an *animated beeing*. For ought that I can yet discover, he has no more *motions* then what *vice* gives him, excepting *that* which he expresses when he is *asleep*, which

(setting

(setting aside his *excesse* therein) is almost the *onely* thing wherein hee lookes like a man.

To give you therefore the *Conclusion* of this whole *Character*; call him *any thing*, but what he *would* be call'd, and you can hardly *miscall* him; for indeed he is almost *any thing* but what he *would* be thought to be. A *Gentile* thing, made to weare fine cloathes, and throw away much *money*: to *eate* the *best*, and *drinke* the *best*, and *doe* the *worst*: one that seemes to have beene sent into the world, to help *away* with the *superfluities* of *Nature*; and by his *Intemperance* to *devour* all those *temptations* which might *allure others* to the like *sin*. He knows no *shame* but that which arises from *singularity*, nor any *singularity*, but in *doing* and *living well*.

§. 8. *A more particular application of this Character to our present English Gentleman.*

It has, alas, been but too true in all Ages, that to be *Great*, and to be *Good*, are *two*: and never was there more undeni-

able *demonstration* of this truth, then in the present *Gentlemen* of *England*; to the no lesse *dishonour* of the whole *Nation*, then *disparagement* of his own *name* in particular. Whilest there is nothing *more* his *talke* and his *boasting*, then his *blood*, and his *breeding*, and yet nothing *lesse* his *care* then to *dignifie* the one, or make a *right use* of the other. How *few* of those *Gentlemen* have we now to *show*, who dare make it their *business* & their *glorie* to be *serviceable* to their *God*, their *Country*, or the *Church*, or that have *breasts* full of that *Heroick* courage & *magnanimitie*, that may *embolden* them to *renounce* a sin that is *profitable*, or in *fashion*? How *rarely* are the men to be met with, who indeed have a reall *sense*, of any thing but their *Meat*, their *Drinke*, their *Apparel*, and their *Game*? Except you will instance in some of their most notorious *vices* wherein indeed they do too rarely *emulate*, and labour to *out-vie* each other.

Heretofore when this shatter'd *Nation* was a well cemented *Kingdome*, and enjoy'd those (*then* slighted, but *now* much desired) blessings of *peace* and *plentie*; how by a *studied* abuse of those great mercies did the

Gentleman

Gentleman even *dare* Almighty God to punish *him* or his *Nation!* And now that a *sad* and *long* experience of their Contraries has made him feel, though he will not yet be truly sensible of, the lamentable consequents and effects of his former bold wickednesses: how does he instead of *confessions, petitions* and *vowes*, draw up, as it were, his *Remonstrances* against his God, and wages an open *warre* with *Heaven*, endeavouring to *force* the *Almightie* unto a *composition*, & that upon the most *unacceptable* termes in the world? It is too manifest (alas) to any eye, how little *holinesse* has beene the *Product* of those *Judgements* which have doubtlesse among *other* sins, been the especiall punishments of the Gentlemans *Luxurie* and *prophaneness*. We heare him indeed very frequently crying out upon these *sad times*, but too seldome reflecting upon those much *worse men* who occasion'd them. Like a churlish Dog, snarling at him that *beats* him, but never considering whose the *fault* was that *caused* the beating. I know not, I confesse, what should make the Gentleman so *Atheisticall* in all his Actions, as either formerly he has *beene*, or now *is*; Except

God's *mercy* one the one hand perſwaded him he could never be *provoked* unto *Judgement*; or his *Judgements* on the other that he can never be *reconciled* in *mercy*, except he dares thinke the *benefits* he formerly enjoyed *greater* then a *juſt* God could poſſibly confer upon ſo *unworthy* a *ſinner*: or the preſent *Judgements* he now ſmarts under, *rather* the *croſſneſs* of an unkind *Fortune*, than the *tokens* of an incenſed *wrath* of an *Angry God*. Whence elſe ſhould he be either ſo *ſtupid* or *unnatural*, as neither to live *thankfully* under the *former*, nor *penitently* under the *latter*.

§. 9. *The Winner and the Loſer in theſe Times.*

I find *two* ſorts of ſuch *Gentlemen*, one is the *Winner*, the other is the *Loſer*, in this late *game* (for indeed we have all along *ſported* our ſelves in our own *miſeries*) which has been *plaid* in *England*.

The *former* of theſe thinks himſelfe much *too happy* already, to become now *holy*. The fortunate *ſucceſſe* which he hath had in his *ſins*, makes him onely *repent* that he practiſed

ſed them no *ſooner*; and the *taking* away of *Religious pretences*, makes him *ſorry* for nothing but that he was no *earlier* an *Hypocrite*: It is a very ſad thing to conſider what ſoule *tricks* this *Politick* Jugler every day *plaies* behind the glorious *hangings* of theſe *Religious pretences*: what deadly *poyſons* he has ſent abroad into the world in this *perfumed breath*. This *Gentlemans* onely *Religion* is his *Art of Diſſimulation*, the faire *gilt* which makes his *Copper Coyn* to paſſe ſo *currently*. O what a *chargeable* commodity has this *Legerdemaine* beene to our little world! whileſt they who *have* it, purchaſed it at no *lower* rate, then that of all *ſincerity* and *honeſty*; and they that will live *ſafe* by them, muſt become as very *Knaves* as *themſelves*. That *garment* of *Religion* which is now worne, and in *Faſhion* with theſe men, is of a very *ſlight* ſtuffe, and indeed by long *wearing* and often *piecing* is ſo very full of *diverſly* colour'd *patches*, that it is hard to ſay which is *that*, which belong'd at *firſt* to the *whole*: And whence is all this, but from the *Gentlemans* ſcorning the good and ſtrong *lineing* of *Moralitie*, (ſo much now a daies decried by the moſt)

which

which would have held all much longer *together*: He is the onely *Saint* in the world (if you will believe himselfe) and the *Morall man* is no companion for him. O how many faire *Estates* and glorious *Churches* has this mans *furious zeale* reduced to *ashes*? and yet, alas, the long promised *Phœnix* of *Reformation* appeares not yet. How many *Palaces & Temples* has his *Pietie* defaced? How many rich *treasuries* has his *selfe-deniall* plunder'd? And whence all this, but because *Robberie* and *Sacriledge* are much more *profitable* appendages of *his Religion*, then the more *costly formalities*, and *expensive superstitions* of the *other*? To how many *Sons* of *Rebellion* has that one plausible pretence of *Christian libertie*, by this Gentleman, been made the *Mother*? And yet for all this is our *Freedome* but still in *Idea*, and our happinesse a *Phancie*.

How *dearly* has the *Church* paid for the *New coyning* of this *Language*, and refining his *prophaneness* and *Ribaldrie* into *dissimulation* and *canting*? O what an enriching commodity is *hypocrisie*, which has set up so many *broken tradesmen* in the world *compleat Gentlmen*? And *extracted* our most

refined

refined Nobilitie out of the very *drosse* of the *people!* Indeed if to be *rich* be to be a *gentleman*; if to be *craftie* be to be *prudent*; if to *dissemble* be the high way to be *Sainted*: and to be *fortunate* the sole *felicitie*, which terminates the *hopes*, and must crowne the *endeavours* of a Christian: if the *feares* and *cowardice* of *fools* and *sinners*, and the *scorne* and *pittie* of the *wise* and *good*, will make a man truly *honourable*, who hath no *foundation* of his owne whereon to *build* a *Reputation*, then is this *prosperous* and *thriving* Gentleman, and none but such as he, the *true* Gentleman of our Nation.

But the *Gentleman* on the *losing side* will, I know, thinke it too much (as well he may) that another should grow so *Honourable* at his *cost* and *charges*, and give him so few *thankes* for his *Honour* when he has it. He is no lesse troubled to thinke how he shall yeild him so much *honour now*, then he was to part with his *estate* to him a *while* agoe. But then, alas, what does this *Gentleman*, who (with no small passion calls himselfe a *looser*, towards the *regaining* of what he has *lost*? truly just the *same*, which at first *occasioned* the *losse* it selfe: as if not being *Evill*,

but

but *evill* to a *leſſe degree* had been the *onely cauſe* of all his ſufferings; and the way to remove his *afflictions* were to be ten times *more* a *ſinner* than *before*: He ſo behaves himſelfe under the *correcting* hand of God as if he thought, the merciſull God did onely *chaſtize* his *children* to make them *cry* and *complaine* of his unkindneſſe, not at all to make them *ſenſible* of their *errours*; or forſake their *wickedneſſe*. Certainly ſuch *reſentments* of Gods dealings with us is a *ſtubborneſſe*, not a *penitence*; and ſuch a *prepoſterous* improvement of Gods *deſerved* judgements, is the way to provoke him unto *more* and *greater*, not to *perſwade* him to withdraw the *leſſe* and *lighter*. O that the *ſuffering* Gentleman would but ſeriouſly thinke of this! who growes daily (as 'tis viſible in all his actions) *worſe* by *correction*, and only *ſweares* at, and *curſes* his *oppreſſors*, inſteed of *faſting* and *praying* for the pardon of his *offences*. He takes it to be an undeniable *priviledge* of *Looſers* to *talke* what they *liſt*, though never ſo *prophanely*: and lookes upon this *time* of his ſorrowes as the chiefe *opportunitie* of ſerving *himſelfe*, and *eaſing* his *heart* by all kinds of *merriment*: and there-

fore

fore he makes haſt to *drinke* and *play* away the *cares*, and the ſcant *reliques* of his *eſtate* together. Neither yet can I believe he would be halfe ſo bad as he is, were it not more in *oppoſition* to his *enemie*, then out of *love to* his owne *vices*. He often abhors and abſtaines from the vices of *other men*; not (as good Chriſtians doe) for the *ſinnes* ſake, but for the *ſinners*; from *whom* he endeavours to ſet himſelfe at ſuch a diſtance, that he never reſts till he be gotten into the contrary extreme, and often into the more *ſcandalous*, though not alwayes the more *dangerous* of the two. As if *vice* could have no *oppoſite* but of its *owne name*, nor any meanes were left him to become *one* way *better* then his adverſaries, but by being *another* way *worſe*. Was the former an *Hypocrite*? He, leſt he ſhould be thought ſo too, will be *openly prophane*. If the one will not *ſweare* or *kiſſe* the *Booke* when called to it by a *lawfull* Authoritie; the other to be croſſe, will ſweare a thouſand *idle oathes* againſt Gods expreſſe *command*. Thus betwext them doe they labour to ſhow the world what a *Latitude* there is in *Atheiſme*.

I might to *these* very ſeaſonably here adde a *third* perſon, one that has play'd his *Cards* ſo well, that he is neither *Loſer* nor *Winner* in this *ſad game*. One, who (I am ſure) has done as little *good*, as he *thinkes* he has done *hurt* to any body: who ſtill makes a ſhift to lie *lurking* in ſome *hole* or other till the *ſport* (as he calls it, whileſt it touches not him) may be over, ſo he can but *ſleep* in a *whole skin*, and with a *full purſe*, he takes no thought how the world goes: What my thoughts are of this *quiet Soule*, I ſhall have told you ſufficiently by ſaying thus much, he loves his *eaſe* and *ſafety* better than his *God*. If you deſire to read him more at large, I muſt intreat you to caſt your eye a little back, and with the *Provident*, *Prudent* or *Peaceable Gentleman*, you will be ſure to find him.

§. 9. *How good Engliſh men ſuch Gentlemen are.*

And now (Sir) how much reaſon the poore *Church* or *Kingdome* of *England* has to brag of her *Gentry*, I thinke I have abundantly told you. Her *richeſt Sons* do not alwaies

alwaies prove the moſt *affectionate* and *Naturall* to their *Diſconſolate Mother*. But indeed daily aggravate her *griefe* and *ſorrow*, by their *prodigall* courſes, & moſt *barbarous* behaviour. What do they leſſe then with the ungrateſull *Mule*, hourly *kick* at the *paps* which gave them *ſuck*? And with the bloody *Tyrant*, whoſe *Character* it was, to be *a lump of dirt kneaded up together in blood*, they have *torne* out the very *Bowels* of a moſt *Compaſſionate* and indulgent *Mother*. Our *Church* may very well complaine of ſome who would be thought her own *Sons*, as God of his ungrateſull people of old, *She has brought up Children and they have rebelled againſt her, and among all the ſons ſhe has nurſed up, there is none to pitty her or lead her by the hand*. When they were *full* and waxen *fat*, then they *forgot God*; and now that ſome of them are *leane* enough, nay as the *fat kine* in *Pharoahs viſion*, even *eaten up* of the very *leaneſt cattle* in the Nation; yet being ſo many wayes *ſmitten they do but revolt more and more*. It will be a *mercie* rather then a *Judgement*, if God *vouchſafe* to *ſmite* them once *againe*.

Thus, whileſt one is *ignorant* and *can* do nothing,

nothing, another *Lazie* and *will* do nothing, a third *Cowardly* and *dare* do nothing: whileſt one is ſo *prudent* he thinkes it no *wiſdome*, another ſo *covetous* he holds it not *providence*, a third ſo *Lordly* he accounts it *below* him to doe any thing but what may foment his own ſinfull inclinations: Whileſt one is too *voluptuous*, another too *worldly*, a third too *ambitious*, whileſt one has a *Wife*, another a *Farme*, a third a *Dog*, and the fourth a *Pot*; It will ever either *misbeſeeme* their *dignitie*, or *croſſe* their *intereſt*, or *hinder* their *calling*, or *injure* there *Families*, or *thwart* their *humours* (and indeed *there's* the *main let* of all the reſt) to follow *Chriſt*, or take care of his *Spouſe*. God give them *grace* betimes to *love her* better, in whoſe *armes alone* they can hope to be *ſafe* from the roaring *Lion*; and to abandon thoſe *Dalilaes* which ſo long as they *court*, they can neither love *Her*, nor ſecure *themſelves*! In a word, I ſhall put up for them a *ſhort* prayer but a *full* one, if they would but underſtand it —*God make them all ſuch as Gentlemen ſhould be*! And what that is, I ſhall now endeavour, to the beſt of my ſkill, to tell you: though both for want of

Age and *breeding*, I must necessarily come as far *short* of him, I would describe, as I have been all this while *above* that other, whom our *Nation* had been more *happy*, never to have *known*. The *Gentleman's* virtues are as much *above* my reach, as the *Gallant's* braveries *below his* imitation.

SECT. III.

The True Gentleman.

§. 1. *An Apologetical Introduction.*

BEing now (Sir) to give you the *True Gentlemans* character. you might very justly expect to meet with *something* truly like the *Subject*, *High* and *Noble*. He is indeed too *sacred* a thing to be *touched* by so *common* a pen; every *slip* whereof can be deemed no lesse then a prophanation of his worth, who is the liveliest image which God has left us of himselfe upon any of his *Creatures*. However, seeing where there is so *venerable* an *Excellency*, as all *Encomiums* may be thought *Folly* and *Presumption*, so can *silence* be judged no lesse then a *Sacriledge*: seeing we use to *offer* unto *Heaven*, not so much what we *owe*, as what we *may*: I think it much

much better becomes me to say that *little I can*, then just *nothing*; and to tell you, if *not* what the *Gentleman* is, yet at least *so much* of his *greatnesse*, as falls to *my share* to *understand*. I had much rather be *censured* for committing such a *pious errour* then be *condemned* for the wilfull omission of so *necessarie* a *dutie*. I dare not suspect the *Gentlemans goodness* to be of a lesse *extent* then *my ignorance*; and therefore I doubt not but he can *pardon* as *often* as I through *weakness* shall *offend*. Where I *erre*, let him think it was the *brightness* of my subject which *dazled* my eyes & occasioned me to *stumble*. Where my expressions fall *low* and flat, I do beg of him that he would impute it to that *Reverence* which I bear unto his *virtues*, which commands my *pen* to keep its *Distance*.

I hope you will not blame me for this *Apologie*, for I would gladly *keep* off as long as I can, when I cannot *draw nigh* without a *necessity* of *erring*. Even in this short *preamble* you may be pleased to read *something* of the *Gentlemans Character* to wit, such a *Greatness*, as commandes a *Distance* and *Reverence*, and such a *candour* as can

Pardon a *failing*; and (which is indeed the ſumme of all I have to ſay) ſuch a *Man* as is *truly* a *Gentleman*. Which *name* ſpeaks all that bears a *contrariety* to the thing we lately ſpoke of, whoſe very *name* is ſuch a compleat *Summary* of all *Vices*, that there is but one thing left to *denominate* the true Gentleman; I mean, an abſolute a *Combination* of all *vertues*. All which I can confer to his *Character*, will amount to no more then an *imperfect paraphraſe* upon his *Name*; and as much as I underſtood of this, take as follows.

§. 2. *His general Character.*

The *True Gentleman* is one, that is as much *more*, as the *falſe* one is *leſs*, then what to moſt he *ſeems* to be. One who is alwaies ſo far from being an *hypocrite*, that he had rather appear in the eyes of others juſt nothing, then not be *every thing* which is indeed truly *virtuous* and *noble*. He is a man whom that moſt *Wiſe King*, he beſt reſembles, has fitted with a Character. *A man of an excellent ſpirit.* This is he whoſe *brave* and *noble* ſoul ſores high above the

ordinarie

ordinarie reach of *mankind*, that he ſeems to be a diſtinct *ſpecies* of himſelf. He *ſcorns* ſo much the *vices* of the *world*, that he will hardly ſtoop to a *virtue* which is not *Heroick*; or if he do, it is by his good *improvement* of it to make it ſo. He is one to whom all *honour* ſeems *cheap*, which is not the *reward* of *virtue*: and he had much rather *want* a name then not *deſerve* it.

This *Gentleman* is indeed a perſon truly *great*, becauſe truly *good*; His *Honour* is of too *excellent* a nature to be ſuppoſed the *Creature* of any *thing* beſides his own *virtues*; and thoſe virtues too *eminent* to be eſteemed *leſs* then the moſt *refined* actions of ſo *great* a ſoul. He is no leſſe the *glory* of *mankind* then *man* the *glory* of the whole ſublunary *Creation*. One that would every way deſervedly be accounted *more* then what is *humane*, were not one Part of him *mortal*; however it is his *firſt care* and *endeavour* to make this *mortal* part of him ſuch, as may make it apparent to the world, how great an *Excellencie* may be the companion of ſo much *frailtie*.

Till he may be ſo happy as to *enjoy* the *Heaven* he *hopes* for, he does what he can to

be an *Heaven* to himself, and by his extraordinary pains so *beautifies* his soul with all *Cœlestial* accomplishments, that he needs only *die* to be in *Heaven*, and seems to want nothing of those glorious Spirites which dwell there, but only to be *without a bodie* and as *high* as they.

He looks upon himselfe whilest in *this* world as no more then a *probationer* in the *School* of *Honour*, and makes it his business so to *behave* himself at present, that he may be sure of an *admission* into that true *Honour* (when the Day comes) which will be as *certain* and *durable*, as *true* and great: Well knowing that the only way to be *Lord* of *many* things, is to be *faithfull* in these *few* wherewith he is now intrusted.

His Soul is so truly *great* and *Capacious*, that nothing but an *Heaven* and *Eternity* can *fill* it: so nobly *high* are all his thoughts, that he is ever aiming at a *Crown*: So *active* and *mounting* his holy *Ambition*, that it disdaines to *preach* longer then a *breathing space*, upon the most exalted *spire* of all *Sublunary Glories*. He is so *throughly* sensible of the *Cœlestial* Nature of his Soule, that

that (did he not think it *one* great part of his *happineſſe*, to *ſuffer* any kind of *miſerie* in *ſubmiſſion* to his *God*) he could not think his *life* leſſe then one *continued torment*; and ſo long a *detention* here upon the *earth*, a meere *reſtraint* and *confinement* from all *comfort* and *bliſſe*.

As for the *bleſſings* of *this* world, he looks upon them, as the *child* ſhould do upon his *farthings* or his *counters*, ſmall things; *indulged* him for the *recreation*, not the *buſineſſe* of his ſoule. Yet (ſuch a *good houſwife* is *vertue*) he reaps no ſmall advantage to himſelfe, for theſe *ſubordinate* enjoyments; which by their frequent *conſenages* perſwade him more to be in *love* with what's both more *Precious* & more *uſefull*. Knowing that his *Manſion* is prepared in *Heaven*, he can eſteem the *world* no beter then the handſome *frontiſpiece* to that moſt glorious *building*; where he beholds a great many *fine* flattering objects, and *prettie curioſities* both of *Art* and *Nature*; but all's no more than an *earneſt* and *kind invitation* to him to *enter* in, and *poſſeſſe* thoſe unſpeakably excellent *Manſions*, which theſe things ſo dimly *ſhadowed* out unto

his eye; these *well dressed dainties* which he enjoyes here, he dares but *taste* at most, to *prepare* him an *appetite*; he intends to *feast* himselfe in *Heaven*.

To give you the *summe* of what I thinke of him in the *generall*: He is every way so much *more* then a *man*, that he is no *lesse* in all things then *himself*. One whose rare *excellencies* are such, as would make us believe his *breeding* had been amongst the *Angels* in *another world*, rather than amongst Gentlemen here in *this*: and that he were only *lent* us a while, an *universall pattern* for Mankind to *imitate*; And to let us see how *much* of *Heaven* (if we will receive it) may *dwell* upon *earth*. He is so *refined* from all *Mixture* of our Courser *Elements*, as if he were absolutely *Spiritualized* before his *time*; if ever he were *proud* of any thing, it was of being the *Conqueror* of *that*, and all other *Vices*. He *scornes* and is *ashamed* of nothing but *Sin*. He lives *in* the world as one that intends to *shame* the world *out of love* with it *selfe*: & he is therefore *singular* in all his Actions, *not* because he *affects* to be so, *but* because he *cannot* meet with *company* like *himselfe* to make

him

him otherwiſe, In a word, he is ſuch, that (could we *want* him) it were *pity* but that he were in *Heaven*; and yet I pitty not much his continuance *here*, becauſe he is *already* ſo much an *Heaven* to *himſelfe*.

§. 3. *His chief Honour and Dignitie.*

His *firſt Honour* in this world, is to be *born* the moſt *noble* of Gods *creatures* here *below*: His *next* is to live one of his moſt *Obedient* and *laborious ſervants*, like thoſe *above*. His *greateſt* to *die* his *beloved Son*, that ſo he may *reign* with him *for ever*. It was the *Honour* of his *Infancie* only, to have *Noble Parents*; It is the *Honour* of his *riper years*, that he can *imitate* their *Virtues*, and it will be the *Crown* of his *Old Age*, to be as good *a Father* as his *own*. *Blood* and *Birth* then ſtood him inſtead, when his *tender* years had not yet render'd him *capable* of *virtue* and *worth*. When he comes to *Age* he *Enters* upon his *Honour*, not as upon his *eſtate*, by the *will* or *title* of his *Anceſtors*, but by the *claim* of his *merits*, looking upon it not as his *lot* or *inheritance*, but as his *choiſe* and *purchaſe*. He has an eſpeciall care that

that his *Honour* and his *Perſon* may both *live* and *grow* up, but never *die together*. He accounts it much *below* a perſon of his *quality* to *owe* all that *reſpect* which is *given* him when he is a man, to his full Coffers, or all the *Reverence* which is *paid* him when an *old man*, to his *gray haires*: But he ſo *provides* for his *Honour*, that whatever *reſpect* is *offered* him, may be eſteemed a *debt* and not a *Preſent*; and that his *future goodneſſe* may not be thought the *product* of the *Old*, but rather an *obligation* to *New reſpects*: Such he *civilly accepts* when *paid* him, but ſeldome *challenges* when *delay'd* or *withheld*, ſo far I meane, as they concerne his *perſon*, not his *Office*. For though it be *one Honour* to *deſerve*, yet is it *another contentedly* to *want* them. He needs never go *abroad* to *ſeeke himſelfe*, and therefore he hearkens with more *ſafety* to his *own conſcience*, then the *peoples acclamations*; and he had much rather *know* himſelfe *Honourable*, then be *told* that he is ſo.

His higheſt *ambition* is to be a *favourite* in the *Court* of *Heaven* and to this end his *policy* is to become not a *great* but a *new* Man:

Man: and to *dreſſe* up himſelfe in all thoſe *Spiritual Ornaments*, which may make his ſoul truly amiable in the eyes of the *great King*. He conſiders how that he owes *himſelfe* unto God, as he is his *Creator*; and he endeavours to diſcharge that *old Debt*, by a moſt earneſt and importunate *ſuite* for *New* favors ever praying that God would make him *fit* to *ſerve* him, by making him firſt a *New Creature*. He could never yet think the *Old man* fit to make a *Courtier* of *Heaven*, and therefore he uſes to walk in his *white Robe*, and his *wedding garment*, that ſo he may be admitted into the *Kings Preſence*. He furniſheth himſelfe betimes with ſuch *Apparrell* as this, and he *fits* and *ſettles* it to his Soule *before hand*, knowing that the *longer* it is *worn*, the more *ſplendid* it *growes*, and the *more* it is *uſed*, the *longer* it will *laſt*; the onely way to *wear* it *out*, is, not to *wear it at all*: but having once *attired* himſelfe in this *habit*, now *every day* is with him an *Holy-day*, and he is henceforward *every where* at *Court*.

But that which he eſteems his great *Honor indeed*, is this, that he can with *confidence* and *truly*, call *God* his *Father*, his *Saviour*, his

his *Friend* and his *Brother*, the *Church* his *Mother*, and the *Angels* his *fellow-servants*. Such *Parents*, such *Kindred*, such *company* he may safely boast of; but this he does no other way, then by his *obedience* and *gratitude*. He behaves himself as a *Kings son* ought to do, that is, he does nothing misbecoming his *Birth* and *Dignitie*.

§4. *His Out-side and Apparrel.*

If we may spare so much time from the contemplation of those *richer* Excellencies of his *inner man*, as to take notice of his *out-side*, we may there behold the *Ingenuous Embleme* of his *better self*: so much good care he takes that there be nothing found about him, but what may speak him indeed a *Gentleman*; and present you (so far as the *matter* will bear it) with the fair *picture* of a *noble Mind*. He would gladly so *polish* and *adorn* his Body, as becomes the *lodging* of so *great* a Soul. He looks upon it as a thing onely *so far* deserving his *care* and *pains*, as it is a necessary *Instrument* of her operations: and yet he rather could wish himself (might it so be) *freed* from the *cumbersome*

cumberſom companie of his *fleſh*, becauſe it proves often ſo great a *clog* and *hinderance* to the more *active* and *vigorous* inclinations of his *better* part. So long as he is *confined* to his *Tabernacle of clay*, he makes the *beſt* that can be made of a *Neceſſary Evil*: ſo *feeding* his Body that it may have *ſtrength* enough to ſerve his Soul; and ſo *cloathing* it, that the *other* part may be kept from *freezing*, and fit for more *ſprightlie* actings. Indeed he never makes *much* of his *earthly* part, but in ſubſerviency to his *Spiritual*; that ſo he may the better, as he is commanded *Glorifie God both with Body and Soul which are his.*

Hence is it, that you may alwaies obſerve in his *Habit*, ſuch a *gravitie* as beſeems a *Chriſtian*; and yet ſuch a *decencie* as becoms a *Gentleman*. He chuſes rather to have his *diſtinction* from other men founded in his *virtues*, then in his *cloathes*. Herein he ſhows that he looks more after what's *ſerviceable* and *uſeful*, then what's *pleaſing* and faſhionable. So much *curioſitie* he has, as not to be *ſlovenlie*: and ſo *little*, as it cannot ſhow that he is *vain* or *wanton*. He had rather have his Apparrel *rich* than

gaudie

Gaudie, and yet rather *warm* than *rich*. It is *neatneſſe* not *braverie*, a *decent* not a *gorgeous* attire, which, next unto what's *uſefull*, he aims at.

In every *Suit* he buys, he hath as great a regard to the *poor* mans *neceſſities*, as to his own *humour*, and makes choice of that *cloath* or *ſtuff* which may pleaſe God hereafter upon the *Beggars back*, more then what he knows may now flatter the wanton eye of the *World* upon his *own*. He has much better thoughts of *Virtue*, then to hope his *fine cloaths* may gain him a *reſpect* where *that* could not; nay on the other ſide, he knows that *Goodneſſe* is enough of it ſelfe, to advance the *Rag* above the *Robe*, and a *Leathern Cap* above the *golden Diadem*.

He pities the *unskilfull wantonneſſe* of the world, which alwaies (as *Children* and *Fools* uſe to do) ſets an higher value upon the *varniſh* and the *guilded frame*, then on the *lively features* and excellent *Art in* the rich *piece* they adorn: and calls it a *blindneſſe*, at leaſt, a *weak ſight*, which cannt *behold* a *virtue*, but as we do a *dull picture*; through the *gliſtering Glaſſe* of *Vanitie*. He eſteeme

esteems his *penny* in the *poor* mans *purse* a much greater *Ornament*, then a fair *Plume* in his own *Hat*. Neither knows he how he may with a good *conscience* wear that, which might be made many poor mans *livelihood* (as too many now love to do) in a *Band* and a pair of *Cuffes*. He is more pleased to see his own *cloathes cover* anothers *nakednes*, then *displaying* his *lusts*: and thinks it more honourable to wear the *charitie* then the *braverie*

If this *Place* or *Office* challenge an *Habit* above his desires, by what he is forced to do, he shows what he *would chuse* to do; & most lively expresses his *singular humility*, in his *necessitated gallantry*: showing how he can *condescend* even to any thing, so it be *innocent*, though by a *Conformity* contrary to his natural *inclinations*. And even herein he takes care to provide himselfe such *Apparrel*, that his *cast suite* (as we call it) may not be quite *cast away*; and to this end he chuses rather to swagger in *Gold* then *Tinsell*, in *Cloath*, then *Stuff*: that so it may be *sullied* before it be *torn*, and *unfit* for *him* to wear, before it be *worne out*, and *then* most becoming the *poverty* and *mean*

condition

condition of another, *when* it ſhall be below the *State* and *Dignity* of his *Place* and *Perſon.*

It is moſt certain (and the *Gentleman* knows it as well) that the *Temper* and *Diſpoſition* of the *Soule* is no way better *Diſcernable*, then through the *Habit* and *garb* of the *Bodie*: He that longs after *New faſhions*, will not be backwards in embracing *New Religions*: both proceeding from *one* & the *ſame* dangerous *Principle*, an *unconſtancy* of *mind* and a *deſire* of *Novelty*. The *True Gentleman* knows it by *experience*, that where there is no *levity* in the *thoughts*, there appears no *alteration* in the *Body*; where no *inconſtancy* and *Pride* of *Soul*, ther's no *change* or *flaunting* in the *cloathes*. And therefore that the world may know that he has a *fixed* and *reſolved ſoul*, he has one *conſtant garb* and *Attire*: and he will never yeild that to be *out of faſhion*, which is both *Serviceable* and *Frugal*. Alas the poor *Body* (he knows) deſires nothing but what may preſerve it *alive* and in *health*: It is the *laſcivious ſoul* which calls for all thoſe other *ſuperfluities*; and the *Gentleman* accounts it below him to gratifie his *luſts*, and

ſind to be at ſo vaſt an *expence* to *cloath* his *Humour*. He could never, ſince he was a *child*, play with a *Feather*, or think himſelf happy in the *gliſtering* of a *Lace*, or *Ribband*. He leaves theſe Toyes to thoſe *ſilly* Creatures, who are reſolved to continue for ever in their *childhood* or *infancie*, and *dare* to be ſo *fooliſh*, as to think a *broad Band* and a *flaunting Cuff*, as neceſſary as *Heaven*. He can think himſelf a *man* without ſuch a *vanitie*, and *know* himſelf a *Gentleman* without any ſuch *mark* of *bravery*: alwaies wearing ſuch *cloaths*, as his *Bodie* may in *old age* have good reaſon to *bleſſe* the *moderation* of his *Soul*, and the *needie* may have no leſſe cauſe to pray for the *health* of his Body.

§. 5. *His Diſcourſe and Language.*

When you hear him *ſpeak*, you will think that he intends no leſſe, then to give you a *taſt* of his *Soul* at every word. Nor indeed is it poſſible you ſhould in any thing plainlier diſcover the *nobleneſſe* of his *Spirit* then in his *ſweet breath*, ſo *divinely* moulded into moſt excellent *diſcourſe*. Every

word *he* ſpeaks, ſpeaks *him*; and gives you a fair *Character* at once both of his *Abilities* and his *Breeding*.

If you reſpect the *Quality* of his *Diſcourſe*, it is *Grave* and *Noble*, *Serious* and *Weighty*; and yet alwaies rather what is *fit* to be ſpoken, then what he is *able* to ſpeak. His words are moſt *Proper* and *Genuine*, but not affected; His phraſe *high* and *lofty*, but not *Bombaſtick*; His ſentences *cloſe* and *full*, but not *obſcure* and *confuſed*. His Diſcourſe is neither *flaſhy* nor *flat*, neither *Boyiſh* nor *Effeminate*, neither *Rude* nor *Pedantick*: It is alwaies *Sober*, yet *Ingenuous*; *Virile*; *ſtrong* and *maſculine*, yet *ſweet* and *winning*. He loves a *ſmooth* expreſſion, but not a *ſoft* one: a *ſmart* or *witty* ſaying, but without a *Clinch* or *Jingle*. His words are thoſe which his matter will beſt bear, not ſuch as his *Phancie* would readlieſt *ſuggeſt*. No poor half ſtarved *Jeſts*, no dry *inſipid Quibbles* can get any room in his *Rhetorick*; hardly a word in all, but what hath his *Emphaſis*, nor any ſentence without his full weight.

If you would eye the *Quantity* of his ſpeech, it is not *Long* but *Full*, not *Much* but

but *Great*: He speaks not alwaies, but when he speake he faies All. He, as often shewes how well he can be silent, as how well he can speak; and others alwaies love more to here him talk, then he himselfe. He makes no lesse use of his Ear in all companies, then of his Tongue; and by his serious harkening to the more impertinent discourses of his Companions, plainly proves he has no lesse *Patience* than *Rhetorick*. He makes it evident, that he has his *tongue* (that *unruly Beast* in most mens mouths) as much at his *Command*, as his *Wit*, and that he is able to make both *rest*, as well as both *move* at his pleasure.

His sayings are never long or tedious, but they alwaies reach home; and he will very seldome take any thing lesse than a *Necessity*, for an *Opportunity* of speaking. But then usually he delivers all with that facility and perspicuity, as if his words were not the *elect* & *voluntary*, but the *ready* and *natural* emanations of his Soul. No *Passion* shall at any time more disturb the Order of his words, that it can Cloud the Serenity of his *forehead*. He cannot make himself merry, much lesse proud, with his own

Inventions; nor does he ever catch at the applause, but aims at the Edification of his Auditors.

If you will look upon the *matter* and *substance* of his discourse, you shall see, 'tis alwaies what he *finds*, not what he *makes*: not what he suppoſes may afford the *fairest field* for his *Phancy* and *Invention* to roave in; but the *best Garden* of such choise *fruits* as the *Stomachs* (not the *Palats* onely) of his company shall be best able to *bear*. Or such as may prove most *Medicinal*, when seasonably applied to the several *diseases* of those that *hear* him: These he alwaies studies rather to *heal* then *discover*, and yet rather to *discover* than *flatter*. Hence he often distributes amongst them the bitter as well as the sweet: and rather that which may *nourish*, than what may *please*.

And yet here it is, if ever, that he acts the part of the *Tempter*: for he makes even the soureſt Apple (which he knows to be *wholsom*) so *pleasant* to the *eye*, that he *forces* such as need it, by a *Pious Fraud*, into a real *love* of what *naturally* they most *hate*. Indeed the onely way which for the most

part

part in such company is lest him to prevent the *losse* of his *own* time, is to make others with whom he converses gainers by his *societie*: and he does his utmost endeavour, that every one that hears him, may by what they hear, either *gain* a *vertue*, or *lose a vice*.

This is it, which makes him very carefull to avoid, whatsoever might rationally be supposed able to *vitiate* either his *own discourse* or the *minds* of his *Auditors*. And very good reason *he* has to be more *cautious in* this respect then *other* men, seeing the most *odious* vice from *his Language* would gain so great a *Loveliness*, as would probably make it one of the strongest *temptations*. But his *Rhetorick* has too *sweet a face* to be made the Mother or Midwife to any thing that has the *Monstrous* shape of *Sinne*: he should soully Adulterate so great Purity, who should go about to *match* it with any thing lesse than *Piety* and *Virtue*.

Obloquy and *Scurrility* are too deformed and *wry-faced*, to gain any place in his *affections*: He that is able, when he will, to create to himself a *Reputation* not inferiour

to the *highest scorne* as much, as he *needs* little to *rob* any *other* man of *his*; His fingers are too clean to be foul'd by throwing *dirt* in other mens faces. He is as much afraid to discover a blemish in another man's *eye*, as he is to suffer a greater in his owne; and will rather *charitably* condescend to licke out the Mote with his *tongue*, then deridingly to talke of it. He holds it too much below a man to imploy his Nailes in vexing an old sore, and scratching till he make a new one. He leaves it to Dogs and Ravens to prey upon Carrion. Alas, it is a very hungry wit, which is faine to *feede* upon such *nauseous dyet*. Other mens infirmities, especially if naturall or accidentall, are much more the objects of his Charity and Pitty, then of his Merriment and Derision. He judges it a *cruelty* proper to *weakneſſe* alone to *Murther* the *Sick*; no true *ingenuity* can be so *barbarous* as to sport it self in the *misfortunes* of the *Miserable*. He esteems that (as well he may) a meer *Dwarfish wit* which cannot tell how to shew it self to the world but by *trampling* (and so *advancing* it selfe) upon the *Reputation* of others. It is a Barren Phancy, or at least has alwaies a very

Hard

Hard labour, which can be *mother* to nothing but to what *misfortune* must be the *Midwife*. The *true Gentleman* has both more *wit*, more *honestie*, and more *charity*, then to permit his *tongue* to be so *foolishlie*, so *unworthily*, so *Tyrannically* busied.

Nor doth he lesse abhorre to come near that filthy *puddle* of Obscenity; tis a *Sow* and no *Minerva* that can be for such nasty food. He never carried the *Goats tongue* in the *gentlemans head*, but wishes that all who do so, would for ever use it as *Goats* do, that is, continue alwaies *mute*. All his discourses are at *chast* as *fair*, and the sweet *Loves* in recital whereof he so much pleaseth himselfe and all those *good* men which hear him, are no other then those betwixt God and his own soul.

He is too *just* to himselfe and his own *usurped Majestie*, to suffer his talk to *flag* into an *idle*, much lesse a *wanton* strain of *Drolleries* thats too *Plebeian* and *Vulgar* for a *gentleman*, and *this* no lesse too *foul* and *Beastlie* even for a *Man*: and he must be more then *both* these in every expression a *Christian*. He cannot but with as much *wonder* and *astonishment* as *pity* and *compas-*

sion, hear those *puny* Souls, which can invent no other method of *gracing* their Discourse, and make it *taking*, but by a *complacent* rehearsal of their own and other mens *uncleanesses*; nor can find *matter* for an *hours* talk, without being beholding for it to a *Mistress* or a *whore*: Or at best by *dressing* up some empty piece of *Folly* in *fine words*. Thus can they never be merry, but as Children use to be with a *Babie*, or a *Rattle*.

His Soul presently boyles up in a pious *Agonie* within him, whensoever he hears a *vain Oath*, or any thing that sounds like *prophanenesse*: He never mentions the dreadful name of *Almighty* God, but with that due *Reverence* both of Soul and Body which suits with its *greatnesse*. He is too much the *friend* of God, and is every way too neerly *related* unto him, to hear him *dishonoured* with *patience*, or to suffer his *name* to be made so *vile* and *cheap*, as to be used (as too commonly it is) onely as an *expletive particle* to prevent a *Chasme*, or make up a *gap* in the *sentence*, or to make all run more *smoothly*.

He has the like Holy respect for Gods

Word as his *Name*. He is too much in *love* with *Scripture* to see her *prostituted* to every *licentious phancy*, and by an impudent *wresting* made the subject of every *Atheistical* wit. The *Gentleman* looks with a more *reverent* eye upon this *Sacred* Fountain: not as set open to be *troubled* and made *muddie* by the *Wanton Goats*, but to *water* and *wash* the tender *Lambs*. He useth it further as a wholsome *Bath* for his *White* Soul, which will preserve her both *clean* and *whole*.

I should injure the *Gentleman*, to dwell any longer upon his *negative* vertues. Onely, this is an indulgence given to our *ignorance*, that we are allowd to speak in the *negative* of all *great* perfections, and say what they are *not*, when we cannot, as we should, expresse what indeed they *are*. If you will hear what I have to say more of his discourse in short, then know, that all his *words* are not onely the *prettie*, *pleasing*, yet *emptie bublings* of a *restlesse phancie* a *raging lust*, or a *wanton* and *frolick humour*; But all of them the *grave*, *weighty*, and well *proportion'd breathings* of his *great* and *holy Soul*.

Sect. 6.

Sect. 6. *His Behaviour and Civilitie.*

His whole *Behaviour* and *Carriage* is *masculine* and *noble*; such as becomes his *Heroick* spirit; and yet alwaies accompany'd with a wonderfull *Humilitie* and *Courteſie*: His *Bodie* is onely made *straight*, & the more *it ſelfe*, not (as moſt mens are) *new moulded* by *art*: He has juſt ſo much of the *Dancing-School* as will teach him how to laugh at thoſe that have *too* much. He Has made more uſe of the Vaulter and Fencer, then the Danger; for his deſire was more to be a *Man* then a *Puppit*, and to be a *ſervant* to his *Countrey*, rather then his *Ladie*.

If in things of this nature he ſometimes ſtudies anothers ſatisfaction more then his *own*, he will ſhew how much he can be *more* then a man, not how much *leſſe*, and how *active* he can be, not how *Apiſh*. He ſo behaves himſelfe, that by what he *does*, you may rather conclude he *can* do more if he *will*, then that he *hath* done all he *can* doe. In theſe, as in all things elſe of the like *indifferencie*, he manifeſts his *greateſt* power *there*, where moſt men have the *leaſt*; in *refuſing*

ſing

ſing to do, what he is ſure would gaine him the empty applauds of the Multitudes: Though ſo far as he can judge the *ſport* or *Recreation* innocent and lawfull, he had rather manifeſt a *ſlighting* and a *diſregard*, then an *hatred* towards them.

His *Complement* are not (as in others) the wild *extravagancies* of a *Luxuriant Language*, but the *naturall* breathings of a ſincere *kindneſſe* & *reſpect*; His civility is alwaies one, with his Duty, his *friendſhip*, or his *charity*. A *Court-dreſſe* cannot bring him in love with a Lye; nor can he looke upon a *Faſhionable Hypocrite* with a more favourable eye, then upon a *glorious cheat*; He judges of all *diſſimulation*, as in it ſelfe it is, for though a *Complement* the *Practice* of it may ſeem *Princely*, yet in its owne *nature* he knowes it is *Deviliſh*, and in the *iſſue* will prove *damnable*. He ſcornes to be Sathans Scholar, though for ſo profitable a leſſon: for it was He indeed was the firſt Maſter of this *Ceremony*, when he Complemented our firſt *Parents* out of their *Innocence* and *Paradiſe* at once; tickling their ambition with this ſtrain—*Ye ſhall be like Gods*,

It

It is his care, that all the *Obedience* and *Honour* his *Inferiors* are obliged to render unto *him*, may seeme no more then an imitation of that he payed unto his *Superiours*. And that the *courtesie* and *civilitie* of his *equals* may be thought nothing else but the *reflection* of *his* towards them. But if another kindnesse chance to get the *start* in showing it selfe, he maks it appear that his *backwardnesse* proceeded not from any want of good will, but oppertunity; and he endeavours to requite the *earlyness* of his *friends* Courtesie, by the *measure* of his *owne*.

His *Inferiours* may behold in him how well *Humilitie* may consist with *Greatnesse*, and how *great* an Affability, Authority will admit of: By his *practice* our *licentious* world might easily be convinced, that *Freedome* and *subjection* may dwell together like friends.

All his *words*, and all his *Actions* are so many *Calls* to *Vertue* and *Goodnesse*, and by what he himselfe *is*, he shews others what they *ought* to be. If *Heaven* were such a thing as stood in *need* of an *assistant* Temptation (which a man would almost believe when he sees how little men love it for it selfe)

ſelf) certainly it would make choiſe of the *Gentleman* as the loveliest bait to draw others thither, were not the Generality of Mankind grown ſo *ſtupid* in their ſins, as to fall in *love* with *hell*; were they not *infatuated* even to a *confidence* in thoſe *vanities*, which are *worſe* then *nothing*, and *beſotted* into a *ſenſuality* below what's *brutiſh*; who would not make *haſt* to *Heaven*, were there no greater *Happineſſe* than the fruition of ſuch a *companion* as is the *True Gentleman*?

And truly thither with all *ſpeed* he muſt reſolve to go that intends to *enjoy* him *long*: for he makes too much *haſt* to that *place* of happineſſe, to ſtay *long* by the *way*. Such *good men* indeed are *ſoon taken away*, and this is ſo little *laid to heart* by us, that we have great reaſon for our own ſakes to fear that *they are taken away from the Judgments yet to come* upon this ſinful and rebellious Nation. The world grows ſo thin of ſuch as he, that we may too truly now ſay he is but *one* of a *thouſand*; and then 'tis no leſſe then a *thouſand* to *one* that very ſhortly whoſoever would *find* him, muſt go to *Heaven* to *ſeek* him. And indeed it were an high

high injury to perſwade him to a longer *ſtay* here; except we would aſſure him of our *company* thither at laſt.

Sect 7, *His Inſide.*

It is now time to take a ſhort view of his *Inſide*, and it muſt indeed be a very *ſhort* & *imperfect* one; for you cannot but imagine what would be the unfortunate *event*, if ſuch *weak* eyes as mine are, ſhould *gaze* too *long* and *intently* upon the *Glorious* body of the *Sun*. I ſhall only therefore be ſo *officious* to ſuch (if any ſuch there be) as need my help, as to ſet *open* the *windowes* for them, the *Sun* (I am ſure) will *ſhine* in of it ſelfe. And truly his *rayes* dart in ſo *thick* and *faſt* upon us, we ſhall hardly know *which* to take notice of *firſt*: An underſtanding here we meet with all, ſo *clere* and *unclouded*, a *Will* ſo *regular* and *uncorrupted*, *Affections* ſo well *refined*, ſo *orderly*, and *uninterreſted*, that 'tis wholly evident, that as *Nature* found *Materials*, and *Education built* the Houſe and ſet all in *Order*; ſo do *Religion* and *Moralitie Govern* within, and betwixt them keep all *cleane* and *handſome*.

His

His *virtues* seem to be so much the *Necessary* and *Natural* Emanation of his most *active* and *boundlesse* soul, that he is in danger by being altogether *good* to loose the *praise* & *honour* due to so *eminent* a Goodnesse: If he could *leave off* to be *Vertuous*, the would might then seem to have some *excuse* for being *vicious*. But his *Goodnesse* is too *absolute*, to grow out of *love* with *it self*, and too *knowing* to lye *obnoxious* unto such a *cheat*, as to part with her *own* face, in exchang for the *fairest* of *Vices*. I wish the world would *forbear* to love vice, till he *begin* to *forsake* virtues; and that all our *Gentrie* would endeavour to be *like him*, till *he* become like *them*, or *esteem* any thing truly *Noble*, which he cannot prove to be really *good*.

As for his *Intellectual* Excellencies, so far as he owes them *purely* and *immediately* to *God* and *Nature*, I think it not fit so much as to touch any further upon them; least I should not bear up *even* in that grat *variety*, wherein they are distributed among the many individuals; God having *proportioned* them out unto the *severals* in so *different* a measure, as nothing but his own

Infinite

Infinite wisdome can give a *particular* reason of it. Onely this I may safely say, that whatsoever his *Talent* is, the Gentleman *digs* not in the *Earth* to *hide it*; but so *trafficks* with it, till *Art* and *Industrie* have brought in an *encrease* some way proportionable to the *stock* of *Nature*: at least to that degree which may intitle him to the *Euge* of his Lord, and the glorious *welcome* of a *good and faithfull Servant*. He makes use of Gods *Bountie*, not as a *Warrant* for his *sloath*, or an *indulgence* to his *idleness*, but as a *Spur* and motive to a grateful *Care* and *Industrie*: Not as a *treasure* to be *prodigally spent*, but a *stock* to be *thriftily husbanded* and improved: He accounts it a thing most unworthy in a *Gentleman*, to be an *ill husband*, especially where the *treasure* is *Gods*, and he but his *Steward*, yet such a steward, as has the *use*, as it were, of his Lords *purse* for his Incouragement.

His *acquired* Intellectual accomplishments, are too *numerous* and *various* to be here characterized; something must be said of them hereafter in his *studie*, though but very little; for I chuse rather to insist upon what

what denominates him *Good* and *Noble*, then *great* and *knowing*: for though the *latter* be *useful* and *excellent*, yet the *former* are more *praise-worthy* and *necessary*.

Sect. 8. *His command over himself.*

His *Will* and *Affections* he makes the *Instruments* and *servants*, not the *Guides* and *Mistresses* of his *Soul*. He subjugates his *Will* unto *Reason*, and *this* to *Religion*; and by this meanes it comes to passe that he never misses of having his own free *Choice* in all things. He both *Doth* and *Hath* what he *will*, because he never *wills* but what is according to *reason*, nor thinks any thing *Reasonable* but what's *honest* and *Lawful*: thus by making *Gods will* his *own*, he is never *crost* in his *desires*.

Thus he exercises the *first* and *main* act of his *Authority* at *home*: and that he may be more *expert* in governing *others*, he first *practises* upon himself; and learns to command his *inferior* Soul. He will not *submit* in the least to the *Tyranny* of a *Passion*, nor hearkens he further to the most tempting *Suggestions* of his *Sensitive* part, then

he sees that *Subject* to the *grave* and *sober* dictates of its lawfull *Empress Right Reason*. His *affections* when *prepared* and fitted by an *unprejudiced judgement* for his service, he delayes not to put into *exercise*, but imployes them as so many *wings*, whereon his soule may be carried up *above* the reach of *Vulgar* men. It would be too great an *indulgence* in him, to suffer his *Passions* to be their owne *carvers*, and *choosers* of their own *objects*: for *these* being the Naturall *Daughters* of his *untamed sensitive Appetite*, have too much of their *mother* in them, to be *discreet* in their choise; like *wanton* and *imprudent* Girles, they would pitch upon the *fairest* rather then the *best*, and more labour to *flatter* the *Sense* then *obey* the *Reason*. As their *Lord* and *Soveraine*, therefore he *appoints*, and *Reason cuts* them out their work, and *assignes* every one its proper taske; and by this meanes at length they become the *beauty*, *ornament* and *strength*, which otherwise had naturally been the *Blemishes*, *disorders*, and *Infirmities* of the Man.

He desires in all things to be *above* the *world*, that's his *Ambition*; and therefore *he sets his affections on things above*, and *points* them

them out of the way to *Heaven*, that's his prudence. The *soul* without them would be *lame* and unable to *go*, and they without its *eye* of *Reason*, are *blind* and know not which way to go, but (as the *Cripple* upon the *blind mans* back) let but the *judgment* direct *them* in the right path, and then *they* will carry the *soul* to Heaven. The *Gentleman* is too much a *man* to be *without* all *passion*, but he is not so much a *beast* as to be *governed* by it.

In this *moderation* and *Empire* over *himselfe*, where he gives *Law* to his *Affections*, and *limits* the extravagances of *Appetite*, and the insatiable *cravings* of *sensuality*: the just *rule* he goes by, is not *opinion* but *knowledge*: not that *leaden* one, which is so easily *bent* and made *crooked*, or *melted* and *dissolved* by the *heat* of *passion*, or the *arts* of *Sophistry*, into *error* and *Skepticisme*: but that other *Golden* one, which lies as *close* and *firm*, as 'tis made *straight* and *even*. When he would *imprint* the true *lovelinesse* of any *object* upon his affections, he takes it into a true *light*, and has a care to remove from before his eye all those cunningly wrought *Glasses*, or other instruments of *Sathan* and

Luſt, ſet ſo frequently to *prejudice* and *deceive* the *ſight*; whoſoever might cauſe him to *miſtake* a *falſe* object for a *true*, or to ſee a true one *amiſſe*: ſo endeavours he to be as free from *errour* as from *vice*: eſteeming it as a *ſin* to act againſt his *knowledge*, ſo a *ſhame* at leaſt to be *deceived* in his *opinion*.

He judges of *things*, as he does of *men*, not by what they *promiſe*, but by what they *prove*; and ſo he *truſts*, and *loves*, and *feares* them, not for what in *appearance* they *ſeeme* to be, but for what in the *uſe* and *trial* of them he *findes* that in truth they *are*. He accounts not an *Ox* therefore more *terrible* than a *Lyon*, becauſe he is *greater*: nor a *Pebble* more *deſirable* than a *Pearle*, becauſe 'tis *heavier*: But he firſt collects the *Excellencie* of every thing from its *uſefulneſſe*, and *tendency* unto that *end* he *aimes* at in the *perſuit* after, or *uſe* of it, and then he *proportions* his affections according to that *degree* of excellency, he has thus *rationally* concluded to be in it. After this manner does he in the firſt place *Lord* it over his *Paſſion*, till in a long *obedience* ſhe have ſerved out her *apprenticeſhip* to his *Reaſon*: then is ſhe

ſhe deſervedly *enfranchiſed* into a *vertue*, & ſo becomes at length her *Lords Miſtreſs*: and 'tis *ſhe* will gett him a *reward* for his ſervice in *Heaven*.

Sect. 6. *His Magnanimity and Humility.*

There is a Brave *Heroick* vertue, which is as a *ſecond ſoul* unto the true *Gentleman*, and *Enſpirits* every part of him, with an admirable *Gallantry*: I mean, *Chriſtian Magnanimity* and *Greatneſſe* of *Soule* This preſently heaves him up to that *ſize* that the wide *world* ſeemes too *ſtrait* and *narrow* to containe him, or afford *room* enough for him to expreſſe the *activity* of his Spirit. This is it which teaches him to laugh at *ſmall* things, and diſdaine to go *leſſe* then his *Name*. Being carried up on *high*, upon the wings of this *Vertue*, he caſts *down* his eye upon thoſe *little* Happineſſes, which ſeeme enough to ſatisfie the *narrow* ſouls of other men, with no little *contempt* and *ſcorne*; but on thoſe poore *ſtarvlings* themſelves, whoſe *earthly appetites* can make ſuch *traſh* their *diet*, with as much *pitty* and *compaſſion*. It is this *Vertue* which ſo *ennobles*

all his *actions* that they bear a juſt propor-tion to the *largeneſſe* of his *thoughts*, and permits him to engage in nothing which is not truly *Honourable*. And it is this ſame *Vertue* which makes his own *Boſome* his *Treaſury*, and that ſo *rich* and *ſelf-ſufficient*, that all the *external* felicities this world has or can *caſt in* to the *Bargain*, are look'd upon by him with as ſlender a regard, as the *Widows Mite* would have been by the great *Lord* of the *Temple*, without a large *augmentation* for her *piety* and *devotion*. It is this *vertue* which makes him a *calme* in his own *breſt*, when the whole world be-ſides *rages* like a *troubled* Sea round about him. Let the *ſtorme* and *tempeſt* threaten never ſo loudly a *ſplitting* and a *wrack* to other *unballanced* ſoules: he knowes not how to fear, whileſt his courage is his An-chor, and Innocence ſafe Harbour. This is it which makes him conclude their labour very ill ſpent, who for the cheriſhing of a childiſh humour, uſe to *ſweat* and *conſume* their *ſtrength* and *ſpirits* in purſuit of a *Feather*: or *ſtrain* their *backs* to take up every *ſtraw* that *gliſters* in their way. It ought to be a much nobler *Game* then ſuch

a filly *Fly*, that this *Eagle* vouchsafes to *stoop* to.

But as this brave *Vertue* thus teacheth the *Gentleman*, to be *enough* to himselfe, and rest *content* and *satisfied* with what he hath at *home*; so does it likewise teach him to be *too much* for himselfe, and commands him not to vindicate *all* of himselfe wholly to his *owne* use and service. It were pitty so *great a goodnesse* should be thus *confined* within *one* subject, as not to be able to *distribute* something of it selfe to *every* one of its neighbours. Nay this *Christian Magnanimity* doth so *stretch* out his Soule, that ever *that* too, seems to be *communicated* unto *others* besides himself. It is a kind of *violence* and *restraint* to her to be pinned up within the narrow *Province* of one *Individuall* body, and therefore she studies how she may *enlarge*, if not her *Empire*, yet her *Charity*; and makes a *number* by being the *object* of her *bounty*, the *witnesses* of her *Greatness*. Indeed so *diffusive* and spreading is *Vertue*, when she growes in so *rich* a soyle, that of a *little* she soone becomes *great*, and of *One* a *Multitude*. This *Grain* of *Mustard-seed* grows up so fast, and so

great, that many may reap the benefit of its growth, by partaking of its branches. And such a *Cloud*, as at first might appear but of an *hand breadth*, will suddainly make a *nation* happy in that refreshing *dew*, which by its *plenty*, will argue a strange *increase* after so *small* an appearance. Indeed the *Gentleman* acts as if he intended, that his *soule* should in a short time *animate* the *Universe*; and make it more than ever the poor *Philosopher* could dream of, *One great Gentleman*; and the severall *Individuals* therein but the numerous *members* of his own body. Though the *indocile* and *untractable* spirits of the *common* sort of men be such as *force* him against his will to be *singular*: yet to show us how *unwilling* he is to *remaine* so, his *virtues* are too *charitable* to be long *alone*: and hence are all his *breathings* such, as might well be thought intended by him to *inspire* his company with something *like* himself: and all his *Actions* so many earnest *Essayes*, towards the *assimulating* of their Natures unto his own. He is Master of so *inexhaustible* and *Miraculous* a treasury of *goodnesse*, that he may very well afford *every* man a *little*, and yet keep *all* unto *himself*.

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He knowes not how to *be* good, and not to *do* good, and therefore one halfe of his ſtudy is to *give himſelfe* away. Neither his *breſt* nor his *purſe* are ever *ſhut* to ſuch as *need* him, and (God knowes) more *need* him, then will make *uſe* of him.

The *Gentleman* may well be compared unto a Great *Booke*, which alwayes lies wide *open* to the world; that whoſoever wants *advice* or *counſell*, may freely *conſult* him at pleaſure: there they may *read*, that himſelfe, as opportunity ſerved him, has taken great paines to *copy* out *faire* in all his *Actions*, what ever is both *ſafe*, *great*, and *good*: thus in *one*, and at *once* they may behold both the *rules* of a *good life*, *Precept* and *Example*.

Nor doth this *vertue* more manifeſt it ſelfe in a liberall *diſtribution* and *inſtruction*, then in as *free* and *impartiall* a *correction* and *reproofe*, whenſoever it is requiſite, chuſing much rather to *croſs* the *humour* of his *friend*, then flatter his *vice*; and to loſe his *friendſhip* here, then his *company* (if it may be poſſible for him to have it) in Heaven another day. He is not *afraid* to call every man by his *owne* name, or adde the *Epithete*

which

which is due unto it: that ſo every one that comes into his preſence, may be *afraid* to bring a *bad name* along with him. *He* can *envy* no man becauſe he cannot ſee any one *better* than himſelfe; neither yet can he *deſpiſe* any man, becauſe he really *deſires* every one ſhould be as *good* as himſelfe.

So that what's moſt of all commendable, this moſt excellent *vertue* is accompanied with a moſt exemplary *humility*; and there is nothing can more deſervedly *exalt* him in the thoughts of *all* men, then this, that he is ſuch a *Diminitive* in his *own*. Nor does this proceed from an *ignorance* of his owne *excellencies*, but rather hence, that he *knowes* whence he *had* them. Neither does he therefore *preferre* every man in *Honour* before himſelfe, becauſe he knows not what other men are, but becauſe he knows not what they may be. He is really ſo *high* that he may with eaſe *reach* Heaven, but he *makes* himſelfe ſo *low* that he may goe in at the *ſtrait gate*. When he lookes upon his owne *vertues* (which he had rather *ſhow* than *ſee*, and *have* than *ſhow*) he will not think them *great*, becauſe he intends to make them yet much *Greater*; neither can he tell how to

applaud

applaud himself when he *sees* them *great*, because he knows well how little *he* either *made* or *deserved* them. It is this *vertue* that makes him much more desire the *friendship* of a *vertuous begger*, then the *favour* of a *vicious* and *licentious Prince*: because *this* he must assuredly *lose*, seeing he knows not how in a *compliance* to his humour to become *wicked*: but *that* shall never *end*, but *last* as long as his *Heaven*. He chuses his *companions* not by the *outward* habit of their body, but that *internal* of the soul: and sets an higher *value* on them for their *Merits*: then their *Births*. He is so little *proud* of what he *is*, that he is indeed very *Humble* for what he is *not*. He will never be perswaded (as most of those we call *Gallants* do) to *pride* himself in his *Vanity*, *Boast* of his *folly*, and *Glory* in his *Prophaneness*.

Sect. 10. *His Charity and Temperance.*

The Gentlemans *Charity*, is no other then his *Soul drawn out to his fingers ends*. Every peice of *money* he hath, bears as well the *Impression* and *Image* of this *vertue*, as *that* of his *Prince*: and *this is* it which makes him

him value the *Coyne more*, and the *Silver leſſe*. He is indeed that true *Briareus*, which has as many *hands*, as he meets with *receivers*: and for this cauſe he is look'd upon as a *Monſter* in theſe latter dayes, and very *rarely* to be met with.

The courſe he takes to *air* his *Bags*, and keep them from *moulding*, is to *diſtribute* freely to *all* that are in *need*. If he take ſome paines to become *richer* then others it is onely to put a *cheat* upon that which men miſcall *Fortune*, and to manifeſt he hath a *power* ſo great as hers: that is, to make himſelfe *poor* again at his pleaſure: and to ſhow that *charity* can entertaine as *rich* ſervants as *ſhe*. Though God hath indulged him the *priviledge* and *inheritance* of an *Elder brother* in the world, yet he wiſely conſiders that the *youngeſt* of all may in equity challenge a *childs portion*. He eſteems it a very high *Honour*, that God hath vouchſafed to make him *one* of the *Stewards* in *His* great *Family*: and he is nothing *ambitious* of *his Epithete* to his *Name*, or *reward* of his *pains* who is recorded in the *Goſpel* for his *injuſtice*.

When by *giving* to the *poor*, he *lends* to

the

the *Lord*, the Honour of being the Lords Creditor is all the intereſt he expects; and doubtleſſe this, *Happineſſe* is not *every* mans, to have *God* his *Debtor*. He accounts it much the *ſafer* way, to truſt his *Charity* than his *Luxury* with the *Bag*; the former will bring in an *even reckoning* in *Heaven*; the latter perhaps a *jolly one* in the *Taverne*, but a very *ſad one* in *Hell*. He delights not to ſee *any* thing *ſtarve* but his *Luſts*, he lets theſe *crave* without an *anſwer*, and *die* without *compaſſion*. I would to God, there were many in the world ſuch as hee, we ſhould then ſee *fewer Beggers*, and *more Gentlemen*. Mens *Backs* and *Bellies* would not then ſo frequently *rob* and *undoe* their *ſoules*: Nowadaies, the Gentlemans *cloathes* wind about his *body*, and his *body* about his *Soule*, with no greater *kindneſſe*, then the twining *Ivy* about the *Oake*; the *Apparell* ſucks away the *nouriſhment* which is due to the *body*, and *this* that *other* which we owe to the *Soule*.

Where he is not able to make his *Eſtate adequate* to his *deſert*; he takes a better courſe, and *Levels* his *deſires* to his *Fortune*: though he *ſeldome* have all that he *deſerves*, yet

yet he *alwaies* has whatſoever he *covets*. He never wants *much* of that which is *needful*, becauſe he *enjoyes* all that he is in *love* with. He makes his *life* and *health*, not his *Eſtate* or *ambition*, the *ſtandard*, his *Reaſon*, and not his *Humour*, the *judge* of his *Neceſſities*.

Such is his *Temperance* and *Sobriety* in the uſe of thoſe *Creatures*, of which by Gods *bleſſing* he is made *owner*: that he *ſacrifices* very *much* to his *God* in the *relief* of the indigent, *nothing* to *ſin*, in ſatisfying the importunate cravings of his *carnal luſts*. Above all he is *aſhamed*, when *Fortune* hath uſed him very *hardly*, and ſpoil'd him of many opportunities of exerciſing his *bounty* and his *charity*, to permit his *luſts* to uſe him yet *worſe*, and leave him *nothing* at all. He ſcornes *firſt* to *ſwagger* and *ſwill* away his eſtate, and *then curſe* his *fortune* for uſeing him ſo roughly; firſt to *make* himſelfe a *Begger*, and then cry out upon his *poor* condition: or to complaine he is *as poor as Job*, when every day he *fares as deliciouſly as* Dives. When he has the *leaſt*, he ſhows that he is able to live with *leſſe*: and when he is brought into a *low* condi-

tion

tion, he tries how he could beare up in a *lower*; and proves by his *cheerfulnesse* in that some would call *want* and *misery*, that *Happinesse* does not consist in *superfluities*. He is *content* with *any* thing, and by this meanes *enjoyes all* things: and is so *Charitable* of a *little*, that it is evident in that *little* he *wants* not *much*.

He chuses rather to be *well* in the morning, then drunke overnight, and at any time had rather be free from the *Sin*, then *please* his *Companions* with the *Frolick*. His *money* is too *little* to *love*, but too *much* to *throw* away: and he had much rather *give* it then *lose* it: preferring his *charity* before his *Game*, and the *poore* mans *life*, before his *owne wantonnesse* and *riot*: though he had never so *much*, he could never have *more* then *enough*, because he sees so *many* that *want* what *he* has, and *pittics* all he *sees* in *want*. He looks upon his *estate* as that which was given him for *use* and not for *waste*: and upon so much of it as he *loses* at play, as that whereby he hath *rob'd himself* of a *vertue*, and *another* of a *comfortable* livelihood and he cannot sport himselfe with such *losses*.

Sect. 11.

Sect. 11. *His Valour and Prudence.*

Having ſpoken already of the Gentlemans *Magnanimity*, I ſhall need to adde very little of his *valour*; which he exerciſes more in *obeying* his God, then *Oppoſing* his *Brethren*. His higheſt piece of *Fortitude* is that whereby he *conquers himſelfe* and his ſin; and in this he is alway *practiſing*. He knowes that by thus becoming his *own captive*, he ſhall not want the *uſage* of a *Gentleman*; and thus being made his own *Lord* too, he is ſure to be *free* from all the *world* beſides. He looks upon it as the baſeſt degree of *Cowardice*, to yeild unto thoſe *feeble paſſions*, which, did not both *Reaſon* and *Religion* ſtep into their *Succour*, would certainly become the *prey* of every *light* and *empty* toy. His Chriſtian *Fortitude* is ſuch, that he fears not to *Encounter* the Great Goliah of *Hell*, or an whole *Army* of ſuch *Philiſtians* as have ſet themſelves in array againſt his *Happineſs*, all at once: not though they be ſuch, as by their *Cunning* have already got *within* him: He never gives over *reſiſting the Devill* till he have put

put him to *flight*. He hath that *greateſt courage* which is ſo rarely found in others, who would be called *Gentlemen*, he dares be *Religious* in ſpite of the *World*. He ſets himſelfe, without betraying the leaſt *timidity*, againſt the great *Bugbeare*, which ſo *feares* moſt men, not onely out of their *wits*, but out of all *good actions*, *ſhame*, or *deriſion*. Theſe are they which, as the *Elephants* in King *Pyrrus* his Army terrified the *Romans* with their prodigious *Bulke*, do ſo *affright* the greateſt part of our *Gentry*, that they never leave *flying* till they *tumble* into the *Bottomleſſe Pit* together. The true Gentleman, like the ſtout *Minucius*, has by experience proved theſe *Monſters* to be of more *Bulke* than *Mettall*, and to want *nothing* but an *Adverſary*, to bring them into *Subjection*.

The *True* Gentleman hath ſo much *true valour*, as not to *fear* the brand of a *Coward*, where his *courage* ſhould be his *ſin*, and his *conqueſt* his *ruine*. He is ever the *fugitive* in ſuch a *chaſe*, and dare *boaſt* of nothing but being *routed*. 'Tis then alone he *fears* not *death*, when he is ſure there is no *Hell* will *follow* it. His *life* is more *deare* to him, then

that he ſhould be content to part with it for any thing *leſſe* then *Heaven*. He has an *Honour*, and that's his *Religion*, a *Miſtreſs* too to vindicate and defend from all injuries and affronts, and that's his owne *Soul*: For the ſakes of *theſe two* he is engaged in many a *Duel*, with thoſe *Hereſies* and thoſe *ſins*, which would *ſtrain* and *corrupt* the *one*, or *ſteale* away and *deflower* the *other*.

He thinks that *Honour* too *deare* which muſt be *bought* with a *Murther*; and a *Name* which is never to be *worne*, but by his *Monument*, none of the *cheapeſt*, when *purchaſed* with his *life*. He has much *honeſter* thoughts of his *Miſtreſſe*, then to think her ſuch a *Proſerpine* that either *he* or his *Rivall* muſt be ſent to *Hell*, before *either* can *enjoy* her.

There is indeed a *Beauty*, for which the *Gentleman* thinkes it no *loſs* to *die*, but ſuch an one as is often *blacke*, though alwaies *lovely*: I meane, his owne *Mother* and his Saviour's *Spouſe*; the *Church* of God: and there is an *Honour* which he holds *cheap* enough when bought with the high *price* both of *life* and *livelihood*, though (if he might have his choiſe) he had rather *preſerve*

ſerve both to *maintain* it, then *loſe either* to *purchaſe* it, *Loyalty* to his *Prince*, and *Fidelity* to his *Countrie*: For theſe he does not fear to *Embrace* a *Stake*, to make the *Scaffold* his *Bed*, and a *Blocke* his *Pillow*: ſeeing he is aſſured, that whoſoever thus *lies downe* to *reſt* at *night*, ſhall without faile *riſe* againe to *Glory* in the *morning*. He holds it much more deſirable to *live* a *Begger*, then to *die* a *Traytor*: And that his *Honour* and *Conſcience* ſhould expoſe him to *Tyranny* and *Violence*, then his *Treachery* or *Hypocriſie* buy out his *temporall ſecurity*. He thinkes it no great matter to *truſt* that God with his *Perſon* and his *Family*, who hath *truſted* him with his *Spouſe* and his *Children*.

Hence is the *Gentlemans* prudence, the *Legitimate Daughter* of *Loyalty* and *Conſcience*, not the *Baſtard* of *Covetouſneſſe* and *Cowardice*: 'tis mixt of *Diſcretion* and *Wiſdome*, not *Craft* and *Knavery*. He was never yet ſo blindly *zealous*, as to worſhip a *Golden Calfe* for a God, that ſo he might keepe his *Cheſt* from being *broken* open: Nor was he ever ſo abſolute a *Stateſman*, as to call *Rebellion Reformation*, for fear of *Poverty*,

or an *Halter*. His naturall affection to *wife* and *children* is ſuch that he would enjoy them *for ever* in happineſſe; and therefore his care is *ſo* to *part* with them *now*, that he may *meet* them againe in *Heaven*, not in *Hell*, hereafter: His whole *Policy* is to avoid an *eternall*, though by incurring a *temporall*, miſery: Such a *Politician* onely he thinkes fit for *Heaven*, that hath *prudently* managed his *Lords* affaires upon *Earth*; he cannot call him either a *prudent* or a *faithfull Ambaſſador*, who proſecutes his *owne* deſigne with more earneſtneſſe then his *Maſters*: or acts more vigorouſly for the advancement of his *owne* particular *intereſt*, then the *Publick good*, or his *Princes Honour*.

It is his *prudence* to *ſecure* what's *beſt*, by the *loſſe* of what's *indifferent*, whenſoever he is *neceſſitated* to part with *one* of the *two*; and he chuſes rather *freely* to part with *that* which he is onely *ſure* once to *loſe*, and by that *loſſe* become eternally *happy*, then to *throw* away *that* which in ſpight of *violence* he might for ever have *kept*, and can never *part* with, without his utter *ruine*: If *tares* muſt ſpring up amongſt the good *corne* in that *field* wherein God has intended him a labourer,

labourer, be had rather ſhow by his *activeneſſe* that they were not ſowne whileſt he *ſlept*; then by a *covetour lazineſſe* give the *enemy* an opportunity of compaſſing his deſignes, or occaſion the diſheartning all his *brethren*, by withdrawing *his* ſhoulder, and leaving them *alone* to beare the *burthen* in the *heat* of the *day*. He can think it a greater *prudence* with the *Diſciples* of his *Lord*, to leave his *Father* and his *net*, to follow a *Saviour* through *perſecution* into *Heaven*; then with the carking *fool*, to lie modelling out a *Barn* which may contain his *wealth*, and in the mean time ſuffer his *ſoul* to be ſtoln out of his Body by the ſedulous craft of the *ſeducer*.

Sect. 12. *His behaviour in both Fortunes.*

If *Fortune* ſmile upon him, and be indeed ſuch as he dare call her *good*, he makes it his buſineſſe to be altogether as *good* as ſhe, and will be ſure as well to *deſerve* as to *wear* her *Livery*. His care is that her good uſage of him may be rather deemed the juſt reward of his own *moderation* and *good Huſbandry*; then the unmerited *Bounty* of ſo

blind a *Miſtreſs.* He makes *Proſperity* a motive to his *Piety*, not (as others) the *opportunity* of *diſplaying* his *Vanity.* He proves by his example, that *he* moſt happily *enjoyes* the *World*, that glories *leaſt* in the enjoyment of it. He looks upon his preſent flouriſhing condition, rather as that which is not without ingratitude to be *refuſed*, then with eagerneſſe to be *deſired*, and upon what he now *poſſeſſes*, as that which he knowes not how *ſoone* he may *loſe*; and therefore he makes himſelfe now ſo *careleſſe* an *owner*, that (if the wind chance to turne) he may prove a *cheerfull* and *contented loſer.* He dares not phancy himſelfe one jot the *neerer* Heaven, for being thus *mounted* on the deceitfull wings of *Fortune*, leſt when the contrary wind of *adverſity* diſmounts him, and his unexpected fall *awakes* him from his pleaſant *dreame*, he ſhould find himſelfe to be *really* as *low*, as he was before but *ſeemingly high.* If *Fortune* be content to *lodge* with him as his *gheſt*, ſhe is *welcome*; But he cannot be ſo dotingly enamour'd of her, as to entertaine her, either as his *wife*, or his *harlot*; leſt either an untimely *divorce* ſhould *breake* his *heart*, or ſhe ſhould

ſhould bring a *Baſtard* for a *Son*, and ſo at length *ſhame* and *diſgrace* him: He can neither ſo farre *flatter* her as to call her *Goddeſſe*, which he knowes of her ſelfe to be no more but a *name*; nor ſo far *Honour* her as to *ask her bleſſing*; becauſe he knowes that whatſoever *goodneſſe* men are apt to aſcribe unto her, is but one of the *meaneſt* bleſſings of a *greater* then *ſhe*. Though ſhe never ſo heartily *pleaſantneſs* ſhall never *cure joy* him, ſeeing (for ought he knowes) ſhe either does or may ere long *laugh* at *him*, and if ſhe *Frown*, *he* can frown as faſt as *ſhe*, and that for her kindneſſe. He never *relies* upon her, becauſe he knowes ſhe is naturally ſo *inconſtant*; nor can he ſee any reaſon why he ſhould be *proud* of being her favourite, becauſe he may every where behold many of the moſt *undeſerving* altogether as much in her *Favour* as himſelf.

To ſpeake the whole, the *true Gentleman* hath ſo ſlight an eſteem of *Fortune*, that he cannot vouchſafe her the *Honour* of a *King*, but leaves that to thoſe poor Heathens who were indeed as *blind* as they *ſuppoſed* her to be. Whatſoever *bleſſings* he enjoyes

he receiued them, as indeed they are, as the *bounties* of an indulgent *father*, with *thankes* and *loue*, and he vseth them to that *end*, for which he supposes so *good* and *prudent* a father would bestow them on a *beloued* Son, so that he may make them as much *instruments* of his owne *good*, as they are *testimonies* of his Fathers *affection*. He lookes vpon his Prosperity, not so much as a *reward* for doing *well*, as an *encouragement* to do *more*, and an *opportunity* of doing *better*: Much lesse can he thinke his flourishing condition, as many seem to do, a piece of *Heavens* flattering *Courtship*, where no more is intended, then the affording him an opportunity of *pampering* vp his *lusts*, and making himself a *Glorious Sinner*. Seeing he has already received so *bountifull* a reward for doing so *little*, he accounts it a shame for the future not to make himselfe a fit obiect for a *greater*, by doing both *more* and *better*. Such an *ingenious* spirit hath the *Gentleman*, that he thinkes every reward for what's past, an obligation to future good services; and he had rather waite with patience for all his *arrears* together, then ever be thought to have received the *last payment* here.

If

If it be his lot to groane out his dayes under the heavy preſſures of *affliction:* he is not like the inconſiderate *drunkard*, who in the morning after his *double* intemperance in *drinking*, and *ſleeping* complaineth that his *head akes*, and begins to *curſe* his *Pillow*, and his *Bed-maker*, for his want of eaſe; forgetting to turne that *ſinne* out of doores which occaſion'd all this the day before: Nor like a *wretched* and *impenitent Malefactor*, who when he is hurried away to a juſt *Execution*, does nothing but *cry out* upon the *hard heart* of his *Judge*, and the *Rigour* of the *Lawes*; *Curſing* the *Executioner*, but forgetting to *repent* him of the *murther* or the *robbery* which brought his *body* into the hands of *this* executioner; and will, unrepented of, deliver his *ſoul* into the far leſſe mercifull of *another* hereafter: But like a naturall and hopefull child, he ſeriouſly conſiders his owne *errors*, which provoked his Father thus to *Chaſtiſe* him; and ſo by *ſtroking* the hand, and *kiſſing* the rod, and humbly *begging pardon* for his offence, he ſets his fathers affections, which before he had *turn'd aſide*, not *loſt*, into their owne proper *channell* againe.

He

He looks upon his *Afflictions* with one eye, as *Corrections*, and ſo blames *himſelf* for the *occaſion*, but bleſſeth *God* for the *Charity* with the other, as *Tryals*, and ſo makes it his care that he come not all *drоſs* out of the *Furnace*. The ſame fire which *conſumes* others, doth but refine his ſoule, and ſeparating from it, the more groſſe and *Terrene* Mixtures, makes it the fitter for Heaven. He grudges not to undergoe the *Winnowing*, ſo he may be ſure to loſe the *Chaffe*, and be made all *Wheat*, ſuch as his Lord may thinke fit to receive into his *Garner*. He is aſhamed to thinke that God ſhould loſe his paines, and the more he *threſhes*, finde onely more *ſtraw* but leſſe *Corne*: rather, like good grain from the *Mill*, he comes forth from the *grinding*, *more* in *meaſure*, *purer* in *colour*, and *readier* for *uſe* and *ſervice*. Though a *Brier*, or a *Thorn*, may *ſcratch* or *pricke* his *heele* a little in his way to Heaven, and draw a little *uſeleſs* blood, though he may ſometimes be ſo *intangled* in the *Brambles*, that he may be forced to part with ſomething of his *fleece*, and perhaps ſo much of his *skin* too, as may make it *ſmart* a while; Yet he

too

too *high* a ſoul; to fall ſo much within the *reach* of theſe *creeping* Brambles, as to receive from them the leaſt *ſcratch* in his *face*. He alwaies carries an *head* as *erect* as his *hopes* are *high*; and takes great care that neither his *Religion*, his *Honeſty*, nor his *Honour* be made to *ſuffer* by it.

He dares not make either a *baſe compliance* with the *vices* of his *perſecutors*, the *refuge* of his *cowardice*; or the *wings* of the *Potent*, by bribing their *Ambition* with *flattery* and *diſſimulation*, his *Sanctuary* of protection. He will not attempt the *lightning* of his ſufferings by a *voluntary* caſting any *part* of his eſtate into the *devouring* Treaſury of the *Churches Enemy*; nor hope to appeaſe the wrath of a diſpleaſed God, by bringing an *oblation* to the *Avarice* of his oppreſſors; neither doth he eſſay to *drown* his *ſorrowes* in the *bottom* of his *Cup*: But he flies, and takes *Sanctuary* at the *Horns* of the *Altar*: and by a *magnanimity* which becomes a *Gentleman*, ſhowes that true *Honour*, is a *Jewel* indeed, ſuch as will not *break* with the *Hammer*: His *Religion*, like the *Flint*, never ſo much diſcovers thoſe holy *fires* of *zeal* and *devotion*, which were

not

not before ſo apparent, as when it moſt experiences the *violence* of the *hardeſt ſteel*: And his *innocence* is ſo perfectly *malleable*, that the more you *beat* it, the *broader* it grows. In ſhort, the Gentleman carries himſelfe ſo *evenly* betwixt theſe *Contrary* winds, that he is neither *ſhaken* by the *one* nor *puff'd up* by the *other*: He is ſuch in *proſperity*, that he does not *feare adverſity*: and ſuch in *adverſity*, that he need not to *wiſh* for *proſperity*; ſuch indeed in *both*, that it ſhall never *repent* him. that he hath taſted *either*.

Sect. 13. *His reſpect and affection for his Country.*

The true *Gentleman* is no leſſe *ſerviceable* to his *Country*, then *Honourable* in *himſelfe*. He cannot phancy himſelfe ſo *great*, as to forget that he is but a *creature*, and ſo made for *ſomething*; and till he can perſwade himſelfe to be a God (who is his owne *End* and *Happineſſe*) he cannot think that he was made *onely* to ſerve *himſelfe*. He that made him made him a *brother* to *many*, and he owes a duty of *love* unto them all.

He

He is not like a lump of *Gold* in the *Bowels* of the *Earth*. which is neither for *ſight* nor *ſervice*; but like *that* which having once received the *ſtamp* of the *Prince*, is ever after *current*, and *uſefull* for *many*. Neither reſembles he the *Glow-worme* or a *rotten ſtick* in the *darke*, which hath no more *light* then will ſhow it ſelfe to be *ſomething*, though no body by that light *alone* knowes *what*; but *illuminates* nothing *elſe* about it: no, he rather emulates the *Sun* in the Firmament, from which this Inferiour World receives all its *life* and *vigour*. Thus the *Gentleman* is continually ſcattering the *rayes* and *influence* of his *vertues* round about him, quite through all that lies within the wide Sphere of his motion. As amongſt the *Elements*, the moſt *Noble* and *Pure*, is alwaies the moſt *Active* too; and moſt *profitable*, as well as moſt *high* and *diſtant*: And as the *higheſt* of bodies, to wit, the *Celeſtiall* cannot naturally *reſt*, but indeed by their continuall and ſwift *motion*, do never faile to *labour* for the *benefit* of the *whole* World beſides: So is this *Little Heaven* and *glory* of mankind, never without ſome commendable *buſineſſe* and *employment*, and

ſuch

such as shall assuredly at last tend unto the great good and advantage, of as *many* as be within the *compasse* of his *influence.*

The *Gentleman* (without doubt) is made for some other end, then to stand, like a *fair* and *goodly Tulip*, in a *painted pot*, in some *window* or other *corner* of the Chamber, onely to grace the Room, without either *smell* or other *apparent vertue*: He is rather like the sweet and *lovely Rose*, which *perfumes* the Air all *about* it, and is besides, no less *medicinal*, then *fragrant*. If ever the Gentleman *seem* to be *idle*, he does no more but seem so. He onely sets himselfe *down* a while, as he would do a *Bottle* of precious *Water*, which has been *troubled* by much *motion*, that so it may by a *settling* of its heavier parts become *clear* again: Thus does he order his *Soul*, that after she hath been violently *shaken* to and fro, and much *troubled* with the affairs of the World, he may by this *rest*, give leave to the more *terrene* parts therein to draw towards the *bottom*, that so the *Grosser descending*, his *best* and *cleerest thoughts* may again be *uppermost* and at *Liberty*. He carries not his *fine* body up and down the *streets*, as men use to

do

do their *Dancing-horses* in a *Faire*, onely to be *seen*, and make *sport* for the *Spectators*: No, though never so *glorioustly* trick'd up, and accoutred, yet does he freely *stoop*, to take some part of that weighty *burthen* of the *Commonwealth* upon his *back*; and never walks with more *ease*, nor showes more real *state*, then when thus *loaden*.

He cannot call him a *man* that is without all *calling*, knowing that every *servant* (and every *man* ought to be Gods *servant*) how *proud* soever must have a *worke*, Seeing God hath so blest him with *abundance*, that he *needs* not *worke* for his *own bread*, he will in *gratitude* to God, *worke* for his *Countries peace* and *safety*. He scornes to have it thought, that *he* is the onely *cumbersome* thing in the *Nation*, the onely *Worm* in the *Body Politick*, which growes *great* onely by sucking away that *nourishment*, which should *feed* and *strengthen* the *serviceable* members, and is good for nothing at length but to *improve* the *Chirurgion's skill*, and the *patience* of the *diseased*. Those *parts* and *members* of the man which are *uppermost* in the body, and most *honourable*, are alwaies most *busied* too for the Good of the *whole*:

In

In the *Head* are placed the *Eye* and the *Eare*, and the *Organs* of *ſenſe*; there is too the *Underſtanding*, *Phancy* and *Judgement*, to *ſee*, to *heare*, *diſcerne*, *contrive*, *plot*, and *direct*: and as he knowes it is his *honour* to be made a *part* of the *Head* of his *Country*; ſo doth he owne it his *duty*, not to refuſe the exerciſe of that *office* which belongs unto him. Hence he thinkes, it an *unworthineſs* in him, not onely, to do *ill*, but to do no *good*; and theſe *two* he can very hardly *diſtinguiſh*, as ſome would faine doe, ſeeing undoubtedly that which doth *no good*, is *good for nothing*, and this is to be *ſtarke naught*.

He holds it to be (as indeed it is) a crying ſhame, whileſt the *Taylor*, and the *Cobler* are juſtly reckon'd among the *Neceſſary* members of a *Commonwealth*, that the *Gentleman*, who takes it as an affront not to be thought much *better* then ſuch *mechanicks*, ſhould not be ſo much as *uſefull* to the place where he lives: or at moſt, but as the *trimming* is to a good *ſuit*, or the *haire* to the *beard*, which may be *cut off* and throwne away, and no great hurt done to either. This indeed is the *Gentlemans* priviledge,

not

not to be ſervant to any *one* particular Member, but to the *whole* body, and that whileſt others in their inferiour Condition are onely made capable of ſerving a *few*, but fortune is ſuch as will allow him to be truely ſerviceable unto *all*. Herein conſiſts his *Honour*, that he is not put to worke as a *drudge* or *journy-man* but is a *Freeman* indeed, and *Maſter* of his Trade, and whileſt others *toyle* hard, and receive a *ſcant* pittance when their worke's done, He is able to woke *gratis*, and ſo *oblige* a great part of the world by his *ſervice*. Indeed this muſt needs be the greateſt obligation can be laid upon the *Gentleman*, to labour *harder*, and do better then other men, becauſe he is beforehand, not onely furniſhed with good *tooles*, by an *Ingennous Education*, to worke withall; but hath (as we ſaid) received ſo great a part of his *reward* already, and yet is aſſured of an infinitely greater yet behind. How is he aſhamed to *deceive* him by his *Idleneſſe*, who of his great *goodneſſe* hath ſo farre already *truſted* to his *honeſty*?

As he *refuſeth* no Employment, which may render him acording to the meaſure

of his Abilities *serviceable* to his *Country*; so is he no way *ambitious* of that which he knowes to be *above* his *strength* and *reach*. As his great *love* to his *Countrie* perswades him not to *refuse* the *higher*, so doth his *humility* Command him to *accept* the *lower*: he accounts no burthen *heavie* which he is *able* to bear; nor any *light* which is either *beyond*, or not *worth* his bearing. He makes not his *Ease* and *excuse*, nor the *Difficulty* an *apologie* for his refusall. He dischargeth his trust with that *fidelity*, which will be sure to gaine him, though perhaps the *hatred* of the *Bad*, yet the *applause* and *love* of the *Good*, and the unanimous *thankes* of his *Countrie*.

§. 14 *His studies and Recreations.*

That he may in good time be fitted for the *Calling* he intends, he begins to thinke upon it early in the *Morning* of his age; and accustomes himselfe to the *yoake* whilest he is *young*, that so he may bear it without *galling* his neck when he growes *old*. He make it *now* his businesse to gather the *Thyme*, which he intends shall prove *Hony* *hereafter*

hereafter, and to lay up in the *Spring* what may ſtand him in ſtead when his *winter* is come. That he may indeed be *young* in *Old age*, he learnes to be *old* in his *youth*: and he ſucks ſo much out of every *ſcience* now, as *Experience* and *years* may by *degrees* hereafter improve into that *Prudence* which becomes a *Gentleman*.

Having in his greener years onely ſo much *diſcretion*, as to *find* the *want* of what he ſhould *have*, he is willingly directed by the *prudence* of another, till he can get enough for himſelfe. He is not *Impatient* of *Subjection* now to that wiſe and grave *Inſtructor*, from whoſe both *dictates* and *examples* he hopes to gaine ſo much as may make him the *Inſtructor* of others hereafter: And he learnes ſo betimes to *obey*, that the world may never have reaſon to ſay he began to *Command* too *ſoone*. It is his choice to live under a *ſevere* diſcipline, rather than to be left to himſelfe as his *owne* Maſter; leſt perhaps failing in his *firſt* Command, whereby he ſhould have Govern'd *himſelf*, he might deſpaire of better ſucceſſe in his *ſecond* of commanding *others*.

His firſt care therefore now is to be wholly

guided by him to whose *prudence* he is intrusted; lest by rejecting *him*, he might seem to disparage the *judgment* of his *parents*, who made that *choice* for him. Where the *Commands* laid upon him *seem* to him *irrational*, so long as he knowes them not *sinful*, he had rather *distrust* his own *judgment*, then neglect his directors *counsel*. and he never thinks himself (as very many doe) a *better man* then his *guide*, till he be sure he *knowes the way* to that he aimes at, *better* then he. He that showes himself more to be his *own* man, at his own disposal, then by this *inconstrained* act of *resigning* himself up unto *another*.

When he is come to that maturity of *Age* and *Discretion*, as to be able to benefit himself by his *Company*, he will be sure to make choise of such *Companions* as may serve him instead of *Books*, and of such *Books* as he intends shall often serve him for *Companions*; He is not ashamed to be now the *worst* man in that *Company* wherein he may *learne* from his betters, how to be the *best* in *another*: this is much more *honourable*, then to be the *best* man *there*, where he can never learne to be *better*, but often

often *worse* then he was before.

The *Studies* whereunto he cheerfully applies himselfe, are such as will more *make the man*, then *please* the Boy. He takes delight in nothing which will send him *back* again towards his *Infancy*, but *Innocence*. As for *Poetry* and such like *pleasing* studies, he does not wholly neglect them, but uses them as good *sances* to make others more *substantial*, and *nourishing reliſh* the *better*. He loves not to spend his time in cracking *Empty* Nuts without a *Kernel*; nor to break his *tender* teeth by *gnawing* upon *Sapleſs* bones. Neither Nice *Criticiſmes* nor tough *Notions*, can recompence him for the vast expence of that precious time, he should be at in making himselfe the Master of *either*. When he is entred into the fair *garden* of the *Muses* it is not his onely businesse to *pick* up here and there a *few leaves* to hide the *Nakednesse* of his *discourse*; or to *adorne* it with *Bloſſomes* and *flouriſhes* out of some *Poetick* figment, or *Romantick* story; but he *gathers*, *eats*, and *digeſts*, that which is *fruit* indeed, and such as is truly *wholsome* and *nourishing*: Nor doth he, as the Emperours Army, lie loytering, and picking

up *Cockle shels* upon the *shores* of good literature, but he boldly launches out into the maine *Ocean*, and there contemplates the wonders of the *deep*. It is not his designe to be called, *Witty Gentleman*, and such an one as can talke *high*, and breath *flashes*, and *thunder* out *big* words, and store himselfe with so many *jests*, and so much *Bombast*, as may *tickle* some, and *stupifie* others; he studies more to make himselfe a *man*, then a *Companion*; and more how to *live* and *do well*, then talke *finely*. *True Histories*, and *Sound Politicks*, and *grave Morall* discourses, are the *fruitfull* Gardens where his *Muses* doe ordinarily *recreate* themselves: that so by his *Pleasures* as well as *Paines* both the *Common-wealth* may in due time be happy in *him*, and *he* in *himselfe*. As for those *lighter* and more *ayery* studies, such as too frequently by their lovely *paint* & *dissembled* beauty, *steale* away the *amorous* and *unfixed* youth of most Gentlemen, he makes the same use of *them* which he does of his *Galleries* or his *Arbours*; whither, now and then he comes to take a *turne* or two for *Recreation's* sake, and as he passes along sometimes casts a *carelesse eye* upon those

those many pretty *blossomes* or *pictures* which he finds there. These may for a *moment* or two command his *eye*, but never his *affection*. Of such toyes he had rather say hereafter that he *has seen* them, then that he *knowes* them. He would be *ignorant* of *nothing*, but he would onely be *acquainted* with the *best*. He has a more *Masculine* stomack, then to *feed* upon that which is all *sauce*, but if there be a *little* in the Dish, to make him relish his *meat* the better, he is not *displeased* with it, though so long as his *meat* of it selfe is *good*, he doth not *greedily desire* it.

Divinity can never lie out of the *true* Gentlemans *way*, because he is alwaies going towards *Heaven*: For notwithstanding he seems so *pale-faced*, and of so *soure* a Countenance to those that *love* her *not*, because they do not *know* her; yet is there so much *heavenly beauty*, and so many *noble features* discernable in her face, by the Gentlemans *undistemper'd* Eye, that he soon begins in earnest to *love* her, and he can never go on farre in any other path whatsoever, but he must often cast a *longing Eye* back upon her. Still bearing in mind the

happy place whither he is travelling with ſo good a will, he *calls in* at other *Arts* and *Sciences* as at ſo many *Innes*, to take a ſhort *repaſt* by the way: or he ſtands *looking* upon them a while, as upon ſo many *way-marks* ſet up at the ſeveral *turnings* and *croſs paths* that from them he may receive *directions* which way to turne: But the *knowledge* of his *God*, that's the way he conſtantly *walks* in, and that which will certainly bring him at laſt to that *home*, where he ſhall meet with a *Welcome*, which will abundantly recompence the *tediouſneſs* of his *journey*; and an *entertainment* ſuitable to the *Quality* of a *Gentleman*.

His way being *long*, it is not amiſſe that he allowes himſelfe ſometimes a *recreation* and *diverſion*. But then his *recreation* ſhall be alwaies ſuch as he *dares not* make his *buſineſs*, and yet ſuch as he *dares* ſafely make his *play*: It hath alwaies ſo much of *Innocence* as to be *blameleſſe*, and ſo much *Brevity* as to be no *Hinderance*. It has ſo much *Youthfulneſſe*, as not to be a *Buſineſſe*, and yet ſo much *Buſineſs* as not to be *Boyiſh*. It ſhall bring with it ſo much real *pleaſure* as may make it a *refreſhment*, and yet ſo little

little *loveliness*, as may spoile the *temptation*. He may step *over* the Hedge into the pleasant *Meadow*, and pluck a sweet *flower* or *two* to *smell* to as he goes along, but he dares not lie him *down*, or *rowle* himselfe upon the tender *grasse*, lest he should be tempted to too *long* a *stay* and thereby be *benighted* in his journey.

He thinks it no *prudence* to fall in *love* with any *sport*, which like a cunning thiefe, *smiles* him in the *face*; whilest it *cuts* his *purse*, *steals* away his *time*, and *cheats* him of a *good Conscience*. If *Agar* once begin thus to insinuate her selfe into those affections, *which* are *only* due to her *Mistress*; out of doors she shall goe: He intends not to *sell* his *Charity* at so *cheap* a rate, as the *false pleasure* of his *game*; Nor has he so little either *thrift* or *Religion*, as to make so *foolish* an *Exchange*, and part either with his *Soule* or his *Time* for the *Transitory* delight of a *dangerous* temptation. His usual *Recreation* therefore is, to make a *play* of his *Study*. He makes *one* study, like a *shooing-horne*, to *draw on* another, and makes the *variety* the *recreation*. Thus he takes the surest course that may be for making, his

Study

Study ſo much his *Delight*, he ſaves himſelfe the *labour* of ſtudying for a *Paſſe-time*.

§. 15. *His Good Husbandry at Home.*

When the Gentleman comes to have the manageing of his owne *Eſtate*, he takes pains to inſtruct the World, how farr a man may be *Frugall* with *Honour*; and a *Good Husband* without a ſuſpicion of being *worldly* or *covetous*, and againe how *freely* a man may *ſpend* his *Eſtate*, and yet be no *prodigall*. He hath ſo *Circumſpect* and watchfull an Eye upon all his *affaires*, that you may ſee he had much rather *give* away his *eſtate*, then be *cheated* of it. He would be *cozen'd* of *nothing*, for feare of loſing the opportunity of *beſtowing much*. As he would not allow the *unfaithfulneſſe* of a *ſervant*, to prevent the *Bounty* of the *Maſter*; ſo neither would he have the *Maſters negligence* to occaſion the *ſervants diſhoneſty*.

His *Table* is *moderate*, that ſo his *Charity* and *Hoſpitality* may *exceed*: as he ſtudies to be good *himſelfe*, ſo endeavours he to make *every* member of the *Family* as *good* as he; and he will have his *ſervants* to be his

his *Disciples*, no lesse then his *Children*, Neither ever does he so *wholly* vindicate there *service* to *himself*, but he allowes them *time enough* to *pay* what they *owe* both to *God* and their *owne soules*.

If his condition of life be *single*, he so behaves himselfe therein, that no man shall thence be able to conclude, either that *he* wants a *Wife*, or his *house* a *Mistresse*; So much *Chastity* has the *one*, and so much *good order* is there in the *other*. But if he thinke it fit to *change* his condition, he endeavours to chuse a *second selfe*, that may *suite* with the *former*; that so they may be (as neare as he can effect it) one *Spirit*, as well as one *flesh*. Whom, not long agoe, he *courted* rather as a *Vertue* then a *Mistresse*, he now *uses* as a *wife*, and not as a *servant*; not (as 'tis usually of late) calling her *Mistresse* and *Lady before* she be his *wife*, whom he intends to make his *drudge* all her life time *after*. Nor does he (as too many) marry *onely* for *Mony*; knowing that *such* are in danger of committing *Adultery* after *Marriage*, seeing they never marri'd the *Woman*, but her *Portion*. With him *Vertue* and *Love*, not *Money* and *Parentage*, make the match;

and

and the *queſtion* he asks, is not—*What has ſhe?* but—*What is ſhe?* He makes *Prudence* and *Religion* the *guides* of his *Love*; and ſo he becomes as *good* an *Huſband* and *Father*, as before he was a *man*.

Sect. 16. *His Religion.*

I have told you (Sir) already that the Gentleman is not *aſhamed* to be call'd a *Religious* man; although that *Epithete* be thought no better then a terme of *debaſement*, by the *degenerate* Gentry of our age. He *owns* a *God*, and he *Worſhips* him, and makes that *Honour* which he obſerves *others* to render unto *God*, the ground of *his* reſpect to *them*. He looks upon no man as a *Gentleman*, but *him* alone, who derives his *pedigree* higher then from *Adam*, even from *Heaven*: and he accompts all thoſe who can brook any *Diſhonour* or *Contempt* of their *God*, that one *Common Father* of us all, as a *Baſtard* and no *Son*. It would be no *Honour* for him to ſeek an acquaintance here upon *Earth*, and therefore by his frequent *Devotions* he often goes to ſeek out a better in *Heaven*; where he may be ſure

to

to meet. with ſuch as ſhall be worth his *keeping*. He dares call every man a *Fool* to his face, who with *Davids Fool*, ſuffers either his *tongue* or his *heart* to ſay, *There is no God*.

If you ask him what *Religion* he is of, his anſwer is ready, of his *mothers*; that is, he is a *true Son* of the *Church*: And yet is he onely ſo far *her Son*, as he ſees her willing to continue his *Saviors Sponſe*. Neither is he content to be ſtill an *Infant* in Religion, and to be taught onely (as *mothers* uſe to teach their *young* children) to ſay his *prayers* and his *Creed* by *rote*, but he *prayes* and *believes* and *practices* all truly *by heart*. Notwithſtanding, he never *forgets* his *Mother*, nor neglects to *Honour* her with his *Life* and *Subſtance*. He is alwaies more ready to take her *Directions* for the *Forme* and *Method* of all his *duties*, then to be *Diſciplined* by all thoſe *Chatting Dry-Nurſes* which are ſo buſy about him, ſuch as indeed have *talke* enough, but (alas) no *Milke*, whoſe whole buſineſſe is indeed to make him *undutiful* to his *own Mother*, and to ſet light by all her *Counſels*, and *Commands*: perſwading him to believe that a *true Child*

of

of God, not *subject* to a *Mother* in any thing; And they never ſhow their *venemous* teeth more plainly, then when they go about to make him forget what this *Mother* of all *Chriſtians*, by a ſtrict *Command* from her *Deareſt Lord*, has ever been moſt *careful* to *teach* all her children, to ſay——OUR FATHER.

He goes not to *Church* to *ſave* his *Credit* or his *Purſe*, to *ſee* his *friend*, or *ſpeak* with his *Tenent*, but to *meet* his *Heavenly Father*, and *Commune* with his God, and take *Directions* from *him* how to *behave* himſelf the following *Week* or *Day*. When he is there, he makes his *heart* accompany his *tongue*, and his *Eare* keep time with the *Preacher*: Every *Morning* and *Evening*, like a *Dutifull* Son, he in private *Confeſſeth* his *faults*, and *begs* his Fathers *pardon* and *bleſſing*; and for the better ordering of his *following* duties, reads over with *care* and *humility* ſome part of thoſe *Directions*, which he had long ſince commanded his ſervants to ſet down in *writing* for his uſe.

He chuſeth his *Religion*, not by its *commonneſs* but its *truth*: and often *weighs* each branch

branch of it in the *Balance* of the *Sanctuary*, that he may be ſure it is *full weight*. He takes it not up by *votes*, nor (as it is moſt evident too many do) thruſt his hand at all, *peradventure* into an Hat-full of *Lots*, being content with whatſoever he *hits* on *firſt*; for ſhould he goe the *firſt* way to work, he knows, he ſhould be ſure to have, not what's *beſt* and *ſoundeſt*, but the *eaſieſt*, and moſt *gainful*; if the latter, it is an hundred to one that he ſhall draw a *blanck*, and be made an *Atheiſt* for his labour. Here he dares not by any meanes follow or embrace what's moſt in *Faſhion*, for that ('tis clear) is *Hypocriſie*, the cunning *Siſter* of *Atheiſme*, or *Atheiſme ſhamed* or *frighted* into *conformity*; but he profeſſes that which is moſt *Ancient*, for that (he may be ſure) will at laſt be found moſt true.

His *Religion* is not ſuch a *Young*, *Light*, and *wanton* Girle, as pleaſes the vain *Phancy* of every giddy *Intereſted Profeſſor*; but ſoch a *Grave Matron*, whoſe natural *Beauty* and *Conſtancy*, the Gray-haires of *Prudence* and *Sobriety*, have ever judged to be truly *Venerable* and moſt deſerving of the *Chriſtians* embraces. This is that worthy *Lady*, which

which he dayly *courts* to make her the *Miſtreſs* and *Protectreſs* of his *Soule*, and ſhe it is alone that can give him a *breeding* fit for *Heaven*.

He ſhowes how *freely* he can go on in the wayes of *Godlineſſe* without a *Spurre*; and how *baſe* a thing it is, and unbecoming his *Quality* to be *driven* into Heaven by *force*. By his *haſte* and *chearfulneſſe* in his race, he evidences his *ſenſe* of the *worth* of what he aimes at; And by his *eagernſſe* in the purſuit of another world, endeavours to confute the *folly* of thoſe, who would linger out an *eternitie* (were it poſſible) amongſt the *Onyons* and *Fleſhpots* of *this Ægypt*. As he was *borne* a *man*, ſo he had his *Inheritance* upon *Earth*; but as he is *New-borne* a *Chriſtian*, he leaves this *traſh* to the *Prodigall younger Brother*, expecting a *Poſſeſſion durable in the Heavens*.

He feares as little the name of *Preciſe* and *Zealous*, wherewith the *Devill* in the Mouths of his *Diſciples*, thinkes to *fright* him out of all *Holineſs*; as *they* underſtand them, who thus too freequently *abuſe* them. That *Boyſterous* breath which the *prophane* world ſends forth to *deride* and *croſs* him in his intended

intended voyage, he, like a *skilful* Pilate so orders by the right *Composing* of his *Sayles*, that he makes *that* his greatest *advantage* and furtherance, which was intended for his *ruine*. He can go to Heaven with any *wind*, and with any *Name*, where he is so sure to meet with a *title* of *Honour*, *a name written in the Book of Life*, even the *Honour of all his Saints*. He cannot phancy that to be any *debasement* of his Spirit, which carries him out upon so *High* and *Noble* Atchievements; but thinks it an Happinesse to go into *Canaan*, though it be through a *Red Sea*, and a rude *Wilderneſſe*; whilest others (alas) feed so greedily upon the *Quailes*, that they never *say grace*, but in a *murmuring*; that they have not *more* and *better* cheer; He feeds more upon his *hopes*, then his *enjoyments*, and blesses his God for *both*.

And now this *Religion*, which he has thus wisely *espoused*, and entirely *loves*, he dares not prostitute to *Interest* or *Humour*: But as any man accounts the enjoyment of *one* thing which he principally *loves*, enough to recompence him for all that he has been constrain'd to part with in his pursuit after

it: so the *Religious Gentleman* can freely part with both *Honour* and *Interest*, with all he *enjoyes*, and all he hopes for here, for his *Religions* sake, being sure to find them all againe hereafter, in the fruition of *Her*, whom he so sincerely loves. Like a *Prudent* lover, he removes all occasions of *Jealousie* from his beloved; His *Religion* shall never have cause to feare, that either his *Pleasure* or his *Honour*, or his *Profit*, shall gaine so much upon his affections, as to become her *Rivall*.

§. 17. *The Conclusion of this Character.*

Thus (Sir) Whilest I goe about to give you the Character of a true *Gentleman*, I am falne into that of a *Christian*; and indeed no wonder, for there is such a necessary *Connexion* betwixt these two, that they seeme to be no more then the *Different Names* of the *same man*. If you desire to have his picture in a lesse compasse here it is.

The *true* Gentleman, is one that is God's *servant*, *the Worlds Master*, and his *own man*.

His

His *Vertue* is his *Buſineſs*, his *Study* his *recreation*, *Contentedneſs* his reſt, and *Happineſs* his *reward*. God is his *Father*, the *Church* is his *Mother*, the *Saints* his *Brethren*, all that *need* him his *Friends*, and *Heaven* his *Inheritance*. *Religion* is his *Miſtreſs*, *Loyalty* and *Juſtice* her *Ladies* of *Honour*; *Devotion* is his *Chaplain*, *Chaſtity* his *Chamberlain*, *Sobriety* his *Butler*, *Temperance* his *Cook*, *Hoſpitality* his *Houſekeeper*, *Providence* his *Steward*, *Charity* his *Treaſurer*: *Piety* is *Miſtreſs*, of the *Houſe*, and *Diſcretion* the *Portor*, to let *in* and *out* as is moſt fit. Thus is his whole *Family* made up of *Vertues*, and he the true *Maſter* of his *Family*. He is neceſſitated to take the world in his *way* to Heaven, but he walks *through* it as faſt as he can; and all his buſineſſe by the *way* is to make himſelfe and others *happy*. Take him all in two words, he is a *man* and a *Chriſtian*.

And here (Sir) 'tis time that I beg both the Gentlemans pardon and Yours, for thus abuſing his name; and preſuming to give you his Character, whoſe excellencies are not to be *comprehended*, much leſſe *expreſſed*, by any one *leſſe* then himſelfe. I

have an A*pology* at hand, for giving you this *rude* and *imperfect* draught of his P*icture*: that I give it you *at all*, it is my *obedience* to your Command; that you receive it so *mishapen* and *ill proportion'd*, besides the little *experience* and lesse *skill* of the Painter, he has this to say for himselfe; he could hardly tell where, being absent from such as *you* Sir, to find a *true* Gentleman to draw it by: But either he was constrained to take it from the *Dead*, and then no wonder if his work fall short both of *complexion* and *life*; or by that faint *Idea* he had in his own mind, & therefore he hopes he is excusable, though he sometimes mistake in the *Feature*. If you meet in any place with too *deep a shadow*, where there should be more *light*, he desires, that beside the *weakness* of his *eye*, you would consider the *Darkness* of the *Time*, and the *uncertain light* he saw by. For we live so much in the *Evening* of the world, when the thick and foggy *mists* of *Ignorance* darken the air; and that fading light we have, is so *variously* refracted by our *Glittering* vices; and so *often* reflected by the *disfigured* glasses of *Phancy* and *Humour*; that there is nothing troubles him so much,

much, as that he is unhappily furniſhed with ſo *many excuſes* to plead for his *errour*. But if any will not be ſatisfied with this, he yet layes claime to a further *Priviledge* of a *Painter*, that is, to be a little more *talkative*, and to ſay ſomething more in vindication of what he has done; and thereby demonſtrate, that the excellent *Original* he would have *Copy'd*, is either not at all, or very rarely to be met with, at this *day*, in *England*.

SECT. IV.

§. 1. *How few of the true* Gentlemen *are now to be found in* England.

I Need not tell *You* (Sir) who have paid so dear for the sad *changes*; that it is our hard hap to live in a *reforming* Age, wherein most things grow every *day new*, but very few things *better*. And I do heartily wish it were as seriously *Consider'd* by *themselves*, as it is well *known* to *most*, *rejoyced* at by *some*, and sadly *lamented* by *others*, what a *decrease* and *wanting* there has been in the *Gentry* of *England* within a few of the last years; and that not only in the *number* of their *Persons*, and *largeness* of their *Estates*? but even in the *Excellencies* of their *Souls*, and the *greatness* of their *Vertues*, as if it had been a *small* thing for them to live so long the *despised Vassels* of their *Hippocritical Adversaries*, the good *masters* that have so long *ruled* us, except they had

had been permitted by the ſevereſt kind of *cruelty* to take *vengeance* of their own *vertues*, and render themſelves ten times more the wretched *Captives*, and deſpicable *ſlaves*, of their own Tyrannical *Luſts*, and Atheiſtical *Humours* then before. Indeed an *Atheiſt* and a *Gentleman* in the opinion of many, have for a long time been either *Synonimous*, or at leaſt *Convertible* termes: I dare not, I confeſſe, have ſuch hard thoughts of *all*, though I could hartily wiſh, they would rather take ſome paines by their *lives* and *Converſations* to prove this to be an *abſurd*, then *ſtretch* their *lungs* to cry out upon it, and *ſwear* it to be a *raſh* and *uncharitable* Cenſure.

Indeed, if on the *one ſide*, in a feigned *ſhow* of Religion to exclaime againſt *drunkenneſs* and *ſwearing*, and other ſuch like *lowd* and *open* Prophaneneſſes, will ſuffice to denominate the *Saint*: Or if on the *other ſide* to cry out upon *Hipocricie* and *Injuſtice*, *Rebellion* and *Sacriledge*, *Lying* and *Perjury* may be thought ſufficient to conſtitute a true *Son* of the *Church* of *England*: then have we *all* enough to ſay for our ſelves, and to prove that moſt of our *Gentlemen*

are indeed *Christians.* But, alas, it is too manifest, that on the *one* hand, all this *Canting* and *superficial Sanctity*; all these *strained sighs* and *groanes*, and *turn'd-up Eyes*, are no better then Sathans *Sundaies Garbe*, or the painted *maske* and *vizards*, which *Avarice*, *Ambition* and *Interest* love to be *seen* in abroad. These are the *enriching Crafts*, whereby our *Demetriuse's get their wealth.* Many who have passed for *Saints* a long time (*experience* has shown it us) have been just such as *he*, who had rather make *Silver shrines* for *Diana*, so they may be sure to be well *paid* for their work, then build *Temples* for the *Worship* of a *Crucified Jesus* in hopes of an Heaven, and meet with his *Cross* for their pains. And on the *other* hand, all those *ravings* which we dayly hear against *Oppression*, *Hypocricie* and *Tyranny*, I am afraid, they are not so often the *seasonable* overflowings of a *devout* Spirit, a *sincere* Soul, and a *Loyal* heart; as the wild *out-rages* of a *boyling* Passion, of a *confined* Vice, and a *restrained* lust, which makes the sufferer like a *mad man* to *gnaw* upon his *chains* and *fetters*: or else they are the *violent* motions of a *revengfull* soul, which *frets* it self at the *prosperity*

sperity of the *wicked*, and had rather see its *enemies miserable*, then *it self sober* and *good*. This is in truth that which many have thought enough to give *either* party the title of *religious*: but how they make good their claim to this title in their *Actions*, it is but too visible.

Certainly if the *Gentlemans life* and ordinary *Conversation* may be thought (as it ought to be) the best *Index* to point us out to his *opinion*; we shall have much adoe to meet, in most of those that own that name, with a *good Opinion* either of *God* or *Religion*. Most of them (I am sure the *Younger* sort) do grudge either of these the least place in their *discourse*, and therefore, it is to be fear'd as little in their *thoughts*. They would as soon, nay much sooner make choice of a *Tinker* or a *Fidler*, then of a *Religious* man for their *Companion*. Alas, such an one would spoil all their *mirth*, and make their very *lives*, by plunging them into a *melancholly mood*, meer *torments* to them. Any thing that's *grave* and *serious* they perfectly *loath*, and utterly *reject*, as that which cannot at present suit with their more *sprightly* and *flourishing* years: *Age* and

and *ſcarcity* of their *Juvenile* blood, will *hereafter* (they thinke) make this a buſineſſe of *Courſe*, and ſo they had rather have it then make it now a matter of *choice*: what need *they* be Religious *now*, who ſhall (as they thinke) whether they will or no, be ſo *before* they *die*?

If we ſhould but a while take notice how many *Rivers* the *Gentlemen* of our times daily commit, all thoſe wanton *Frolicks* and *Revellings* they are not onely *guilty* of, but *glory* in; eſpecially when they are at the *Taverne* or ſome other *good houſe* of *expence* and *Merriment*, we ſhould be readier to *loſe* our *ſelves* in Admiration of their *Madneſs*, then to *find* out any thing of reall *Honour* and *Nobility* in *them*. To behold them their *Contending* for the *Victory* over a *pot*, and taking the *meaſure* of their *Gallantry* by the *ſtrength* of their *Braines*, or *Capacity* of there *Bellies*: to heare them there drawing up with ſo much complacency an *Inventory* and *Catalogue* of all their *ſinfull* extravagances, and in a *double* proportion intermixing their *prophaneſſes* with their *wine*: whileſt they *drink wine with a Song* and prove themſelves *mighty to drink ſtrong drinke*: To

hear

hear them *roaring* themſelves *out* of *breath*, never taking leave of their *wine*, but of their *ſenſes* too: nor forbearing their *Oaths* till they be able to *ſpeak* no more; would you believe theſe men could ever be ſo *ſober*, as to *mention* the name of a *Chriſtian* or *Gentleman?*

And yet 'tis moſt *certain* as well as *ſad*; that you can never be more ſure to meet with our *Gentry* in any place, then at theſe *Academies* of *ſin*, and *Nurſeries* of *uncleanneſs*, their *exerciſing* their *abilities*, and making themſelves *expert* in all thoſe *arts* whereby they may moſt gratifie *Sathan*, and as it were, in ſo many open *Bravadoes*, *challenge* the *Almightie* into the *field*, and *dare* him to do the *worſt* he *can*.

But (alas) we need not ſeek ſo great an advantage over them, as to *take* them there, where they have ſo often *loſt* themſelves, and it heartily grieves me, as certainly it muſt do every *Charitable Chriſtian*, to ſee them ſo deſperately *madded* with the *fear* of being accounted *Holy*, and ſo ravenouſly *greedy* of eternal *deſtruction*, as thus to *ſwallow* it down by whole *Bowles*, and make their Companions *Merry* at the working out of

their

their own *Damnation.* Doubtleſſe *Sathan* hath but too much power over theſe men when they are moſt *Sober*, they need not give him the *advantage* of finding them ſo often *drunk.* Excep in a *Gallantry* they deſire to ſhew the World how *boldly* they dare *defie Heaven*, and how much they *Scorne* to *owe* their *ruine* to *any* but themſelves.

At ſuch *good* places as theſe, is it, that our *Gentlemen* make all their *Bargains*, *entertain* all their *friends*, *treat* all their *Ladies*: here they *Conſult* about the weightieſt affaires of the *Common-wealth*; *Seal* and *Confirme* all their agreements in the very height of their *Intemperance*; as if they were afraid they ſhould *know* or *remember* hereafter what then they did; or as if they were Confident *then* to be in a Capacity of doing all things *beſt*, when they were leaſt of all themſelves: There can be no *meeting* at leaſt, no *parting* without a *Cup*; as if there could be no ſurer pledg of *friendſhip*, or tie of a *civil Correſpondence* and *Familiarity*, then by being thus *Drunk* together, or at leaſt, next dore to it:

And now all this *Madneſſe*, muſt be thought

thought no worse then the *Demonstration* of that *civility* and *courtesy* which they owe one another; a *necessary kindness*, or an *handsome treatment*: And who so refuses either to goe along with them, or to do as they do when he is there, he is no better then an *uncivil fellow*, and no *Companion* for *Gentlemen:* what a *disgrace* is it held for a man to leave a *drop* in the bottome of his *Cup*? What an *affront* is it to the Company, not to pledge every man his *whole one*? And not to admit every *Health*, it is no lesse then the greatest disrespect and *Injury* can be offer'd to the *person* in remembrance; whosoever refuseth it, especially if it be a *Lady* or a *Minion* is remembred, shall be sure to hear of it with an *Oath* now, and perhaps a *Challenge* anon.

More *Ceremony* is used, and more *Reverence* by halfe, to *set off* their drunken *Revel*, then to *grace* the *Worship* and service of their *God*: All must be *bare*, and all upon their *knees*, and a *Catch* instead of an *Hymne*: this is their *morning* and their *evening Devotion*; but whether this be the true *service* of their *God*, or the *businesse* of *Gentlemen*, I dare appeal to those *Consciences* of

theirs

theirs, which they now endeavour so to *silence* and *drown* both by their *Drinking* and their *Roaring*.

Nay, it seems very evident, that even these *Gentlemen* themselves make this *Sottish-pass-time* the most infallible *mark* of true *Gallantry*: and account him a person of *worth*, and without all exceptions *fit* for their Company, whosoever can but *take off* his *Cups* handsomely, and is versed in all the *Methods* and *Maximes* of this *Hellish Art*. Indeed they have made it a kind of *Science*, and have given it so many *rules* and *lawes* of late, that he that will now be *expert* in it, had need to serve out an *Apprenticeship* to learn all the *circumstances* and *termes*, though he be never so perfect in the *Substance* before. *Any* person how *contemptible* soever shall not be thought unworthy of their company, if he be but the *Master* of this *Art*. Even he whom they would almost scorne to own for a *man*, when *Sober*, and in his *right wits*, when he is *drunk* or *mad*, though but a *Tinker* or a *Cobler*, he is a companion for *Gentlemen*. I do not grudge the poor fellowes the *honour* of such *Society*, nor indeed can I think it any: But

I

I am more the *Gentlemans friend*, and more tender of his *Reputation* then he himſelfe: I do therefore make it my *prayer* as it is doubtleſſe much the *griefe* and trouble of all *good* men to ſee them otherwiſe at preſent, that they may at laſt become more *charitable* to themſelves, then thus to *debauch* and *un-man* their owne ſoules, and fall as much below the *Nature* of men, as the *Quality* of Gentlemen.

§ 2. *An Enquiry into the more civill ſort of our Engliſh Gentlemen.*

But let us look upon our *Gentlemen* in a more *ſober* Poſture; though, I am afraid they will take it as an *Injury* done them, to conſider them thus *abſtractedly* from the *higheſt* degree of *debauchery*: take away their *Pot* and their *Pipe*, and you rob the moſt of them, of the moſt delightſome *method* they know, of *ſpending* their *time*, which is ſuch a *trouble* to them. This is it, which is their *burthen*, and their *diſeaſe*, that as the Stag with the Arrow in his ſide, they run, and ſhift, and throw themſelves about from place to place, and are alwaies *mad* to be

rid

rid on't; 'till the *ſad moment* appare where in they are call'd out of the world, and then their *time* and *life*, both equally *deſired*, *vaniſh* together. This *waſting* of their *time*, they eſteem as a thing ſo *innocent* in it ſelfe, that they ſeem to apprehend a *Goodneſſe* in it, great enough to make them a *pretence* for all their *other* vices, and *ſinful* employments, ſhrouding them all under the generally approved names of *Neceſſary* Paſſe-*times* and *diverſions*. *Cards* or *Diſe*, *Bowling* or *Hunting*, or *Fidling*, or any thing that has but a *Motion* in it to delude the tediouſneſſe of their *houres*; ſhall be welcome to them, and thought to be things not onely *harmeleſſe* and *honeſt*, but as invented to this good end of *paſſing away* the *time*, things *deſireable* by moſt, and very *commendable* in a *Gentleman*. In theſe they *merrily* ſpend, both their *Nights* and their *Dayes*, their *livelihoods*, and the greateſt part of their *lives*; whileſt the poor deglected *Soul* all this while, cannot be allowed ſo much as *half an hour's* time in the *Morning*, by her *Devotions*, and viewing her face in the Glaſſe of *Gods Word*, to *dreſſe* her ſelf for *Heaven*.

Into

Into how many *Gentlemens Families* ſhall you come, where they do not ordinarily by *ſleeping* out all the *morning*, make it *Night till Noon?* They riſe from their Beds juſt ſo *early* as their *Dinners* may prevent their *Devotion:* When they are thus removed from *Bed* to *Board*, they feed there their *Luſts* better than their *Bodies*, and yet their *Bodies* more than their *Soules*. The *Table* is the *Altar* where they *ſacrifice* there *Healths* to their *Appetites*; and *Temperance* to *Luxury*. They chuſe their meat, by its *Coſt* and *Rarity*, not *Uſe* and *Wholſomneſſe*; and it is too true a Proverb, That *what's farre fetch't and deare bought, is meat for Gentlemen*. After they have thus ſatiated for a while their *Luſts*, and gratified the *delicacie* of their *Pallates*, they muſt ſit out an hours *impertinent* and *idle tattle* to digeſt their *exceſſe*: when they have done this, they are ready for another *nap*, and that prepares them for another *meale*, except the *Taverne* or their *game* prevent it.

If they chance to heare of ſome *Pamphlet*, *Libell* or *Paſquill*, wherein ſome *honeſt name* is a ſufferer, or where *Chaſtity* is put to

do *penance* in an *obscene sheet*; any piece of *Drollery* or wanton *Ballad* upon a *Mistress*, a *New Romance* or a *play*, presently the *News* of it is dispatch'd from one to another, these shall be *read* and *pondred over and over*, and be their discourse and passetime at every meeting. For mine own part it hath very rarely been my Fortune to meet with a *Club* of *Gentlemen*, but as often as I have, I have been *frighted* out of it again, or have had good cause to repent me afterwards, that I was *not* so, by that *wild* kind of *behaviour*, and *looseness* of *talk* I *heard* or *saw* amongst them. The *best* of their talk at any meeting, is but to ask and impart the *Newes* then stirring, or to give their judgments of the *Ladies* and the *fashion* of the times; to find fault with their *own* Taylors, or to commend *anothers*; to *droll* out the time, or vie *Wits* by abusing each other, but every man most of all himselfe. If any man in the Company can (and there be not many that can do so much) *by* some slight *probleme*, make a shift to pose his fellowes; he thinkes he has done wonders, and has sufficiently vindicated his *credit* from the imputation of *Ig-*

norance

norance or *idleneſſe* for ever.

Alas (Sir) what is it that even the *prime* of our *Gentlemen* pride themſelves in? even *they* whome we are prone to eſteem highly, and ſtile *Civil* and *Ingenuous* Perſons! what but a little *vain* and *glittering* Apparrel? and he's the Compleateſt *Gentleman* for the moſt part, who wears the beſt *ſuit*, and ſhines moſt in a *tinſel bravery*. Who is thought the man of the higheſt *inward* accompliſhments, but he that can talk *volubly* of the *cuſtomes* and *vices* of the *Court*, or that which is moſt *like* it now there is *none*? He that can tell you how much he is *courted* by the *Ladies*, and how much he is in *favour* with our *Great Folkes*. He that can expreſſe himſelf *modeſtly* in a Complement, that can *ſpeak* much, and *dance* well, and *hand* his *Lady* with the greateſt *grace* along the ſtreets. theſe are the *brave gentlemen* that are every where cry'd up as they go for *Gallant* and well accompliſh'd perſons. Or if you would go higher yet, then he muſt be the man, that has *laden* his memory with a few broken *Ends* and *Chippings* of Hiſtory: or can tell you ſtrainge ſtories of the *faſhions* and *Cuſtomes* of *other Nations*,

and tell you where he has been, and what *rarities* he has seen; and at once perhaps both *discommend* and *practise* their vices. Or if he be yet a more through *Scholar*, and generally acquainted both with *books* and *men*, so far as to *applaud* and *censure* and talk *Skeptically*: If he be an exquisite *Mathematician*, or *Musician*, or the like; We think we have reason enough to suppose him company for the *best*; and certainly he were so, would he but labour to be *one* of them, when he is *amongst* them. But, alas, what's become of his *God* and his *Religion* all this while? If you can find a *little* of either in his *discourse*, 'tis much, though there be just *nothing* of them in his *life*; All those *other* accomplishments were truly commendable, were they thus accompanied, not but being so (*alas*) they are stark naught.

Let us passe on to those who are thought by many the most *Sober* and *serious* persons of all others, and even amongst these (I fear) we shall find too many, on whom we can onely bestow this *poor* commendation, that they are more *gravely wicked*, more *cautiously sinful*, and more *soberly Atheistical*,

call. Such are the men, who (as I have told you before) flatter themselves up in a kind of *Negative Justice*, and thereby with those whose *persons* and *estates* they have not *actively* violated or diminished, are esteem'd persons of much *worth* and *Honour*; and yet these are no better then the *tamer* sort of *Sathans* servants, whom by a long *usage* he has made somewhat lesse *wanton*, and brought up to his *hand*, and has *taught* them to *cozen* and *dissemble* almost as well as himselfe. I need not tell any affectionate *Son* of the distressed *Church* of *England*, how good *friends* and *servants*, these *good*, *honest*, *civil*, *sober*, and *Prudent* men, have all along been to his poor Mother: How many of them have *quietly* stood by, and look'd on, if with no *delight*, yet (I am sure) with a great deal of unworthy *patience*, and base *connivence*, whilest *she* has been mercilesly *torn* in pieces, by the *cruel* teeth of those *ravenous* beasts, which *pretended* to *watch* and *defend* her: and yet not so much as an *Arrow* shot out of any other *Quiver* then their *mouths* in a *Chimney-corner*, against any of them. Whilest the *Younger* Gentlemen want *true*

Prudence, and the *old* have *too much* of that they *miscall* so, they all prove very bad *Souldiers*, for such as pretend to fight under *Christs Banner*, and on the behalfe of his *Church*; which truly *now*, if ever may be call'd truly *Militant*, and that too for *want* of *good Souldiers*. If *our* English Gentlemen be made to *stay* too, and *expect* their *Honour*, till they shall be *Knighted* in the *field* for that *good service* which they have done the *Church*, of which they would be thought *Members*; It will I fear, be a *sad* and unwelcome *sword* must *Dub* them.

It is too plainly apparent, that very few of them have so much reall *Honour*, as may make them *sensible* how they *lose* it. For if they had, could you imagine it *possible*, that so many *horrid murthers* and *rapines*, so many incredible *Treasons* and *Blasphemies*, such as their *Posterity* will not find *faith* enough to believe, should be thus *openly acted* and *frequently vented* even in their *faces*; and not a man so much as *move* his hand to *revenge* what's *past*, or *prevent* what's to *come*? Nay how often have the greatest part of them, by a base *compliance* with *those* men who have always struck at the

very

very *root* of that *Religion*, which they ſo *ſolemnly* (ſome of them more then once) *ſwore* to defend, given themſelves not onely the *lie*, but the *perjury*? Alas, their *Honours* are ſo *jaded* by *drawing* after them the Dung-*Carts* of their *eſtates*, that they now brooke any *rider* whatſoever. Had but one *tenth* part of thoſe *vaſt* ſums of *Money*; and thoſe many excellent *parts*, which theſe *ſuppoſed* Good-husbands, have *prodigally* laviſh'd out in the *Tavern*, or at their *Game*, been put to that *good* uſe it might have bin, the *Church* might have received her owne with *uſury*; *England* might yet have had the *face* of *England*, and they deſerved the *Name* of *Gentlemen*.

Sect. 3. *An Appeale to the Gentlemans own Conſcience.*

For *Confirmation* of all this that hath been ſaid, I ſhall dare to make my *appeal* to the *Gentelman's Conſcience*, though I dare not think it to be one of the *beſt*, or moſt *impartiall* in this caſe. I heartily wiſh he would in *earneſt* and in *truth* tell me, that whoſoever ſaith *England* has now but *few*

true *Gentlemen*, is guilty of a *Scandall*. I confesse I could almost willingly be *guilty* of the *Sin*, upon condition his *innocence* would once *prove* me a *liar*.

If he can think it possible to be a true *Gentleman* without any *sense* of true *Honour* or *religion*; or if he dars call him *Religious* and think him *desirous* of *Heaven*, who (though his whole *life* be little enough to prepare for it, yet) grudges to spend one *minute* of his time to gain it: If he have the *charity* to account him *pious*, who suffers his *soul* to *starve* for want of *Spiritual* food, and yet can *feast* and *Pamper* up his *lusts* every hour: if he can have a true *sense* of *Honour*, who can phancy himselfe *happy* in *Sathan's* service, and oftner upon his *knees* to *him* then to his *God*; who makes his *Soul* the very *drudge* of his *Body*, and his *carnal* appetite the *Mistresse* of his *life*; and every one of his *members* the *slave* of some *lust* or other: If that man can rationally be thought, to set a *just* estimate upon an *honest reputation*, who had rather lie *dabling* in the *dirt*, and *wallowing* in the *mire of Sin*, then *walke* in the *pleasant* paths of *Holinesse*; the *high-way* to *Heaven*:

If

If it be a mark of *Religion*, to drein out a vaſt eſtate, by a vain *ambition* placed in *fine* cloaths, *delicious* meats, *rich* wines: *waſting* Games, and other ſuch like *expenſive* ſins as are now the *mode*; and all this while, not one *mite* caſt into Gods *exhauſted treaſury*, not a *Rag* deſigned to cover the poor mans *nakedneſſe*; If to behold Gods own *peculiar* ſervants and *Ambaſſadors* lie ſtarving in the ſtreets for want of ſome few *morſels* or *crumbs* of that *bread* which they grudge not by *whole loaves* to throw to their *Dogs*: If to ſee Gods *Houſe* all on *fire*, occaſion'd by the *outrages* of their own *flaming paſſions*; and Gods *children* frying in the midſt of the flame, and yet not ſo much as *move* a *foot* to fetch a little water to quench the *one*, or ſtretch out an *arme* to *ſave* the *other*: if any man can judge theſe things to be the tokens of *Religion* or *Honour*: If to *ſit ſtill* all the day *idle*, and *laugh* at thoſe who are *working* in the *Vineyard*; if to come into a *Church* with a long train of *gaudy* attendants, and to *ſhine* a while there in a little *gariſh* pomp; if to ſit in the *higheſt* Pue, and to make this the chief part of their *devotion* (without ſo much

much as the Pharisee's *Lord, I thanke thee*) that they are *better then other men*; if to justle a *poore* neighbour out of their presence, with a *stand off, for I am more Honourable then thou*; if to *scoffe* at all those who make any *shew* of *Piety*, or to *deride* all those who think it necessary to have *more* then a *shew*, be the *infallible* characters whereby we may know a *Gentleman*, then indeed I must of necessity confesse we have yet *more* then *enough* such *Gentlemen* in this poor *England*.

I had rather *mourne* in *secret*, and in *sadnesse* of *Spirit*, *sigh* out the rest unto my God, then proceed at present any further in so *unpleasant* a theme. O that the *spilt blood* of Christs poore languishing *spouse*, cry not too lowd in *Heaven* at the *last* day, not onely against those *bloody* soules, who have now *barbarously* thrust their *spears* into her side, and with *inhumane* hands *torne* out her very *Bowels*; but even against all *those* too, who could have a *Calme* upon their *Spirits*, whilest the *tempest* continued in the *Church*, and could hold it prudence to sit still, and not come forth to the help of Gods *spouse*, and his *anointed* one against the *mighty*; and therefore onely because they appeared

peared *mighty*. My prayers are, that an *early*, and an *active* repentance, may *seasonably* prevent their *threatned* ruine; and a timely *understanding* of their own *names*, may make them before it be too late, truly *sensible* of their *duties*, and in earnest endeavour to regain that *Honour*, which they have been too remiss hitherto in preserving *spotlesse*. This is my great *Charity* to the *Gentlemans* soul, and the highest *respect* I can conceive any man owes to his *person*, is to wish that *part* of him *best*, which *he* seems to regard *least*. I would to God he could *once*, though *late*, have so great a charity and respect for himselfe, that so he might not one day be found, with *weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth*, crying out upon himselfe with no lesse *reason*, then *despair* and *horrour*, even as that *once glorious* Church; to the untimely *ruine* whereof his *sins* have in so large a measure contributed, cries out upon him now with *sorrow* and *amazement*. Had he not shown himselfe all along so *stupidly* senselesse of, and *brutishly* unconcern'd, in the *afflictions of Joseph*, I might have had the *charity*, to think him capable of *counsel* and *advice*, and to wish him

him *one* better able then *my self* to serve him herein. However give me leave to mention one or two of those *considerations*, before I conclude this letter, which (doubtlesse), if he have not quite *forgot* himselfe, must needs sink *deep* into his thoughts, and *provoke* him, if any thing can do it, now he is at such a *distance*, to *returne* to himselfe.

§. 4. *Motives to the Gentleman to be indeed Religious and first of common Civility.*

To perswade the *Gentleman* to be *good*, a man would think were no *hard* task, seeing he takes it so ill out, that any man should *suspect* him to be *otherwise*: and yet notwithstanding, it may well be thought a very *difficult* and *bold* undertaking, when it shall be consider'd how much he is in *love* with his *present* selfe, for as *selfe love* is *blind* whensoever it should look upon its own *faults*, so is it altogether as *deaf* when it should hearken to *instruction*. Yet because the *difficulty* lies not so much in making him *understand* what he *should* be, as in making

king him *see* how much he is at present what he *ought not* to be; for that he ought to be *good* and *Religious* I know he will readily *grant*, but that he is *not so* already we shall have much adoe to perswade him to *belive*: Seeing *one* halfe of our work is already done to our hand in his own *conscience*, we may have the greater encuragement to proceed in the *other* yet behind. I am confident, that by reading what goes before, he cannot chuse but behold himselfe in his own *shape*, at least in one so *like* it, that the very *sight* must of necessity beget in him an *hatred* of the *old* object, and a *love* to the *new*: and therefore at present I shall confidently suppose, that I have no more to do but this, to let him see in some measure how *rational* a thing it is for him to be, what he himselfe so well *knows*, he should be.

I intend not here to trouble you, or him with any large Encomium of *Vertue* or *Religion*, which would swell up this Discourse much above the *just* proportion of a *Letter*, neither is it my purpose to call in all those *Auxiliaries* I might from several *common places* be supplied withall, to compleat my

conquest

conquest over the *Gentlemans affections*: I shall onely mention *one* or *two* of those *motives*, which I hope *may* be, I am sure in another *would* infallibly be prevalent and effectual.

The *first* and *slightest* which I shall here most humbly offer to his serious consideration, is an argument which he too often makes use of to a *worse* purpose, and thereby suffers his *sensual* to gain the *victorie* over his *spiritual* selfe. And this is taken from that *Topick* of *Common Civility*, which naturally obliges him to make *suitable returnes* to those many *real kindnesses* and respect which the *best* of his *friends* have ever had for him. I shall beseech him to remember, how whensoever he is by the swing of his own *domineering lusts*, no lesse then by the *attractive vices* of his acquaintance drawne to a *Taverne*, or carried on to any other *excesse* or *riot*, it is to this *one pretence* he confidently betakes himself for Sanctuary: that he was meerly *drawne in* by the *civilitie* of others, and that he was not able to resist the *importunity* of his *friends*: that *common courtesie* did strongly oblige him, not to show himselfe *regardlesse* of his *acquaintance*

quaintance, by forsaking *their company*, who had expressed themselves so *desirous*, and had taken so much paines to enjoy *his*. I wish he could but call to mind what weight this argument hath when prest upon him by his *lewdest* companions, and assisted by his owne forward *inclinations*, to that which is *evill*: and how infinitely *more* force then it ought to have, when made use of by such as *really* desire his *happinesse*, and applied to that which in it selfe is so deservedly *commendable*.

Would the Gentlman but open his eares, how many *reall friends* might he heare, and such whose *Courteous Inventions* he cannot either with *Civility* or *Gratitude* refuse, every where with no small *importunity wooing* him into *Heaven*, and to *walke* along with *them* in those *paths* which will lead him thereunto. I might heare tell him how heartily God *himselfe* calls and *Invites* him, and daily sends abroad his *Messengers* early and late to *beg*, and *intreat* him to *accept* of his *invitation*: how he has prepared his *Oxen* and his *Fatlings*, and made ready his *Supper*, how he *bids* him to a *Feast of fat things*, and to *drinke wine and milk without money*

money and without price: How he ſtands with his armes of mercy *ſpread* wide open, to *receive*, *embrace*, and *kiſſe* his returning *Prodigals*, with a new *Robe* and a *Ring*, nay with a *Crown* and a *Kingdome* to welcome them. Can it now be judged *civility* to refuſe and *ſlight* the *invitation* of ſo *bountifull* and *indulgent* a *father*? I might tell him how the *Angels* in Heaven even *long* for his company, and will be *overjoy'd* to ſee him, and to hear him exerciſing that voice ſo long abuſed *warbling* out his laſcivious *Love-Songs*, or *roaring* it in his wild *Catches*, by bearing a part in their *Holy Quire*, in perpetual *Halelujahs* to the King of Heaven: And can he think it *civility* to make void the *hopes*, and prevent the *joyes* of ſuch *Heavenly company*. I might further mind him how the poor *Church* of *England* his *mother*, *longs* to receive him *again* with joy into her *boſome*, and to *kiſſe* him with the *kiſſes* of her *love*, and to uncover to him her *breaſts of Conſolation*; whence he needs not draw the *wind* of *falſe Doctrine*, nor fear to taſt the *blood* of *Tyranny* and *oppreſſion*, but may *ſuck* in that *ſincere milk* which is his ſouls onely true *nouriſhment*; *She* whoſe *tender care*

and

and *wholsome instructions*, like an *unwise child* he hath so long *despised*, longs yet once againe to *rejoyce* in his *Love*, and would be *proud* of so *Glorious* a Son which might not onely *cherish* and *defend*, but *grace* and *credit* his mother. And can he call it lesse then an *incivility*, to envie *Her* this *Honour*, which wisheth *him* that *happinesse*? can he chuse rather to augment her *sorrowes*, and provoke her *teares*, and bite her *brests*, and suck out her *blood*, then *cherish* her and be *nourished* by her? All the *good men* in the World, all the most *Honourable* of Gods servants, his speciall *Ambassadours*, do with all the *power* of their *Rhetorick*, and *movingnesse* of *Passion*, *cry aloud*, calling upon him, and beseeching him to come *home*, and live *happily* in his *Fathers house*; these who have had the high *charity* from him, to take the *care* and *charge* of him, and night and day to *watch for his soule*, and must be *accountable* for it at the *Great* and *Dreadfull Audite*. Upon *Him* they looke with a more *vigilant* and *tender* eye, as upon the very *best* and *fairest* of the flock, whose *straying* would be not onely the *losse* of *one*, and him the *fattest* and *chief* of all the *rest*, but *such*

an one, as by his *influence* upon the others, may probably *occasion* the *loosing* of *many* more: These *perswade* and *intreat* him, and that for *Christs sake*, for *his* who *loved* him *so* well, that he did not grudge to *purchase* him with the *best* treasure in Heaven, his owne most *precious blood*: And now, how can the *Gentleman*, who pretends so highly to all manner of *civilitie*, think it lesse then an *unworthinesse* in him, to set so light by all this *care*, and this *kindnesse*? He that would be thought *all courtesie*, *all civilitie*, O let him not *now* onely be *unkind* and *discourteous* to his *God*, and *Gods Church*, *Gods Angels*, and *Gods Ministers*, unto *Gods Sons* and *his Saviour*. He that expressed so remarkable a *kindness* to a *false friend*, who is most certainly the *greatest* and most *dangerous* of all *enimies*, to him who was only *set* by the *Devill* in a *friends habit*, to *decoy* him *out* of the *way*, and watch his opportunity to *murther* his *soul*; let him not now for *shame* be so *unnatural* to *himself*, and *unkind* to *them*, as to slight those *real* and *sincere friends*, who make it the greatest part of their *studie* to *save* him from *eternal torments*: He that would not be *bought* out

of

of his *civility*, though but to a *sin*, and *sinner* by the *high* price of an *Heaven* and *eternity*: shall he now any longer be *bribed* to offer so many *affronts* to his *God*, with an *Hell*, and its *endlesse torments*? Certainly if any *importunity* could ever prevail, as alas too often it hath, even to the *melting* of his *Soul* into *Sin* and *Vanity*: what must it *now* do? never so *great*, never back'd with so many *obligations* to *civility* as here: for where ever did there appear so *much* and so *earnest wooing*, and *intreating*, and *begging*, and *watching*, and *dying*.

Again in civility to the *Nation* wherein he lives, and which he should labour both to *Serve* and *Creedit*: he is her *Hopes*, and he should be her *Honour*: She calls him her *choice Treasure*, her *strongest Pillar*, her *potent Protector*: and shall he not think it *base* to *evacuate* her *hopes*, and *detest* her too *charitable* Errour, by *neglecting* to *deserve* and *maintain* his *name*? shall it be to his *Honour* when he shall here it said by others, that the *Precious Stones* and *Jewels* of *England* are all but *vile* and *unprofitable pebbles*: that all her *purest* Gold is full of *Drosse*, her *best pillars* quite *rotten*: and her *Guardians*

her principall *underminers* and *destroyers*? that with the *least wind* that blowes, her *pillars shake*, and the *building tumbles*?

The Gentleman is that great and faire *White*, at which all men *aim* and *direct* the *best* of their *Respects*: and on whom they thinke the *greatest* of their *Honours* not *misplaced*: And is this his *civility* to all his *Lovers* and *Admirers*, to leave them embracing a *shadow* for a *substance*, and to pay home their *affection* and *respects* to him, with *neglect*, and *disgrace*, and too often with *misery* and ruine to *themselves*? Is this his *care*, to provide that no man shall ever be *deceived* in him; but he that *thinks well* of him? If this be the Gentlemans *civility*, then what, I pray Sir, is his *Unkindnesse*?

§. 5 *A second Motive grounded upon Shame and Disgrace.*

The *next* thing which I shall propose to his consideration, is that which usually has *too* powerfull an operation upon him; I mean *Shame* and *Disgrace*. The pretence of securing his *Name* and *Reputation* from these blurs, being *another* of those *Fig-*

leaves,

leaves, wherewith he would faine hide his moſt *foul* and *deformed Vices*: He had rather throw himſelfe headlong into the *groſſeſt* ſin imaginable, then by *chuſing* what is *beſt*, but *out* of *faſhion* with the *multitude*, expoſe himſelfe to the *laughter* of *fools* and *ſinners*. O what torment, what affliction is it to him, to be *jeer'd* and *mock'd*, and *hooted* at by a company of *mad-men*, for behaving himſelfe with more *ſobriety* and *wiſdom* then they?

Here I ſhall moſt earneſtly beſeech the *Gentleman* to conſider, how miſerably hee *befools* himſelfe, and how inconſiderately he runs himſelfe upon thoſe rocks he endeavours ſo carefully to avoid; whileſt *nothing* can lay him more open to *ſhame*, than that which was the firſt *parent* of it, his *ſin*: which makes him a meer *Laughing-ſtock* to all but thoſe that *pitty* him. Let him remember how he daily provokes that God, who is the onely *Fountaine* of all *true Honour* here, as well as *Happineſſe* hereafter, to *laugh at him and have him in diriſion*. Will it be no *ſhame* for him to be found, at laſt one of thoſe *wretched* and *contemptible* creatures, which ſhall have the *door ſhut* upon

them, and be forced to *ſtand knocking* at the *Gates* of Heaven, with *ſighs* and *tears*, and like ſo many miſerable ſtarving beggars in *bitterneſſe* of ſpirit; craving admiſſion, and yet for all their ſelfe-conceited Greatneſſe, be vouchſafed no more reſpectful an anſwer, then a—*Depart ye curſed*, and—*Be gone I know you not.* What *ſhame* and *diſgrace* can the *Gentleman* fear to ſuffer like *this*: when *he* who *pranced* it up and down, with no leſſe *ſecurity*, then *pride* and *vanity* and *laugh'd* to ſee others take ſo much *pains* to go to *Heaven*, ſhall even *then*, *when* he thinks himſelf ſo ſure of all, meet with a ſcornful repulſe?

But if the Gentleman will venture *this diſgrace*, becauſe he phancies it to be yet at ſo great a *diſtance*, yet I muſt tell him he is much miſtaken to think he ſhall ſpeed much better here *below*. Is it no *ſhame*, to be *juſtly* accounted by all, who underſtand *themſelves*, a poor, ſilly, ignorant fool, ſuch an one as can pleaſe himſelfe with a *toy*, a *rattle*; and can think himſelfe the *onely wiſe man* in the world, when alas all they who are *wiſe indeed*, look upon him and *pitty* him, as the moſt *ſilly deſpicable wretch* under Heaven?

ven? it is thus, men commonly make triall of the *Fools Genius*, they propose at once to his *choice*, a piece of *painted glasse* and a *Diamond*; a *Feather* and a *suit of Clothes*; that so by preferring the *gayer toy*, before the *precious* or the *serviceable substance*, he may *betray* his *ignorance* and *simplicity*. Alas! Sir, what can we judge the *debauched Gentleman* to be *better* or *wiser* then such a silly deluded *Idiot*, or (as we call him) a meer *Naturall*, that sports himselfe with his owne *shadow*, and places his *happinesse* in *dancing* about in his *Party-colour'd Coat*, his Cap and his Feather? Did the *Gentleman* but know his *Friends*, or durst he be so much his *owne*, as to entertain fewer *Flatterers*, who cover his *eyes*, and stop his *ears*, so that he neither *sees* nor *hears* of himselfe, what otherwise he might: how soon would he grow *ashamed* of his owne *face*! Did he but know how even *all they*, whose *tongues* are *bridled* either by his *power* or *prodigality* in his presence, talk of him when they are *out* of it, at their severall *meetings*, doubtlesse this would bring him *out* of *love* with his owne *Gayetie*, and *Prettinesse*. The *Stoick* talkes of him with *contempt* and *derision*; the *Charitable*

Christian with as much *pitty* and *compassion*; and what a shame is it for the *Gentleman*, who alwaies thinks himself both the *best* and *happiest* man in the world, either to *deserve* the *one*, or *need* the *other*?

If he yet regard nothing of all this, but contents himselfe with the *Phancy*, that *he* can do as *much* for *them*, and that he can think *others* as very *fools* as *they* think *him*; and *pitty* them as much. Alas, how is he to be *pitty'd* for these *thoughts*! whilest like a man in an high *Feaver*, he makes a *Felicity* of his *distemper*, and in the *lightnesse* of his *head*, phances he is amongst *Angles*, and in as *glorious* a condition as they. Let him consider how great a *shame*, even *this is*, to say, he can *laugh* at, or he can *pitty* he *know not what*: *others* know (alas *too well*) what in him they *pitty*: They have, most of them, some time or other, *tasted* of his *sweets* to their *sorrow*, but found them at last bitter to their *present joy* and *comfort*: Let *him* then first *taste* of *theirs*, and then let him *chuse*, Whom he will make the *object* of his *pitty*, I am confident he would in the *first* place be thus *charitable* to himselfe.

But

But this is not all the reason the *Gentleman* hath to be *ashamed* of his present course of life. Is it not a *disgrace* for a man *therein* to be *cheated*, *wherein* he hath ever thought himselfe to be the wisest of all men? and to have such *tricks* put upon him, by what he most *confides* in, as will cast a *damp* upon all his *Jollity* at once? There's no man but will confesse it an *high* degree of *indiscretion* in himself without a very *strong temptation* indeed, to place his greatest *confidence*, and best *affections* upon a *meer cheat*: and yet that *Gentile Sinner* we spake of (if ever any) is highly guilty of this *folly*. He may assure himselfe, if he repent not in due time, *Sathan* will put the same cheat upon him, whereby he so sadly beguiled his *wise brother* in the *Gospel*; whom in *that very night*, when he *lullaby'd* his soule into a groundlesse *security*, by presenting to her eye the *abundance* of his *riches*, he suddainly snatches away into the place of torments, and makes this *addition* to the *rest* of his *sorrows*, that he *derides* his *former security*, and *laughs* at his present *misery*. But this is too *common* and *copious* a *Theme* to dwell any longer upon; I durst not altogether omit to

mention

mention it, because I have not yet met with any thing more frequently prevalent with the *Gentleman*, to *perswade* him to *sin*, then this *fear* of *shame* and *disgrace*; and if it have been so powerfull to hurry him on to his ruine, I hope, rightly apprehended, it may have some efficacy in drawing him to his *Felicity*.

§. 6. *A third motive drawne from Equity.*

I shall but propose two Considerations more, and these are such, as much concerne the *Gentleman* to entertaine, viz: of *Equity* and *Honour*.

And *first*, in all *equity* and *justice* the *Gentleman* ought to proportion his *Gratitude* to the *Bounty* which enrich'd him: and to live a *Gentleman* is as little as can, with any reason, be thought a just requitall of his *goodnesse*, who made him more Honourable then others. For it was not he himselfe by whom he was made *better then another man*, neither hath *he any thing which he hath not received*. It cannot therefore be *Gratitude* in him like a *Spongy* substance, to *suck* in *all* which

which is profer'd, but to *returne nothing* againe without a *Squeezing*: Or like a black and heavy *clod* of earth, to receive the moſt *courteous* and *enlivening raies* of Heaven, and yet requite the *bounty* neither by a *preſent cheerfull reflection*, nor a *future ſeaſonable fructification*: neither yet to lie like a rotten *dunghill*, which repaies all the ſweet *influence* it participates of, in a *ſtenchy* ſume, or a *generation of vermine*. He ſhould rather labour to reſemble the true Chriſtal, whoſe property it is, either to *tranſmit* or *reflect* thoſe rayes it receives, with great *advantage* of *light* to the *darker objects* about it; and of a more *viſible ſplendor* and *glory* to the *light* it ſelfe. A true Diamond will not ceaſe to ſparkle in the darkeſt night, and the true *Gentleman* too, will take care, that his *light ſo ſhine before men, that they may behold his workes* rather then his *perſon*, (as the *Sun* gives us a clearer proſpect of the other parts of the world, then of its *owne body*) and teach them much more to *glorifie his God in Heaven*, then to pay *him* a reverence upon *earth*. The *gold* was not made ſo *excellent* a Mettall, that it might lie *hid* and *ruſt* in the *Bowels* of the *Earth*, but by a recep-

tion

tion of the *Princes* Image, *administer* to the *necessities* of commerce amongst the *severall* members of the world. It would be a poore thing to imagine God should make the *best* of *Creatures* for the *worst* of uses: or the *Noblest* of *Men* to be *Sathans Instruments* now his *Companions* and his *prey* anon. The Gentlman I know will easily grant himselfe to be a *Vessel* created for *Honour*: but 'tis strange he should go about to prove himselfe so, by continuing alwaies *empty*, or refusing to hold any thing, but the worst of *poyson*: by standing (as some of those do which cost most paines in the *making*, most *mony* in *procuring*, most *time* in *sconring*) *idle* and *useless*, onely to adorne and grace the *Cup-board*, and *shine* there, till they become *dusty* againe. As *all flesh* is *grass*, so is the *Gentleman* the *Flower* of the *grass*, but let it not appeare in *this*, that the *grass* is more *usefull*, though the *flower* more *beautifull*, neither let the *leafe* smell *sweeter* then the *Rose*. Though all *mankind* be but *Dust* and *Earth*, yet certainly we may in reason think the *Gentleman* a part of the *Richest Soyle*, and from which the *Husband-man* or *Gardiner* may justly ex-

pect

pect both the *faireſt flowers* and *fulleſt Crop*, as from that ground which in *it ſelfe is fat-teſt*, and in the *Cultivating* and *Manuring* whereof, has been ſpent both the moſt *money* and the beſt *ſweat*. Far be it from the *Gentleman* to be call'd (as we do ſometimes our moſt *fertile* fields) onely the *Proudeſt ground*, ſuch as ſwagger it out with *Poppy* and *Cockle*, and flatter the eyes with many fine *Blew* and *Yellow* Flowers, but ſuch as are neither for *uſe* themſelves, nor will ſuffer the good *corne* to *thrive* and *grow* till it may be ſo. The *Gentleman*, I am ſure, would be troubled to be *thus* requited for his *care* and paines by his *field*, and ſhall not God be *juſtly angry* for the *like* bad uſage from the *Gentleman*? Certainly he cannot in *equity* expect the *largeſt wages*, who doth the *leaſt worke*, or think he can *merit* the moſt *Honourable* reward, by *ſtanding all the day idle*; nay for hindering and Deterring others who were going to *labour in the Vineyard*. Shall the *Steward* be the greateſt *loyterer*, and moſt *careleſs ſervant* in the whole *Family*? And is it fit the *Heir* ſhould be the meereſt *Prodigal*? I am confident the *Gentleman*

would

would think it an *injury* to be *thought* so, and is it not then as great an *injustice* to *be so*? I should not have breath enough to enumerate *half* those many *Honours* and *Dignities*, those several *Priviledges*, and *Advantages*, *Endowments*, and *Possessions* which the *Gentleman* is blest with above his *poorer* Brethren, and can we think all these, not *encouragements* to be *better*, but *rewards* and *Bribes* to and for being *idler* then others?

The *Gentleman* is apt to boast himself much of his *Noble Ancestors* and *Vertuous Progenitors*, and is it not therefore *equity*, that all men should expect from that *tree* the *best fruit*, which hath the *Noblest root*? Men do not of *Thistles expect* Grapes, *nor of Brambles Figs*: but even of the *wild Olive tree*, when but grafted into the *true Olive tree*, God expects the *Natural fruit*. That *Noble* person who *adopts* a *Clown* his *heir*, will expect he should henceforward become a *Gentleman*, and how much more is this to be expected from him who is *born* the *true Son* and *heir*? The Gentleman will pull his *Cocks* head off, if he *degenerate* from his *kind*; and why should his God use *him better*?

The

The *Gentleman*, again, is apt to talk very much of his good *breeding*, and ingenous *Education*: and certainly it is the greateſt *happineſs* which can ſo *early* betide him, that uſually he hath *Parents* which are as tender of his *Honour* as of his *life*, and very often *more* carefull of *his* ſoule, then of *their owne*: who howſoever they live *themſelves*, yet will be ſure to reprove the *leaſt vice* in the *child*, and it is a very ordinary *forme* of *bleſſing* him, to pray he may be a *better man then his Father*. Now the *Gentleman* will expect this from his *Horſe*, or *Spaniel*, to behave himſelfe *hereafter*, as he has beene *taught* when he was *young*. Alas, how many *brave* and *Generous* diſpoſitions are *flatted* and *loſt*, how many *ingenious* ſpirits are *dull'd* and *beſotted*, how many *keen* wits are *blunted* and loſe their *edge*, by being put to *delve* in the *earth*, being altogether *Cow'd* and *Enſlaved*, by the *Tyrannie* of *Prevertie*, and an *Adverſe Fortune*: whileſt they could not be allowed that *timely* and *Noble Nurture* and *Cultivation*, whereby they might have been *weeded* and improved to a very high degree of excellency and *fruitfulneſſe*? how much *good* and *tractable* earth has been

loſt

loſt meerly for want of a *Skilfull Potter*, or *ſpoyled* upon the *wheele* of one *unskilfull*? Whileſt the *Gentleman* has all the aid and aſſiſtance that *Prudent Parents* or a *rich purſe* can afford him; and ſhall he, whom God has thus bleſſed with that which may procure him as well what's *beſt*, as what's *neceſſary*, grow more *barren* under all this care and *Good Husbandry*, which is beſtow'd upon him? Shall he like a *ſtubborne* and unweildy *branch*, ſo ſoon as ever he is from under the wiſe *hand* which would have *prun'd* and *ſtraightned* him, ſtart back into his *naturall rudeneſs*, and *deformity* againe? Shall he be like the *Vial* or *Watch*, *one* whereof will onely continue its *even* and *certain* motion, ſo long as the *owner* forgets not to *wind* him up; and the *other* gives us its ſweet *ſound* no longer then the *Muſicians hand* provokes and *beats* it; but ſo ſoon as the *hand reſts*, the *Motion* and the *Muſick* ceaſes, and in a ſhort time the *ſtrings crack*, and the *Pegs fall*, and the *Noble* Inſtrument growes *mouldy* and *worm-eaten*? Is it not moſt *unnaturall*, that he who has all theſe great *advantages* in his youth, which others do often in *vaine*, and he himſelfe too often

when

when it is *too late*, *wish* to enjoy, should not doe something whereby he might shew all that *care* and *cost* not quite *thrown away* and *misspent*? And yet much more, that he should onely so behave himselfe, as one that knowes how readily to *forget* whatever had cost him so much *time* and *pains*, and *money* in acquiring; and one that can now make *that* a part of his Glory, *which* indeed is no small argument of *shame*, that he *once had* a little Learning, and *might have been* a *Christian*, had he not had *wit* enough to *befool* himselfe, and so become a *gentleman*. It troubles me to *say* that very many of our *English Gentlemen* do thus *Commence* (as it were) and take *Degrees* in *Ignorance* and *Vanity*. I wish it troubled him as much to *do so*.

Again, it were but *just*, our *gentlemen* should think upon there *large Portions* and *fair Inheritances*, and so take the *Measure* of their *Duties* by their *liberal Allowances*. To *have* an Estate makes no man *happie*; but to *use* an estate *wisely* may bring a man very *far* on his way towards it. O let it never be said of the *gentleman*, what is recorded to the perpetual dishonour of the *Young*

man (he knowes [I hope] where) that he *departed* from *Christ* because he was *very rich*. It is certainly a mistake in any man to think a mans *soul* may no way *feed* and grow *fat* upon his *wealth*; or to say a man may not become a *better Man*, by having *greater Possessions*. *Wisdomes seaven Pillars* are most readily *erected*, and firmly *grounded* upon a *Basis* of *Gold*: And *Vertue* cannot there have the *less Fare*, and *thrive* most, though she may have a *kind welcome*, where *Povertie* keeps the house. Though the *treasures* of *wisdome* and *knowledge* lie not in the *Chest*, yet are they for the most part so *lock'd* up, that he who would at any time come readily at them, must not fail to carry the *Key* in his *Pocket*. Though *Vertue* and *Piety* may live *Quietlie* and *Contentedlie* under a *thatch'd* roof, and may meet with such entertainment as may preserve *life*; yet, alas, they are but *there* as in *Prison*, and shall hardly obtain the *Libertie* to walk much *abroad*, except there be something in the *purse* to purchase their *freedome*. Without this they may have that fetter'd *Captives* may enjoy, their *hearts* and *tongues*, but very seldome their *hands* or *feet* at liberty. What

rare

rare perfections might be attain'd to, and what wonders wrought, had but either the *Rich Gentleman* the *poor mans soul*, or the *poor man* the *rich Gentlemans purse*? What ashame it is, that he whom God hath blessed with enough to buy the *Precious Pearl*, should rather chuse to lay it out upon an *Hobby-horse*; that he should suffer either *himselfe* to be a *Fool*, or *Vertue* a *Beggar* when it is in his power to prevent both? If his *wealth* know not what to do with his *Vertue*, let him give *Vertue* the *key*, and she knows how to make use of his *wealth*? What an ungreatfull fool is he, who with what is given him will neither fulfill the *Donors* will, nor make use of the gift to his *own* advantage? How might the *Church* become truly *Glorious*, and her *raymens* literally of *wrought* Gold, how might the *Poor* man grow *Rich*, and the *Rich* man *good* and *happy*, did the *Gentleman* study to make that improvement, which he ought to make of this one *talent*, and not either with the Ranting *Prodigal* waste this inheritance by *riotous living*, or with the other *Ill-husband* and *foolish servant*, wrap it up in the *Napkin* of a *lazy*, or hide it in the

Earth of a *Worldly* mind?

There is a *third* obligation whereby the *Gentleman* in *equity* is bound to outgoe his Inferiours, no leſſe in *Goodneſſe*, then in *Wealth* and *Pomp*. I mean an *Immunity* from the *Drudgeries* of the World: *Nature* and *Fortune* both ſeem to conſent in granting him a *Diſpenſation* from thoſe *Brick-kilnes*, to which by the *Pharaoh-like* cruelty of a *Neceſſitous* Condition, many a better *Iſraelite* is ſentenced. He tugs not at the *Oares*, nor delves in the *Dirt*, nor *waſhes* his face, and *bathes* his body in his own *ſweat*, nor *lives*, as other men are often conſtrain'd to do, almoſt by a *wearineſſe* of *living*: But ſeems to plead an *Exemption* from that part of *Adam's* curſe, whereby he was condemned *in the ſweat of his browes to eat his bread*. Whileſt many others by their continual *labour*, ſeem from meal to meal to *kneed* their *own* dough, and *other* mens too, and, like the poor *Iſraelites*, when driven out of *Ægypt* to run up and down with their *kneeding-troughs* upon their Shoulders. They carry both their *Lives* and *livelihoods* to and fro in their *hands*; and by a *toileſome* improvement of the *Gentlemans* vaſt eſtate,

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pick up for themselves a very scant subsistence. He eats the *fat*, and drinks the *sweet*, and has *one* part of him alwaies provided for to his hand; and ought not this to lay a strong obligation upon him, to take more pains about the *other*? Ought not this to bind him to the ready service of his *God*, who has made the whole *World* in a manner to serve *him*? certainly he never had a general *dispensation* granted him from all *labour*, but onely from the more *slavish* and *drudging* part of it; that the lesse he has to care for besides, the more time he should have to care for his *soul* and *Heaven*. It was *Adams* growing *wanton* in *Eden*, where the *Earth* freely brought forth all things of it selfe, and where his *taske* of labouring was but his *Recreation*, not his *toyl*, which sent him first abroad to *sweat* in the *World*, and to wage a constant *Warre with Bryers* and *Thistles*. And if the *Gentleman* will not take some pains to dresse the *Garden* of his Soul, when all the world seems to be so much his own round about him, that *one* part of it is his *Steward*, the *other* his *estate*, he can expect no lesse then to be driven out at last with a *flaming sword* to seek a

Miſerable *killing* liveſihood in another.

Could the *Gentleman* be truely ſenſible of his extraordinary *privileges* he enjoyes, more than the reſt of his *labouring* brethren do, in this *one* particular: doubtleſſe we ſhould ſee him more *thankful*, and leſſe *Idle*; for though *leaſure* be a very great *bleſſing*, yet is *lazineſſe* a meer *Canker*, which will in a ſhort time, if not ſeaſonably cured, *eat* out both *Purſe* and *Soul*. Let him not thus turne the *Opportunities* of doing *good*, into *encouragements* to *ſin*, nor the *Means* of *Happineſſe* into the *Inſtruments* of *Miſery*.

O what an ineſtimable advantage is this, for any man that would either *learne much* or *do well*, to have alwaies a Soul ſo *tranquil* and *Serene*, that all's *Smooth* and *calme* within him? What would many a brave *Ingenious* ſpirit, which could never yet obtain one ſmile from *fortune* but lies alwaies under the black cloud of *Poverty*, and toſſed upon the tumultuous waves, of much *buſineſſe* and more *ſufferings*, what would it not give to be bleſt with ſuch a *Sun-ſhine*, and to have ſo long a *vacation* from the *world* and its *ſorrowes*? None of theſe *diſtracti-*

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ons wch come from the affairs of the world without him, which with ſo much eagerneſſe and irreſiſtable importunity, *call*, and *pull*, and *heale* away many a good ſoul from his *Study* and *Devotion*, need to be ſo much as *harken'd* to by the *Gentleman*; who, if he would but underſtand the *eaſie* diſtinction betwixt being *careful* and being *buſie*, betwixt *Idleneſs* and *Leiſure*, we ſhould find him betaking himſelfe to another and more cheerful courſe of life, having *much* time to *uſe*, but *none* to *loſe*.

And ſuppoſe you ſhould ask the *gentleman* this queſtion, and wiſh him to anſwer it according to *Conſcience*—Whether, if he had a Servant whom he had deſigned for ſome more *honourable* and *extraordinary* employment, and to this end had exempted him from all *common* buſineſſe and works proper to an *inferiour* calling, and not onely ſo, but furniſh'd him alſo with whatever he could ſuppoſe *inſtrumental* to his work; and for his better incouragement had given him a conſiderable ſumme of *Money* beforehand; if after all this, this Servant ſhould neglect *this* buſineſſe, and throw away all the time allotted him, in matters of *ſmall*

concernments, or in meer *Idleneſs*, goe and *ſpend* his allowance, and *waſte* his Maſters money in *bad Companie*, and in pampering up his own *humours* and *luſts*; let him tell you in good earneſt, whether he would not think himſelfe *ſlighted* and *abuſed*, and for a reward turn that Servant *out* of *doors*, or *into Priſon*? And why then ſhould the Gentleman flatter himſelfe up with fairer *hopes*; his *charge* I am ſure is as *great*, his *care* much *leſs*, and therefore his *caſe* can be no *better*.

I may here very ſeaſonably adde, as another branch of this *Motive*, the *gentlemans* fair *opportunity*, not onely of doing good to *himſelf*, but *others* alſo: and ſuch an *Opportunitie* it is, as is indeed a *Neceſſitie* of doing either much *good*, or much *hurt*, by his *Example*. For the *gentleman* ſtands upon the top of an *Hill*, and being advanced to ſo conſiderable an *height*, is thereby made ſo *conſpicuous* to the eye of the World, that his Actions have an influence upon the inhabitants of the *vallies* round about him. His *Tenents* muſt for fear *flatter* him, and many *others* will for his *favour honour* him, and there be yet *more* who have and *Ambition* to

be

be *like* him. Every *sin* in him is like an *Eclipse* in the *Sun*, whereby not onely his *own* lustre and brightneſſe is obſcured and hid, but his rayes are with-held from the *world* below, and a *malignant influence* ſcatter'd abroad upon *inferior* Bodies. It is a very hard matter for a *gentleman* to be bad *alone*; I dare ſay, his heart will bear witneſſe, that he owes not a few of his own ſins to the powerful *Example* of his *ſuperiours*; and that he has very often reſiſted the more *ſober* and *vertuous* inclinations of his *own* ſoul, and the more *rational* dictates of his *own* judgment, onely out of an *Ambitious humour* to make himſelfe Company for *great ones*; and becauſe he was *aſhamed* to be found *leſs* then a *gentleman* in *any* thing though in *Sin* it ſelfe. Let him therefore conſider how much it will concern him, who is the true *Loadſtone* of the *Nation*, whoſe *Motion* the poor *Iron ſoules* of the multitude with trembling *expect*, and perceiving *follow*, to turn himſelfe alwaies to the *right Pole*. I wiſh the *gentlemen* of our Iſland would remember this, that by their vices they prove not onely *Bad* in *themſelves*, but *unjuſt* to their *Neighbour*: that

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ſo they may ſee how much in *equity* they are obliged to amend their lives.

§. 7. *A fourth Motive from Honour and Reputation.*

The other *mark* to which I would gladly perſwade the Gentleman to turn his *eye*, is that which he pretends to *aime* at moſt, his *Honour* of *Reputation*; things (if you'l believe him) whereof he is more *tender* then his *Life*; but let us ſee how he will endeavour to make this good, for I cannot believe he values much, what he takes no paines to *preſerve*.

The main *Character* of an *Honourable* perſon, is a great care in him, never to do any thing below his *Name*, or which may reflect upon his *Progenitors* or his *Familie* with *ſhame* and *diſparagement*. He therefore can admit no employment which is *baſe* or *low*, but as his *Honour* was at firſt *raiſed*, ſo he ſtudies to maintain it at that *height*, by ſome *noble* and *gallant* atchievement. But how truly *tender* is he of his *Honour*, who thus (as we have ſaid before) is willing to *degrade* himſelf into a *Beaſt*, and to *trample* upon

upon his *Dignity* and *Humanity* at once? He that can *bend* his proud neck to the moſt *gaulling Yoak* which *Sathan* can put upon him; and patiently *kneeles* him down to receive ſo many loads of *Dirt* upon his back? who ſcorns not to *drudge* for the *worſt* and *baſeſt* of Maſters, and that in his *meaneſt* and moſt *beggarly* ſervice, when he ſends him out (with the *young Prodigal*) into the *field* of Carnal pleaſures, there to *feed* a few *ſwiniſh* luſts: and all this too, upon hopes of the *ſlendereſt* reward here, a few deceitfull *husks*, and in daily fear and expectation of the moſt dreadful *puniſhment* hereafter, that of *endleſſe Torments*.

The *Gentleman* that values his *honour*, will be ſure not to mix with any *company*, but ſuch, from whom he may reap both *credit* and *profit*; ſuch as will be no *lets* to him in his vertuous *progreſſe*, nor *blemiſh* to his deſired *Reputation*. But alas how little do thoſe *Gentlemen* regard either of theſe, who indeed care for no *companions* but ſuch as have made themſelves altogether the *creatures* of their *vices*, and the neareſt *Pandor*, of their *Luſts*.

The truly *Honourable Gentleman*, is alwaies

waies moſt *faithful* and *punctuall* in the performance of his *promiſes*, and ſheweth himſelf to be as *good* as his *word*, eſteeming no *diſgrace* like that of *deſerving* the *Lie*. Every *promiſe* he makes, he pawns his *Honour* and *Reputation*, to ſecure the *performance*: and looks upon no *diſreſpect* as comparable with that, of not being thought a perſon fit to be *truſted*. But how little care do our *Gentlemen* take to maintain *this* ſupport of their *credit*: who *ſwear* ſo frequently to, they *know* not, or *heed* not what, that they cannot poſſibly ſo much as *remember*, much leſſe *diſcharge* one third part of their *Oaths*. Theſe upon every *ſlight* or *no* occaſion they ſend out in ſuch *Volleys*, and with ſo much *inconſideration* and *temerity*, that they cannot have time to conſider whether one halfe of what they ſwear be *true* or *falſe*. Nay there is one ſolemne *Vow*, and that the moſt *ſacred* one that ever they made, and to a *perſon* with whom it moſt concerns them to be punctuall, and deal faithfully, I mean that at their *Baptiſme*, which, alas they, ſo well *perform*, as that they hardly ever *call to mind*, or can *believe* there was any *ſuch thing* done by them

them: Was it not *this* that then they promiſed, to *forſake the Divill and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the World, withall the Covetous deſires of the ſame, and all the Carnall deſires of the fleſh, ſo that they would neither follow nor be led by them?* In which, the engagement of their *Honour* would not ſerve the turn, but they brought their *ſureties* and *Bondmen*, who promiſed (as much as in them lay) to ſee all made good; I tremble to think how this vow has been fulfil'd by all thoſe perſons who would be thought ſo ſenſible of *Honour*, that their bare *word* might at any time ſerve for their *Bond*. What they vow'd to *forſake*, they with all earneſtneſſe *follow*; and that whereby they would not be *led*, they ſweat to *Outgoe*, hugging and embracing thoſe *temptations* they promiſed to abandon, and making the *Vain Pomp and Glory of the World*, the only *Gods* they dare *love* and *adore*. If the *Gentleman* be thus careleſſe in maintaining his *Credit*, thus falſe in his *promiſes* to *God* and his *Soul*, I hope he will not think it ſtrange, if others be ſo ſcrupulous and weak-faith'd, as not to believe him to be a *Gentleman* upon his own bare *word*.

Further

Further yet, he that desires to be truly *Honorable*, and esteem'd so, will so provide for his *Honour*, that the world may have no just cause to throw the miscarriages and sins of his *Country* upon *his* shoulders, or that all the *Miseries* thereof should be found the *Daughters* of his *Vices*. But whether or no we have any reason to blame the *English Gentlemen* for the Calamities of his *Nation*, I appeal to himselfe, let his *Conscience* determine it. To whom shall we impute the *Blindnesse*, the *Ignorance*, the *Giddiness* of the *People*, but to him that pretends to be the *eye* and the *head*? We know it is the *Lightness* of the *head*, which often makes the *heels* stand *uppermost*; And when we see a Drunkard *reel* and *stagger*, we all know it is the *Giddiness* of his *head* which causes his *uneven* motion. It were happy for us, if all those who would be thought the *Heads* of this *Headlesse Nation*, would dayly consider their office; and how much of the *Craziness* and *Distemper* of this *Infatuated* people, is to be imputed to the unsetledness of their own *Brains*, and want of a due *Government* of themselves. O that the World might no longer have just cause to

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say (as now many are apt to do) that the sad *disease* of this poor Kindome, wherein it has well nigh *cough'd* out its very Heart, proceed from a *Cold* it has taken in the *noblest* members of its *Body*; and that indeed is *Atheisme*.

If therefore our Gentlemen ever intend to *deserve* that *Honour* they so eagerly *desire*, let them learn to *be*, and *act* like *themselves*, so shall they assure themselves of true *Honour*, both before *God*, and amongst *men*. Let them pluck up their *Courage*, and make it appear to the World, that they have yet something of a *Noble* and *generous Spirit* within their breasts; that they dare yet own a *God*, in despight of *Atheisme* and *Blasphemie*, and stand up for his *Church* in opposition to *Tyrannie* and *Sacriledge*: That they have *Spirits* above the reach of *Swords*, and *Souls* not to be out-braved by the terrours of the *grave*, nor *blown* out of their bodies with the proud and threatning *breath* of those that can but *seem* mighty. Let it once be seen that they have espoused a *Religion* which has a *Majestie* enough to Daunt a *Nebuchadnezzar* with the hottest *furnace* in his *Mouth*; and and *Holie zeal*, which

which (as the brighter *Sun beames* do upon the fainter light of a *Candle*) can prey upon, and *consume* to nothing the most scorching *flames* of *Persecution*. When they have learn'd to take the *roaring Lion* by *the Jaws*, and pull out his teeth, when they can (with the stount Champion of *Israel*) defend the endanger'd *Church* against that great *Goliah* of *Atheisme*, which now or never appears with the *Weavers Beam* in his hand; when they have once got the Courage to *slight* and *pittie* all the *cursing Shimei's*, and *railing Rabshekahs* of the Land; to scorne the Barkings of *Reproach*, and not to be afraid of the teeth of *Povertie*, when they dare goe with *Abraham* to sacrifice their *lesse* lovely *Isaacks* at the *Mountain of the Lord*: In a word, when they dare be *good* without *feare* of *shame* or *want*, and *Religiously Loyal* without dreading either Beggerie or *Death*: Then shall they have *Honours* without *stain* or *blemish*, and *Names venerable* in the Mouthes of all men, then shall they set their *feet* upon the *Necks* of the *Mightie*, and *Tyrants shall bow down* under them, and they shall be set up on high with the *Rulers* of the People: then shall they

they have the *acclamations* of the *Saints*, and the *bended knees* of the *poor* at the *throne of Grace*, for their long *life*, and *Happineſſe*; Then ſhall they be *fear'd* by their *enemie*, and *loved* by their *friends*; They ſhall have the *Motherly Bleſſing* of the *Church*, the joyful welcome and *plandite* of *Angels*, and the Bountiful *reward* and *euge* of their *God* and *Father*; a Glorious *Robe*, an immarceſſible *Crown*, a perpetual *Kingdome*: for indeed *this Honour have all his Saints*.

I am really *aſhamed*, and heartily *ſorry*, that either the *Gentlemans* unnatural Behaviour, that ſtrange *Meander* of all vices, or the ſad and deplorable condition of this poor *Church* and *Nation*, to which in all *Reaſon*, *Honour*, and *Conſcience*, he ought to ſhew a more *filial* reſpect and Affection, have provoked me to this unuſual length of a *Letter*: But the *Copiouſneſſe* of the Theme, which *you firſt* propoſed to my thoughts, will I know be my ſufficient *excuſe*; though the *unpleaſantneſs* of it, together with thoſe many other *buſineſſes* which are never *wanting* to *You*, but now *incumbent* upon *me*, might afford *you* an opportunity of being more *profitably* imploy'd, and *me* more *ſuitable* to

my preſent *calling*, then in *reading* or *writing* of what I here ſend you. I ſhall therefore in a very few lines more, give you a *Breviature* of what I have already ſaid, or have more to ſay concerning the *mix'd* Theme of this Letter.

§. 8. *The Concluſion and ſumme of all.*

I ſhall alwaies with all readineſſe Confeſſe that I *dare* not have a low eſteem of any of thoſe *worthy* Perſons, whom the All-wiſe God by advancing them to the *Top* of the *Pinacle*, ſeems to commend both to *me* and *others*, as the moſt *fit objects* of our *Admiration* and *Reverence*: Onely I hope the *Gentleman* will give me leave to make it a part of my *Prayers* (and too *ſad experience* daily ſhews us what great reaſon we have ſo to pray) that they who *ſtand* both ſo *high* and ſo *ticklishly* may ever *take heed leſt they fall*. *Satan* had the Confidence upon as *high* a place (though at that *height* he met with the moſt exemplary *Humility* that the World ever heard of) to venture a temptation upon the *Lord of life*: where certainly his *hopes* of prevailing muſt rationally be thought

thought to have been as *low*, as his *attempt* was *high*: It is therefore too much to be fear'd he hath very often his wiſh'd for *ſucceſſe* in overturning the *braveſt Sinner*. The *Subtile Serpent*, though he deſpair of *Heaven*, is alwaies crawling *upwards*, and can as eaſily twiſt and wrap himſelf about the *Gilded ſpire* of *Honour* and *Nobility*, as once he did about the faireſt *tree* in *Eden*; and queſtionleſſe not ſeldome with as much unhappy *ſucceſſe*, as malicious *Subtilty*. Here I am ſure, he hath the *ſame* or *ſurer* holds to *faſten* upon, and *climb* up by, which there he had; Even the wild *protuberances* of *Pride* and *Ambition*. The firſt aſſault he made, was upon an unſpotted *Innocence*, but match'd with an over facile and flexible *Humanity*; and meeting there with the *hoped Iſſue* of his temptation, he takes the Boldneſſe to venture on an infinite *Wiſdome* in the Boſome of *Omnipotence*: and though there he was foyl'd, yet being the more *madded* with the *ſhameful* repulſe, 'tis likely he will fall the more *deſperately*, and ſo with the greater *violence*, upon that *Prudence*, which is at beſt much *abated* by the baſe mixture, and too exceſſive alloy of a

Beloved Folly, I wish it might be the *Gentlemans* good *Fortune* or *Courage*, to *ward* the stroak, and come off *unhurt*.

When I hear this inferior *world* wherein we are to breath out our *Minority*, compared (and not unfitly) to an *Inne*, or *Diversory*; whereinto *Man*, whose life is a *journey* or *Pilgrimage* onely turns in to take a nights *lodging*; that so he may fit and dresse himself against the *Morning* for a *Better* Country: I am ready to take the *Boldnesse* to prosecute the *Metaphor* a little farther, and I would fain say, that those *glittering, spangled souls*, are most *noble* and *honourable*, which *wise Nature* treats with the greatest *respect* and *Ceremonie*; those, for whom, as her *chief guests* she hath reserved her most *stately*, and *fairest* roomes: that *these*, if any are to be thought the *Gentlemen* of the world to whom *Nature* as well as *Fortune* seems to pay a *reverence*.

These are the *Men* who enter into the world with that *Ceremonious* state and *pomp*, that would almost perswade us they were sent hither on an *Ambassy* from Heaven. They are indulged an *Honour* seemingly too great for *Mortality*. They are *admit-*

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ted into the world by the moſt *beautiful gate* of a *Renowned Parentage*, they are *uſh-er'd* along with all that *Pomp* and *Magnificence*, which uſe to attend our *higheſt hopes* and moſt *teeming Expectations*; and are moſt ſignificant of our *greateſt joyes*: Their *births* are congratulated, and *they* welcomed hither, with a *long* and *Methodically order'd* train of *ſolemne* and *honourable* both *Civil* and *Religious* Ceremonies, They are honourably placed in the moſt *richly* furniſhed, and *neatly* contrived *Lodgings*, of *Comely* and *well-featured* Bodies; in adorning whereof the *Divine Art* of *better Nature*, hath beſt ſhown it ſelf; theſe are Glorioufly ſet-forth by all thoſe moſt lively *Images* of *Majeſty* and *Honour*, which *Corrupted Nature* can be thought capable of receiving. All theſe are more ſweeted, by a lovely *proſpect* into the world abroad, where an *Indulgent fortune*, to give the better *reliſh* to the gifts of *Nature*, preſents her ſelf in all variety of *Dreſſes*, of *Riches*, *Pleaſures*, *Preferments*; ever creating ſuch ſtore of New delights as may ſooneſt *win* upon the *ſenſe*, and beſt *recreate* the *ſoule*.

And now, *Sir*, would any man ſeeing

all this, think it possible, that after *Nature* and *Fortune*, and the *great God* of *both*, by so long a *Succession* of no lesse truly *Delectable* then indeed *inestimable* blessings, have been so *industriously Solicitous* for the *Gentlemans* welfare, and with so much *Charitable importunity*, have Constantly *Courted* his soul, to be in *love* with that *fair hand* which made it; to invite it to an early *sense* of its own *worth* and *excellency*, and to set a due *estimate* upon it *self*: to possesse it with the true *Apprehensions* of that, which is certainly the highest *Honour* that can befall a *mortall here*, or Crown him *hereafter*, I mean his *Relation* to *Heaven*, and the *God* of *Heaven* his *Maker*: Would any man believe it possible after all this, that the *Gentleman* should be either so *uncharitable* to *himselfe*, or so *ungratefull* to his *Creator*: either so much a *Churle* or a *Fool*, or *Both*: as neither to yeild to those *Importunities* of a *Wooing Heaven*: nor *Embrace* the Courteous *Invitations* of an *endlesse Felicity*? Would you believe, that when he is *intrusted* by the *King* of *Glories*, upon so honourable an *Expedition* as that of *winning* a *Crown*; he should be *tyred* and *foot-sore* at the very

first

first ſtep; and ſit down to *reſt* him upon the firſt *cold ſtone* in his way, there flattering his *Childiſh humour*, in the *Empty* fruition of ſome *Gar'ſh* but *fading vanity*? Could any man with a *rational ſoul* in him, hope to find an *Happineſſe* in ſuch *toyes* adequate to the *immenſe* deſires of an *Heaven-born* ſubſtance? Alas, who is ignorant, that theſe *petty Glories*, and *little felicities*, which ſo pleaſe us *here*, cannot in any reaſon be thought *more* (ſeldome ſo *much*) then the *ſmaller tokens* of a *Fathers love*, or an *Earneſt pennie* to a future *Inheritance*; ſomething for the *Child* to *keep* his *purſe* with whileſt he is here at School. Nay, they are ſo often *leſſe* then this, that they amount not to ſo much, as thoſe *leſs* tokens, which we uſe to call the *Mothers Bleſſing*; but are rather like the *deceitful* Gifts of a *Stepdame*, ſuch as a *braſs ſhilling*, or a *guilded Nutmeg*, the *ſlight kindneſſe* not of a *Fond* but a *diſſembling Fortune*: whereby the unwary *Child* is very often *bribed* and *Flatter'd* out of his due *Portion* and *Inheritance*.

Doubtleſſe, if the *Gentleman* find himſelf to be ſo much *Fortune's Darling*, or (as he

would rather have us think) the *Favourite* of *Heaven*: as to be afforded a more *tender* and *delicate Education* than his poorer brethren. I dare hardly believe all this an *Indulgence* to *sin*, but an *encouragement* unto *Holiness*, and to go on with *Cheerfulness* to see what that *good Father* has in store for him in *Heaven*, who is so *liberal* to him *here* upon *Earth*. The Comfortable *warmth* of his *Prosperous* condition, is indulged him, thereby to preserve his soule, more *tender*, and *pliable*, *zealously* forward to receive both more *generous* and more *pious impressions*, not to *scorch* or *dry* it up into a *rebellious obstinacy*, neither to give him the *opportunity* of *melting* it away in the *soft embraces* of more *wanton* and *lascivious* delights, or to *dissolve* his happinesse into the *Aery* and *shadowy* vanity of a *Carnal* pleasure. The *golden Foundation* being laid, God expects he should not so abuse it, as to erect thereupon any meaner *structure* then an *Heaven*. The right *use* of what he already *enjoyes*, ought to *dispose* his soule into a *Capacity* of receiving *more* and *better*, even of those *spiritual* blessings which will set him up above the reach either of an *adverse Fortune*, or a *Malicious Devil*.

If

If the *gentleman* would be perſwaded to caſt a *Religious* eye upon the Excellent *Symmetry* and lovely *features* of his own *Bodie*, wherewith it is no *ſtrange* thing to find him *beautified* above *other* men, certainly he would preſently conſider with himſelfe, that this *fine Out-ſide* was not the *onely* or *beſt* piece of work *intended*, but there ſhould be a ſuitable *Inſide* too, ſuch as may make the *man* a fit *temple for the holy Ghoſt* to reſide in: that this *ſtately* and *well wrought Bodie* ſhould be but the external *Emblеme* of a more *Beautiful* and *Adjeſtick ſoule*.

If it be his good luck to find the way to *Paradice* ſtraw'd all over with *Roſes*, whilſt other poor ſoules are forced to run *Bare-footed* through *Briars* and *Thiſtles*, *Flints* and *Pibbles*, whereby their feet are often ſo *gall'd*, that their pace proves *ſlow*, and ſo *prick'd* and *ſcratch'd*, that you may trace *them*, as they their *Saviour*, into *Heaven* by their *blood*; he ought *wiſely* to conſider, that this entertainment ſhould not *retard* him in his *journey*, neither make him Phancy that he is already *in* the *Garden*, and therefore may *ſit* down, or *roll* his ſoul upon

upon theſe ſweets to a *ſatisfaction*, alas, the more he thus *tumbles* upon them, the ſooner will theſe *tender Bloſſomes fade* and *wither:* They are onely ſcatter'd in his paths, that by their *fragrancy* his decaying *Spirits* may be reſtored and *cheriſh'd*, that he *faint* not ere he reach that *garden* where growes the *Tree of life*, and *never-periſhing Flowers* of *ſweeteſt pleaſures*, even at *Gods right hand for evermore.*

If the *Gentleman* may boaſt of his honourable deſcent, from a *vertuous*, and if ſo, a deſervedly *renowned* family; how much will it concern him in *Honour* and *Duty*, to provide that his *Children* by his vertues, may be enabled to brag of as much as *he?* It will certainly be a greater *diſgrace* to *him*, when his *Son* ſhall be conſtrain'd to ſay, he had a *Worthy Grandfather*, then it can now be his *glory*, that *he himſelfe* can tell the World he had a Deſerving *father.* Can he imagine it halfe ſo *Creditable*, to ſwagger it out with the old *Name* and *Tittle* of his *rotting Anceſtors*, as to manifeſt their yet *ſurviving Virtues* in himſelfe their *genuine Of-ſpring* (What a pitriful Credit muſt it needs be for him, to ſhew a

ſtranger

ſtranger a firme and ſubſtantiall *foundation*, laid by his *Anceſtors* many years agoe, towards an intended *Heroick* and ſumptuous *building*, if all this while he have neglected by his *own virtues* to adde a *ſuperſtructure*, *proportionable* to ſuch a *Ground-worke?*

I am Confident the *Gentleman* needs not a remembrancer to mind him of his *Name*; nor any other *Herald* to perſwade him he has a *right* unto it, then his own *Ambition* and *Conceit*: But how unlikely he is by the meanes he uſes to make the world believe him, he ſeems not ſo well to Conſider. Is it a matter of ſuch Credit, to ſhow us how well he can put on his *Fathers Old Cloathes*, or play his *Ape* in his *Silvan ſerkin?* Is this the main *Badg* of his *Gentility*, that he has never a *Coat* but what was *given* him by the *Herald*; or that he lives as *Beggars* do, upon the *Charity* and *Almes* of the *Pariſh?* Let him ſay, what other *title* it is *he* can pretend to, who by his own *perſonal* merits cannot *purchaſe* his *name?* What does he leſſe then *pick* up his *Crumbs* under the *Old-mans Table*: *Nobility* without *Virtue* has juſt ſo much *life*, as it can *Borrow*; and onely *breaths* by the common and Ignoble

noble *breath* of the *People.* What does the unworthy *Gentleman*, but goe from *door* to *door* for an *Almes* of *Honour?* One throws him in a *Sir*, another a *Maſter*, a third a *Good your-worſhip*; and with theſe few *ſcraps* he makes a ſhift to preſerve *alive* his *meagre* and *raw-boned Reputation.*

A *name* that thus feeds onely upon the *fragments* of *charity*, is not like to *grow* truly *great* in haſte: And a *Reputation* ſo long *worn* already without *mending*, is too *vile* and *cheap* for a true *Gentleman* to appear abroad withall. The *cloak* muſt need be very *thread bear*, that is ſo *old*, and has bin ſo *ill uſed*. It were more *Noble* to weare a *New one* of his own *buying*, then that of his *Great-grandfather*, which at beſt he can by his *ſcantling virtues* onely fill full of *patches.* His *Fathers Honour*, can be his but at *Second hand:* and to be proud of an *Hereditary title* onely, is but to rant it in a *Deadmans ſuit*, and like him, whom he too often Imitates, after his *fathers Death*, to *fright* the world by *appearing* in *his likeneſſe*; for when we come more narrowly to examine the *Reality* of what we *think* we *ſee* in him, we find *nothing* but a *cheat* and *Deluſion* of

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the *ſenſe*; we *catch* at a bare *Apparition* for a *ſubſtance*; or at beſt *graſpe* a ſenſeleſſe *clod* of cold *clay* inſteed of a *Man*. What is it to be thus Sollicitous after an *Old Coat of Armes*, but to wiſh the *Herald* were a *Broaker*, And that he might buy *old ſcutcheons*, as he may *old cloaks*, becauſe his *Merits* will not amount to the *price* of *New ones*. Whileſt he thus opens his *Preſſe*, and ſhowes it to be well lined with the rich *apparel* of thoſe who lived *before* him, he does no more then what often his Fathers *Page* or *Lacquey* is able to do: Nay I ſhall be bold to ſay it, whatever the *Gentleman* may therefore think of *himſelfe* or *me*, that he who ſhowes his *Fathers bearing*, without ſome *Honourable Addition*, *due* at leaſt, if not *given* to his *own* vertues; has but litle more reaſon to boaſt of his *Gentility*, then his *Fathers Fool* or *Fidler*, whom I have often obſerved to bear his *Maſters Coat* upon his *Livory*. O that the *Gentleman* would in good earneſt Conſider, how much all *Wiſe men laught at him*, even in his *Fineſt* Cloaths, and how much more all *Good men* do *pitty* him, when they ſee him with all his *borrow'd Bravery* delight to *tumble* in the *Mire*!

He

He that will be a *Gentleman* indeed, muſt look no leſſe carefully *before* him, on what yet *remains* for *him* to doe, to *maintain* his *Honour*, then *behind* him, on what has been already done by his *Anceſtors* to *purchaſe* it. *Honour* has a very *delicate* palate, and loves to feed upon *freſh Diet*; and very much *Nauſeates* the *Moulded offals* of *Antiquity*. No *broken Diſhes* come to her *Table*, neither can ſhe ſubſiſt by *Chewing the Cud* after the largeſt *feaſting* upon the *Grandfathers deſerts*. The *ſharp* teeth of *Time* will at length enter deep into the *Marble Monument* under which the *Fathers Aſhes* are laid to *reſt*, or at leaſt the *Injurious Duſt* will fill up and hide the fair *Characters* thereupon in which perhaps *alone* the *Honour* of the *Son* ſtands legible: It can be no *long-lived Honour*, where the *Patent* is onely a *Dead-mans Epitaph*. It will therefore highly concern the *Gentleman* in due time at leaſt to lay a *New gilt* upon the *Old letter*, that ſo he may tranſmit an *Honourable Memory* of his *name* to late *Poſterity*, rather under his own *hand*, then his fathers *Seal*.

The *ſtatelieſt* Pile, yeilds and ſtoops by little

little and little to the importunities of *Age*: And 'tis rare to see a Building left by the *Father* so *firm* and *weather-proof*, but it will require some *repairing* before the Death of the *Son*. A *Good husband* will therefore make haste even to prevent his *fears*, and not expect an *Invitation* from a visible *ruine*, knowing that tis a *Necessity* not deserving the name of *Providence* to under-prop the *declining* wall; Neither will a *Prudent* person *cover* a dangerous breach in the wall of his house with a superficial *plaister* of *paint*, thereby to Cozen the World into a false Opinion of his Counterfeit *thrift* and *Providence*, till a sudden *fall* of the whole house discover at once his *folly* and his *Policie*. In vain shall the *Gentleman* by the bare *shadow* of a vertue endeavour to make the world belive he wants not the *substance*: He must by the *real* and *undissembled* excellencies of a *generous* soul, *sincerely* devoted to the service of *Religion* and *Virtue*, both adde many *solid Pillars* to support the *Old*, and lay a firme *Basis* for a new structure.

A *Fathers good name* deserves *a reverent* memory in after ages, but will never be injured or grow lesse renowned, by being

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out-shone in the *Sons vertues:* It is rather proud thus to grow *young* again. There can be no perpetual *entaiiment* of *Honour* upon all succeeding *posteritie*, The best *Gentleman* hold his *Nobility* but by *Lease* from *Heaven*, which is to be *renew'd* once at least in every *life*; when a good round summe of *Heroick Actions* are expected as his *Fine*. God hath his *Stewards* alwaies ready to receive the *Gentlemans* rent, the *Church* and *State*, and he that payes not at his *day* to either of these, forfeits all.

It is no slight sin to suppose *God* so vainly *Prodigal* of his *Jewels*, as to think them well disposed of when placed in *Swines snouts*, where they onely serve to root up the *Earth*, and delve in the *Dirt*. *Common*, *Rustick*, and *Plebeian* spirits fitted by the *hardnesse* of their *Nature*, to *dig* and *plow* the ground, these are the *Out-labourers* of Gods great *Houshold*, who by the greatnesse of their *Necessary* Drudgery, take off much of the *Burthen* from the more *refined* sort of Mankind. The *Gentleman* God has chosen to be as it were the *steward* of his *Family*, and *Guardian* to his *Church*, and therefore in all *Prudence* and *Gratitude* he ought to endeavour

endeavour, a due diſcharge of ſo great a *truſt*. No *Loyterer*, much leſſe a *Spend-thrift*, can be a member of *his* Family, we know the certain wages of ſuch *unfaithful ſervants*. He then that thinks himſelfe exempted from all that hardſhip, which many others by a *leaden ſoul* and an *iron bodie*, beſides the courſe uſage of an *unkind Fortune*, are *naturally* or *caſually* ſentenced to, takes a very *prepoſterous* courſe, when he arrogates to himſelf a *licence* to do *ill*, or to do *nothing*. If the *Gentleman* would be *valued* above others, it is but reaſon, if we require him to make it appear, that he is of better *metal* than others, which is to be judged of, not by the *colour*, but *ſervice*.

I would not ſee the *Gentlemans ſoul* ſitting in his *beautiful bodie*, like a *breathleſſe Idol* of *God* in a *Temple* of *Silver*, there to be *worſhip'd* by *all*, but do *good* to *none*. It is not fit it ſhould be thought onely ſuch a *fine gay* thing, as is ſometimes by the choiceſt of *Natural endowments* and *Artificial accompliſhments*, *embelliſhed* into ſomething more then ordinary, or *burniſh'd* over into ſuch a ſlight ſuperficial *gloſſe*, as may make *it*, as well as his *bodie*, *admired* and gazed upon

by a few *ignorant* worldlings. Neither should it be his business to get his Bodie alwaies *New-moulded* to the varying humours of the *Court*, and *trick'd up* in all the late invented *Gauderies*, *gorgeous Accoutrements*, and *gingling Trappings*, wherewith the *Levitie* of *Art* has made bold to *overload* and *abuse* the *modestie* of Honest *Nature*. He that has no *Nobler* a *Soul* or Bodie then these, may still be no more than a meer *Carcasse*, such as, if it expresse any *motion*, seems rather to be *actuated* by the multitude of crawling *vermine* within it, sprung from its own *corruption*, then by a true *rational soul* inspired by *God Almighty*. All the *salt* of *Wit* and *Ingennitie* which such a person usually so much brags of, will not be enough to preserve so *putrid* a Lump from *stinking* above ground.

In a word, *Sir*, the true *gentleman* will labour so to qualifie his *soul*, that he may be disposed to do a *service* to his *God*, in some proportion answerable to those several *tokens* of *favour* and *Honour*, whereby he has so *blest* and graced him in the eye of the world: Seeing *God* has been pleas'd to advance him some degrees above the

multitude,

multitude, he takes care to raise his *soule* too to that spiritual *height* and *pitch* of true *Piety* and *Holinesse*, that when thus advanced in *outward* dignity, he may not seem a *Dwarf on Horseback*.

And because the *Common Gifts* of the most *Bountiful Nature* will not put a man into a capacity of performing his part to the full in such an employment, much lesse with *Idlenesse* and *Negligence*: It should be every *Gentlemans* care in his *Youth* to give and resign himself wholly up with all his *pleasures* and *Interests*, to the *Care* of his *Soul*; that so by the *Prudent Industry* of a *Learned* and *godly Instructor*, seconded with his own *Indefatigable pains* and *patience*, he may have his *golden parts* made truly *bright*, and be, as it were, midwised afresh unto such a *perfection*, that he may not, by the *low* and *beggerly* condition of a *rude* and *Ignorant Soul*, be a *discredit* to his *Lord*, or a *Scandal* to that *calling* he professeth. God delights in *Honourable*, though not in *proud* attendants; and although he is many times pleased to fill up his *house*, and make up the number of his *Family*, with those who have not been very much befriended either

by *nature* in a *noble birth*, or by *Fortune* in a *plentious* and *prosperous life*; yet doth he long to see his *Religion graced* and *credited*, with a long train of such as the *King hath delighted to honour*.

And (blessed be God!) the *care* of our *Ancestors* has been such, that we want not *Nurseries* both of *Learning* and *Piety* in this *nation*; such as may afford a *breeding* to our *young Gentry* not unsuitable to their *Quality* and intended *employment*. It is my hearty prayer, that these may never be *unstocked* with such *hopefull* and *generous Plants*, as may there *grow* and *thrive*, till they arrive at that *Maturity* both of *grace* and *good Literature*, as well as of *Years*, that they may in due time become, not onely *strong*, but also *curiously polished Pillars* for the support of those two glorious Fabricks of *Church* and *State*. That, as by the special *Indulgence* of God they were *Honourably born*; so by his special *Grace* too, they may indeed *live*, both truly *profitable* to his *Saints* here, and as truly *glorious* with them hereafter.

Thus (*Sir*) have I done my best to obey your *Commands*; and, as largely and fully,

as

as a little *time*, leſſe *leiſure*, and yet fewer *abilities* would give me leave; I have given you my preſent *thoughts* and *wiſhes* concerning our *Engliſh Gentlemen*. I have ſent you (I fear) a very little *Kernel* in a large *Shell*; but now you have it, you may chuſe whether you will take the pains to *crack* it, or throw it into the *fire*. Whatever it be that here you receive, as *your Commands* gave it *birth*, and *my confidence* of your *goodneſſe*, has taught it to *ſpeak* and go *abroad*; ſo does it now ſubmiſſively expect your *ſentence*, whether of *life* or *death*. Do what you will with all the *reſt*, ſo you do but vouchſafe to read thus much in it, that I am—Sir,

Your moſt humble and obedient Servant.

THE END.